The Saturday Evening
POST
October 1, 1960 — 15¢

BERNARD BARUCH'S OWN STORY

Our Mom Kate By BOB CROSBY

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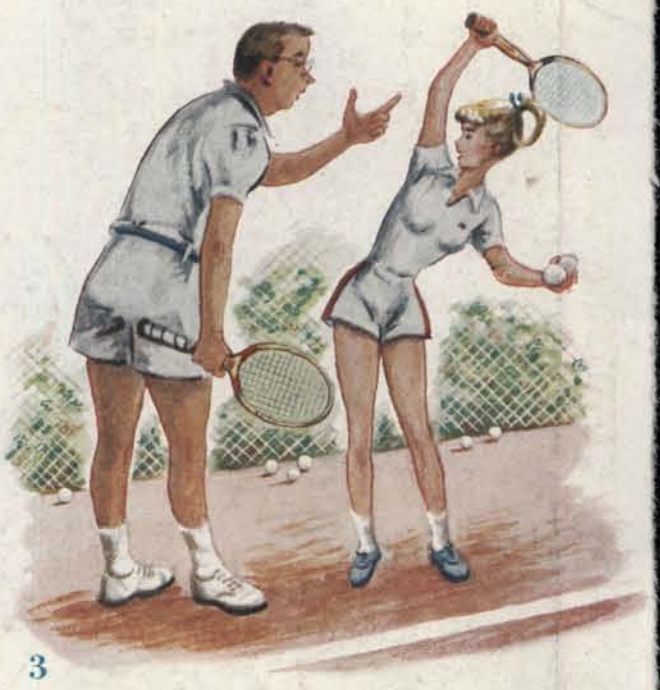
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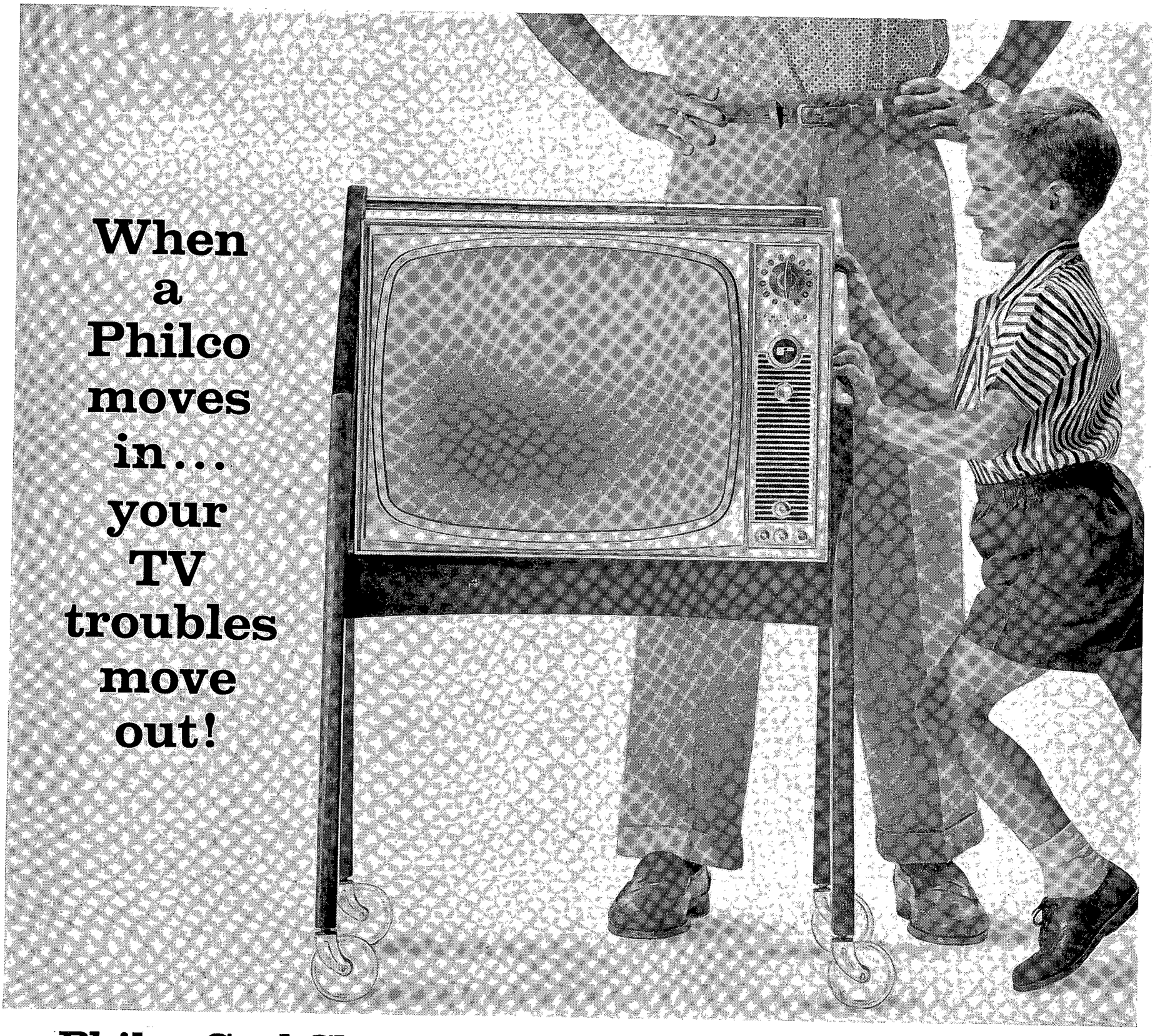

Philco Cool-Chassis beats the heat...major cause of all TV breakdowns!

When your family says hello to a new Philco, you say good-bye to costly TV repair bills! Philco TV has *patented* Cool-Chassis construction. It runs cooler, performs better and lasts longer. And wait till you see the picture! Philco Cool-Chassis TV has an amazing Automatic Picture Pilot that keeps your picture on the beam through live show, taped show or even old movies. It checks and perfects the picture 15,750 times a second! Styling? Models to blend with every décor—from fresh, new Compacts to the stunning new Miss America Series rendered in authentic hardwood Mastercraft cabinetry. Prices? Philco Cool-Chassis TV sets cost no more than *ordinary* television!

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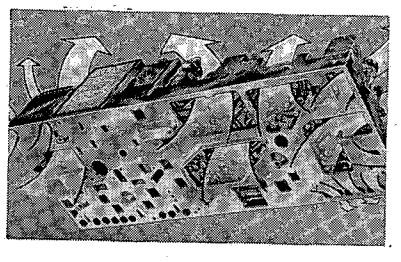
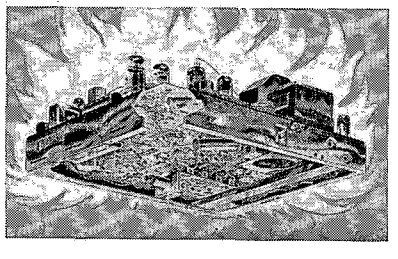
†19-in. overall diagonal measurement, 172 sq. in. viewable area



Philco Cool-Chassis. *No parts underneath,* no heat traps. Heat-barrier design directs heat away from critical parts. "Air-Flo" mounting of parts permits maximum cooling. Perma-Circuit® panels are non-conducting.



Old-fashioned heat-trap TV. Stacked components — one below the other — pyramid and multiply heat intensity. Parts mounted underneath generate heat which is trapped by old-fashioned oven-type, upside-down chassis.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

In this week's cover drama—*The Care and Cultivation of a Young Lady*, or *From Beethoven to Bacon and Eggs in a Pony-Tail Hairdo*—artist Constantin Alajálov might seem to be moralizing on the folly of "finishing" females. It's a subject worth debating, all right, but let us admit that the young lady *could* apply the lessons of the past to the problems of the present. Could not harmony in the music room instill a talent for harmony in the kitchen? Surely a girl who can pirouette on a few toes can watch an infant with one eye. And as for that math lesson—anyone who can approximate the value of the sine function for an angle of x radians ought to be able to locate the "On" position of an automatic washer.

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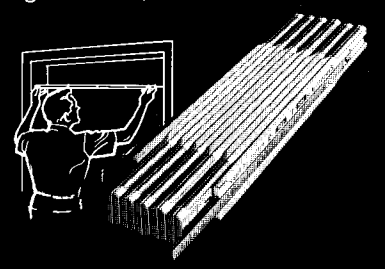

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Letters

Now That's What We Call a Coincidence

Dear Sirs:

I couldn't help commenting on the caption similarity in the cartoons on

"Now that's what I call a booster shot!"

"Now, that's what I call a rum cake!"

pages 67 [top] and 70 [bottom] of the Aug. 27 *Post*. Could it be that your cartoonists are exchanging ideas at coffee breaks?

EDDIE BOOKER
Selma, N.C.

New Friend or Old Foe?

Dear Sirs:

THE GERMANS MARCH AGAIN [by Jerry Landauer, Aug. 20] while interestingly written, revealed a biased, shortsighted attitude. In the midst of a life-and-death struggle with a ruthless, satanical foe, we suspiciously examine under a magnifying glass one of our most dependable postwar allies.

If we expect to keep our few remaining friends among nations, we'd better treat them as friends rather than drive them into open Communist arms by our unpredictable, often stupid actions and adverse publicity.

W. A. FISHER
Trenton, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

Jerry Landauer's article is proof positive that the leadership of the German military machine is gradually being taken over by officers who served in Hitler's army. . . .

While they hate the Russians, they have no cause for loving Americans. They obviously know how to pick the winning team, as proved by the fact that they have won their rank in spite of almost insurmountable odds.

CHARLES O. VANDERVOORT
Huntington, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

We German-Americans look forward to the day when a strong German army, democratic, but with the traditions and strength of old, exists to stand with the West against the Bolsheviki.

LEONHARD BUTLER
Amerikadeutsche Einheitsfront
New Orleans, La.

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for printing Jerry Landauer's article on the new revival of an old Frankenstein—the German army.

It appears that men like von dem Bussche and Brig. Gen. von Baudissin are in the minority and that the average German today blames Hitler for only one thing—he lost the war. . . . When has the German army, under any name, "fought heroically" for anything but the wrong end?

MRS. A. BRANDT PAYNE
Springfield, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

As one of a hundred U.S. Air Force pilots assigned to the *Luftwaffe* in 1957–58 to teach the first postwar German fliers to master jets, I do not share author Landauer's gloom about the loyalty of the *Bundeswehr*. . . . Our German students, most of whom were generals and colonels, will not desert the free world. National unity is absolutely a secondary aim to the clear-cut resistance to Communism.

ROBERT C. CROCKETT
Salt Lake City, Utah

"The Fairest Possible Hearing"

Dear Sirs:

Just finished reading your series THE INNOCENT AND THE GUILTY, by John Bartlow Martin [July 30-Aug. 27]. Who said one can not manage good journalism and public service as well?

BILL ERNI
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

The Post is performing a tremendous service by arousing public opinion against police brutality. Don't you think the service would be even greater if you let the law-enforcement officials know that they are not immune from prosecution?

While I was with the United States attorney's office, we not only successfully prosecuted the sheriff who had participated in the winch stretching of Oscar Whiteman [described in Part IV: THE RIGHTS OF THE ACCUSED] but we sent the attorney general of this state to the Federal penitentiary for conspiring with hoodlums and racketeers.

WILLIAM R. MILLS
Bismarck, N.Dak.

Dear Sirs:

After reading the articles, it seems to me your publication or any other in the United States has a hell of a lot of gall to criticize so called Iron Curtain countries' "inhumanities."

WARREN W. BROWN
Seattle, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

The timing of the publication of this series is most opportune, particularly in view of the recent adverse publicity given to the American legal system through the Chessman case. I think that many people in foreign countries will now have a much better understanding of a system which, whilst it permits to a certain extent the matters described in

(Continued on Page 6)

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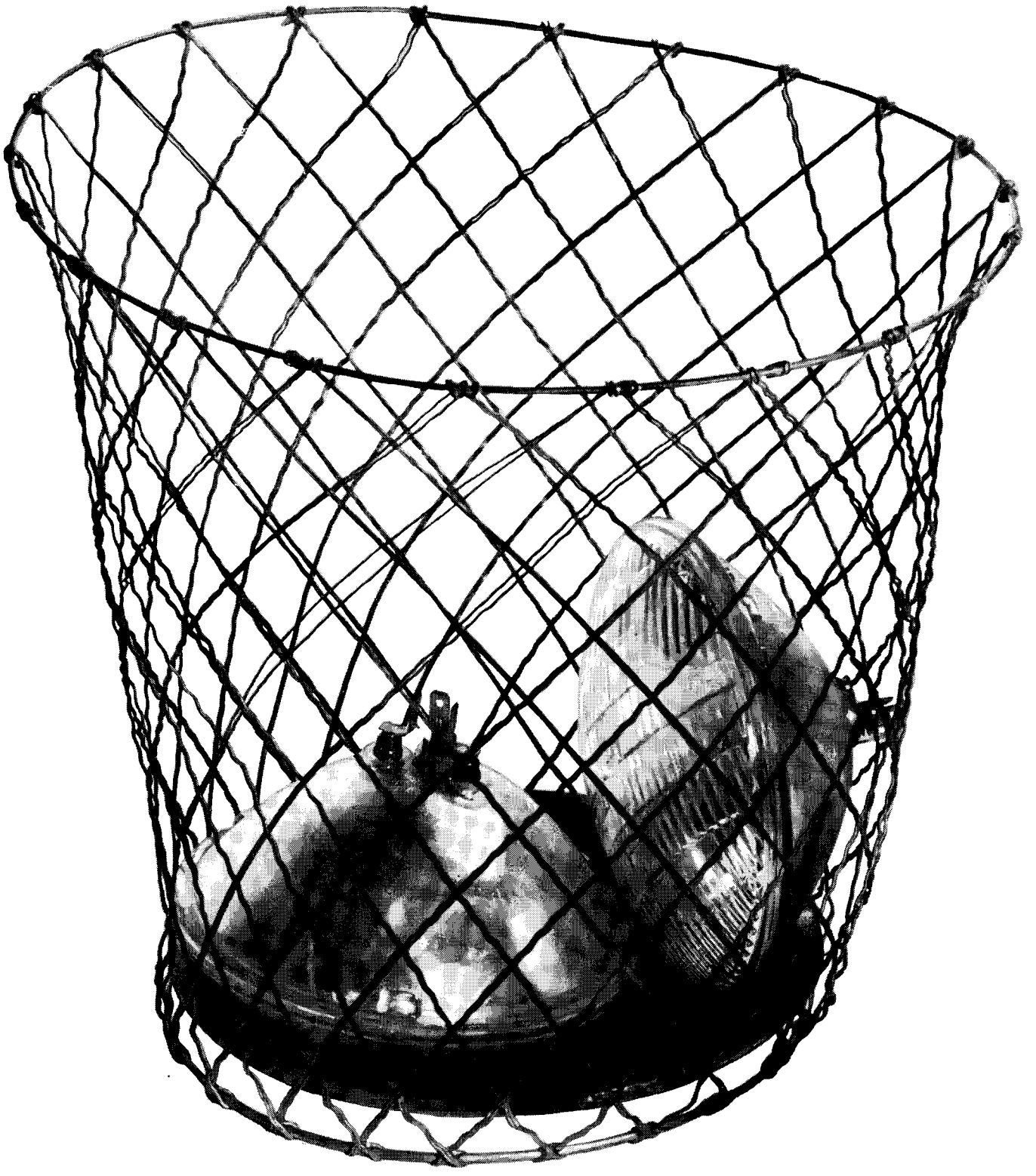

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If you have a two-headlamp car, don't even wait for *one* headlamp to burn out. Have a pair of new General Electric SUBURBAN Headlamps installed and aimed today! See how much easier and more relaxing night driving can be. General Electric Company, Miniature Lamp Dept. M-024, Nela Park, Cleveland 12, Ohio.

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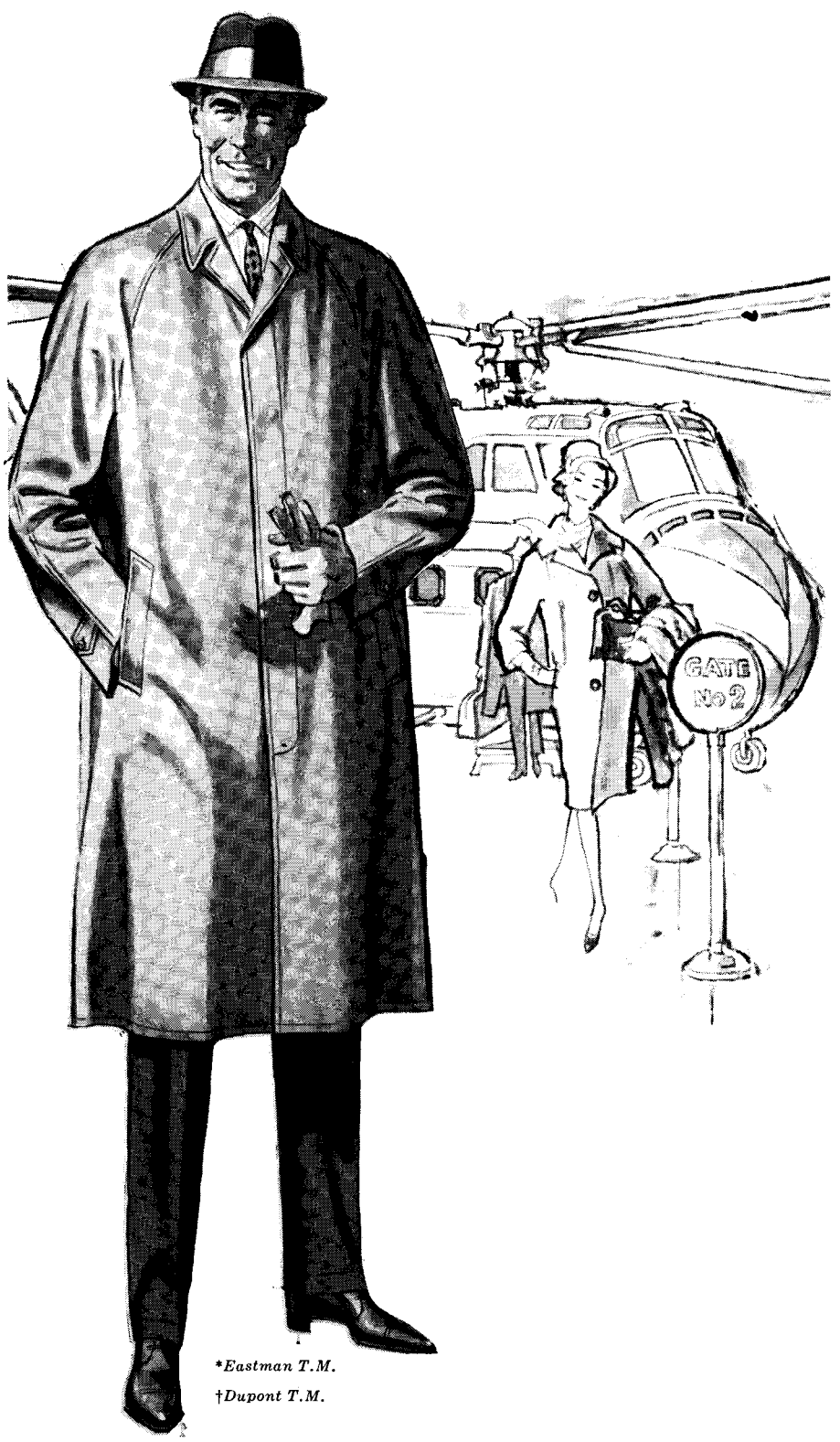

*Eastman T.M.
†Dupont T.M.

The Alligator Company St. Louis, New York, Chicago, Los Angeles

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

the fourth part of the series, does on the whole tend to give both the accused and the convicted the fairest possible hearing.

JOHN E. OAKES
Leeds, England

Dear Sirs:

If future issues are to continue this sordid sensationalism . . . please cancel my subscription. I threw the July 30 issue into a wastebasket—where, in your offices, this letter will probably end. If I wanted to read "true-fact" crime reporting, I'd buy a pulp magazine.

C. PAUL SPIDELL
Tulsa, Okla.

Dear Sirs:

Is man just a glorified animal, free game to harness and exploit in any way open to us? Or is man the child of God? For if we think of man in low terms, we shall treat him in a shoddy manner, just as our police and our courts are now doing in all too many instances, and doing it pretty much with the implied consent of what we politely call "society."

THE REV. DAVID E. SEABOLDT
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Martin and *The Saturday Evening Post* have done well in their program to reinvigorate our national concept of the dignity of man.

JOHN S. CAMPBELL
Cadiz, Ohio

The Bull Named Saturday Evening Post

Dear Sirs:

Enclosed is a recent photo [below] of a Brahman bull whose picture appeared with the article on the Kansas cattle

"Post" in a Sassy Mood.

country [THEY DON'T NEED PROGRESS, by Myra Lockwood Brown and John Bird, Nov. 2, 1957]. Before he appeared in *The Post*, the bull was known as "Number One." In perhaps thirty tries, only three would-be riders had been able to stay on him the eight seconds required to qualify.

After his appearance, his name was changed to "Saturday Evening Post"—which was natural and right, according to our way of thinking. But it went to his head. In the last three years, not one rider has been proof against his bucking skill. He comes out of the chute spinning and bawling. He leaps in the air with all four feet, makes a couple or three high dives, twists, snorts, bucks and kicks up dust the length of the arena, leaving his would-be conqueror buried in the dust at the chute or sprawled on the ground nearby. Where it's all going to end no one knows, but they say hereabouts "There's never been a bull that can't be rode, or a cowboy that can't be throwed."

However it runs out, we love him with the same fervor we hold for the other *Post*, yours and ours.

MYRA LOCKWOOD BROWN
El Dorado, Kans.

Reputation Injured

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial [THOSE MOBS ARE PART OF THE KREMLIN'S MASTER PLAN, July 30] stated that "Directions for these disorders [by a mob of young people which invaded the hearings of the House Un-American Activities Committee at San Francisco] were printed in *The Californian*, University of California student newspaper, and circulated among the rioters."

No directions for disorders were issued and printed at any time by *The Daily Californian*, which is the student newspaper at the University of California at Berkeley. A story in the May 12, 1960, issue reported that the Student Committee for Civil Liberties planned to picket the hearings that day and had issued a call for students to attend the rally and hearings, with the suggestion that people "laugh out loud" in the hearings when things got ridiculous.

The Daily Californian's good reputation has been injured by the statement in your editorial, and it is requested that you acknowledge that the facts are as stated above.

The Daily Californian
Berkeley, Calif.

● The Post *did not say in its editorial that* The Daily Californian *issued and printed its own directions for a student demonstration. However, it is glad to have the matter clarified and acknowledges that the statements above are correct.* —*ED.*

He Wants to Go Fishing

Dear Sirs:

As a reader of your magazine since age fifteen, forty years ago, I cannot recall a short story of the excellence of that of THE INTRUDER by Robert Traver [Aug. 20].

From where I sit, there is a lot of tripe written about hunting and fishing, but very little of any merit. I don't know the author, probably never will have the opportunity of meeting him, but after reading this story, I certainly would like to go trout fishing with him.

W. D. GRISSO, *President*
Board of Regents
University of Oklahoma
Norman, Okla.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

6–Gene Countryman. • 19–Philippe Halsman. • 20–United Press International; Culver; European; Wide World. • 21–Underwood and Underwood. • 22, 23–United Press International; Wide World; R. G. Harris. • 24–From the author. • 25–From the author; Culver; from the author; Culver. • 26–Morgan Kane. • 27–Wide World; Jim Burns. 28–United Press International; Bill Shrout. • 29–Bill Shrout; U. S. Air Force; Boeing Airplane Co. • 30–Gus Pasquarella. • 31–Earl Mayan. • 32–Tom Blau. • 34, 35–George Harvan. • 36, 37–Mac Conner. • 38–F. B. Grunzweig; Gus Pasquarella. • 39–F. B. Grunzweig; Gus Pasquarella; F. B. Grunzweig. • 42–Robert R. Jones. • 56–Two by Gus Pasquarella; F. B. Grunzweig. • 89–United Press International; John Burns. • 116–The Washington Post; Harry Saltzman; George Harvan.

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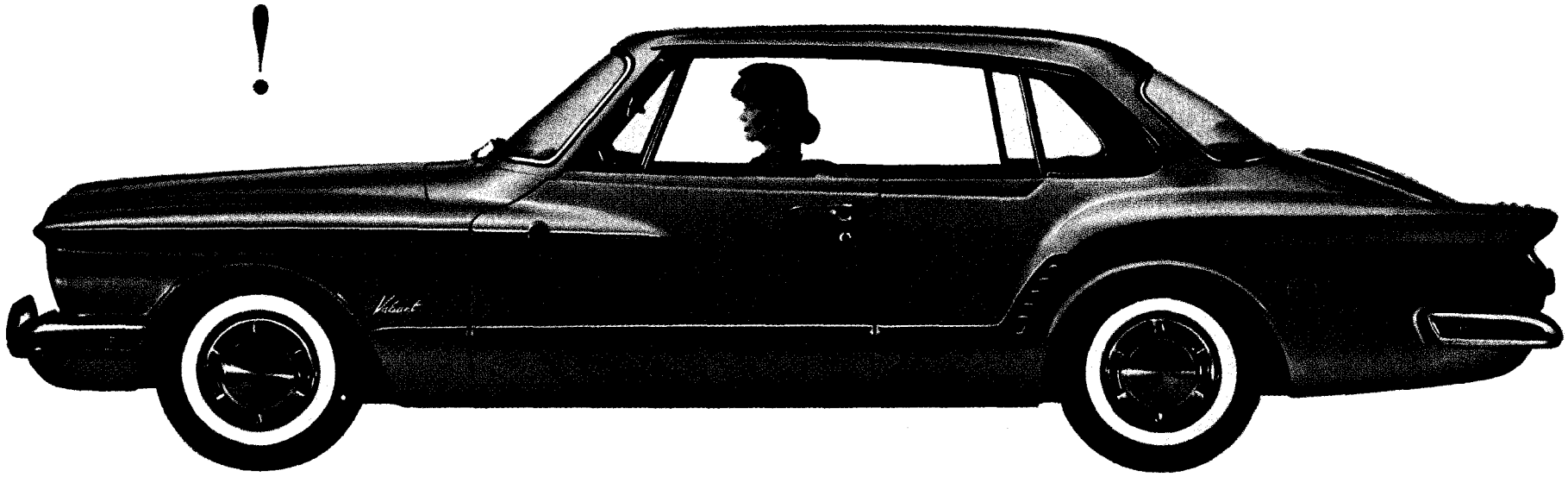
Announcing Chrysler Corporation's low-price compact for 1961 !

VALIANT... THE COMPACT THAT COULDN'T BE TOPPED IN '60... TOPS ITSELF FOR '61 !



This beautiful '61 Valiant 2-door Hardtop has you in mind!

The King of the Compacts has done it again! The one new compact that doesn't beg or borrow from anybody is *priced with the lowest* for '61. Valiant gives you all of Chrysler Corporation's exclusives. Like Torsion-Aire Ride. Paves the roughest roads around. Plus tight, quiet Unibody construction. And remember, Valiant is a *low-priced* compact. So come see for yourself how '61 Valiant's value really stands out from this year's compact crowd.

Looks and drives like twice the price

61 Valiant!

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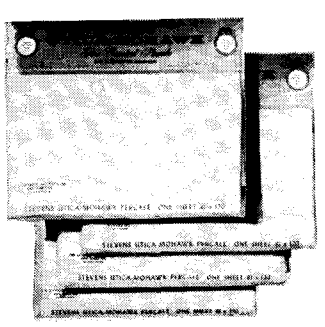

two years' supply of Stevens Utica-Mohawk Sheets

Four fine-combed percale sheets are yours absolutely free with any one of the three Supersize Beautyrest mattress-box spring sets. Worth up to $31.80. Offer good during October only—and only at participating stores.

Why be a pretzel or even a sardine, when you can be in space on a Beautyrest® Supersize mattress. Here's that big bed you've always wanted with two years' free supply of percale sheets to boot.

Single-bed sleepers can roam at will without kicking out a sheet. Double-bed sleepers, of course, really need Supersize—and Supersize was made for them. No more bumping. No more rolling together. Separate, spacious comfort for man and wife.

Beautyrest has always been the only mattress that offers single-bed comfort in a double-bed. Its coils are separate and independent, not joined together as in ordinary mattresses. The heaviest husband cannot disturb his wife's rest when he turns in his sleep. That is the Beautyrest story. And it's even bigger on Supersize.

Does Supersize crowd your bedroom? Not at all. Even the King-Size, largest of the Supersizes, takes up less room than two standard twins.

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Beautyrest Supersize by Simmons!

Standard size double-bed mattress. See the extra comfort as you move up to Beautyrest Supersizes.

Big . . . Long Boy Beautyrest. 5″ longer. Twin or double-bed widths, $89.50. Box spring, only $89.50.

Bigger...Queen-Size Beautyrest. 5″ longer and 6″ wider. Mattress and matching box spring, $199.50.

Biggest . . . King-Size Beautyrest. 5″ longer than standard double-bed mattresses, and almost 2 ft. wider. Mattress and two matching box springs, $299.00.

All Beautyrest Supersize models are available in standard firm or extra firm, with the tufted or the new quilted cover.

Beautyrest by Simmons

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Editorials

The G.O.P. Appeal Is Not to Members of Pressure Groups

The collapse of the Kennedy-sponsored old-age medical-care bill in the Senate recently and the rough treatment for the Democratic candidate's minimum-wage bill made it plain that the split between liberals and conservatives in the Democratic Party has not been patched up. Not even to embarrass the Republicans would conservative Democrats lend their support to a semisocialistic plan for medical care for elderly people. And, although the minimum-wage bill made the grade, it did so only after so many amendments and exemptions had been included that critics of the bill were heard to observe that all you needed was a fairly competent lobby and you could pay any sweatshop wages the unions would let you get away with. The G.O.P. effort to embarrass Democratic liberals with a quickie civil-rights bill was equally unsuccessful.

What happened in Congress reflects fairly accurately the attitude prevailing among the American people generally. With the best will in the world toward people who work for low wages, toward old people with heavy medical expenses and toward members of minority groups who feel themselves out of things, the average American has an idea that such evils as exist in these areas can be corrected without the vast extensions of Federal power called for in the Democratic platform. This hypothetical average American doesn't think of himself as belonging to a "minority group," even though the sociologists may assign him to one. He also knows that his wages can be fixed by Federal statute only at the risk that, if he is a marginal worker, he may lose his job altogether. Since George Meany of AFL-CIO testified that $2.30 an hour is the minimum for a "decent, normal standard of living," the average Joe wonders why he should whoop it up for $1.25.

On medical care for his later years, this fellow would appreciate all that the law allows, but he is smart enough to suspect that if his doctor bills are going to cost the economy too much, the whole plan could blow up. He can also see common sense in permitting the individual to pick his own type of medical plan, including those which cost less in annual contributions if the beneficiary himself elects to pay the first $100—or some other sum—of his medical bills.

The nonpressure-group citizen is becoming increasingly doubtful of the wisdom of entrusting so many matters to the decision of Federal bureaucrats. For one thing, he has learned by experience that this is the most expensive way to "get things done"—or perhaps to mess things up so that nobody can get anything done. Whatever such a man thinks about labor unions, he is likely to conclude that membership in one should be for the individual to decide or, at any rate, that powerful labor leaders should not have the Government's assistance in forcing him to join. Consequently he is disturbed by the plank in the Democratic platform which pledges the party to remove from the Taft-Hartley law the section which permits the states to have "right-to-work" laws of their own. If he is a small businessman, or perhaps even a union member, he is disturbed by the same platform's frowning on any effort to strengthen the law's restrictions on "secondary boycotts," by which firms having no dispute with unions can be struck for doing business with firms which are involved in labor disputes.

Obviously Mr. Nixon cannot outpromise the Democratic platform, which Norman Thomas describes as "utopian to a degree that we Socialists never were." He can, however, point out the inconsistencies and economic monstrosities in the Democratic platform and the promises being made by the party's candidates. He can analyze the dubious advice which Senator Kennedy is receiving from his "brain trust" of Harvard Keynesians devoted to the doctrine of artificially stimulated "growth," various sugar-coated plans for more Government control over the people and their affairs, and indifference to the deterioration of the people's money.

The Republican candidates and the party's platform, while devoted to the progress of our economy and the development of the best values of our society, appeal to Americans who—regardless of their racial or religious affiliations—do not regard themselves as members of "minority groups." They are unlikely to be lured by candidates who attempt to bribe them with unfulfillable promises. They vote as Americans eager to act in their country's interest. A partisan leadership which leaves them—the *majority* of Americans—out of account deserves to fail. Of the two parties, it is the Republican Party which offers more help to the silent, unclamorous majority of solid, patriotic and somewhat anxious Americans.

Does the Supreme Court Think There Are Good Informers and Bad Informers?

Recent Supreme Court decisions suggest that a citizen's constitutional rights depend on factors not mentioned in the Constitution.

A year ago, in the case of Greene v. McElroy, the Supreme Court held that an industrial engineer, who had been denied access to classified material in a defense plant because of alleged left-wing associations, should be restored to his job because he had had no opportunity to confront his accusers. Said the court: "Certain principles have remained relatively immutable in our jurisprudence. One of these is that where governmental action seriously injures an individual . . . the evidence used to prove the Government's case must be disclosed to the individual so that he has an opportunity to show that it is untrue. While this is important in the case of documentary evidence, it is even more important where the evidence consists of the testimony of individuals whose memory might be faulty or who, in fact, might be perjurers or persons motivated by malice, vindictiveness, intolerance, prejudice or jealousy. We have formalized these protections in the requirements of confrontation and cross-examination."

This would seem to mean that a man suspected of having subversive associates could not be excluded from classified material in a defense plant because he had not been permitted to confront his accuser.

However, the right to confront an "informer" is relative. According to the same Supreme Court, it does not apply to Southern election registrars accused of keeping Negroes off the voting lists. In Hannah *et al.* v. Larche *et al.*, Chief Justice Warren, who wrote the opinion, held that the right to confront one's accusers did not apply to Louisiana registrars because the Civil Rights Commission was not a court but an investigative body which was attempting to gather facts and not to prosecute. Justice Warren brushed off the Greene case by adding that it was concerned with denying "clearance" to an individual, a real damage, whereas the Civil Rights Commission merely gathers facts and "leaves affirmative action to other governmental agencies."

To the possible surprise of some, it was Justice William O. Douglas who uncovered the gimmick in Justice Warren's statement that no injury to individuals is involved when a registrar is accused of "depriving Negroes of their voting rights solely because of their race." In a vigorous dissent he pointed out that under the civil-rights law, voting registrars found guilty of doing that face serious penalties. "Injury," wrote Justice Douglas, "is plain and obvious here—injury of a nature far more serious than merely losing one's job, as was the situation in the Greene case." Although the Civil Rights Commission cannot prosecute anyone, it can pass on its information to "other governmental agencies" which can prosecute.

Until a new case involving the right of accused persons to confront their accusers comes along, the ignorant layman can be pardoned if he is confused.

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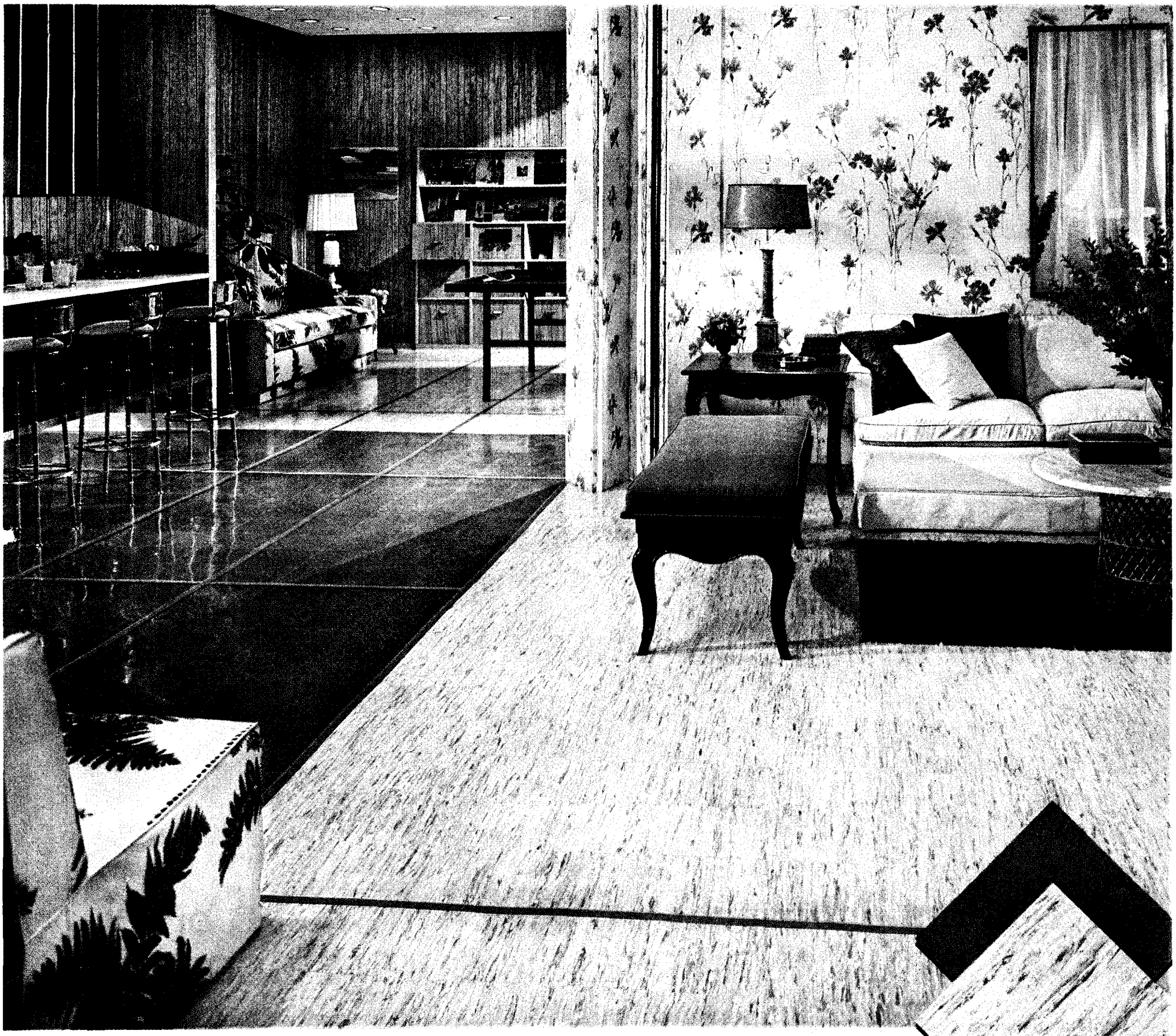
KENTILE VINYL

ON TODAY'S SMARTEST FLOORS



Wouldn't some room in your home sparkle new with an easy-cleaning, ever-beautiful Kentile Vinyl Floor?

GRACIOUS LIVING! You can entertain with pride, relax in luxury with the special elegance of Kentile® Solid Vinyl Tile. 91 colors to choose from. Remember, too, because it's *tile*, it costs less to have installed than flooring in rolls.

ACTIVE LIVING! You can "live it up" without wearing it out because each tile is vinyl through and through. It's a floor that's really built to take it . . . colors stay bright and new looking for years.

EASY LIVING! Say good-by to "scrub-a-drudgery." Kentile Solid Vinyl Tile keeps its rich, deep-down beauty with just occasional waxing. Because it's *vinyl*, it's totally unaffected by spilled foods or grease.

For use anywhere indoors (even over concrete, on- or below-grade, with special

TWO NEW KENTILE STYLES: "Antique Marble™" captures the depth and beauty of marble in vinyl at surprisingly low cost (color Antique Green). "Designer Palette" plain colors are Avocado (solid green) and Bristol Blue (in Feature Strips). Wall Base is Beige

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GOES IN FOR KEEPS
GOES IN FOR KEEPS
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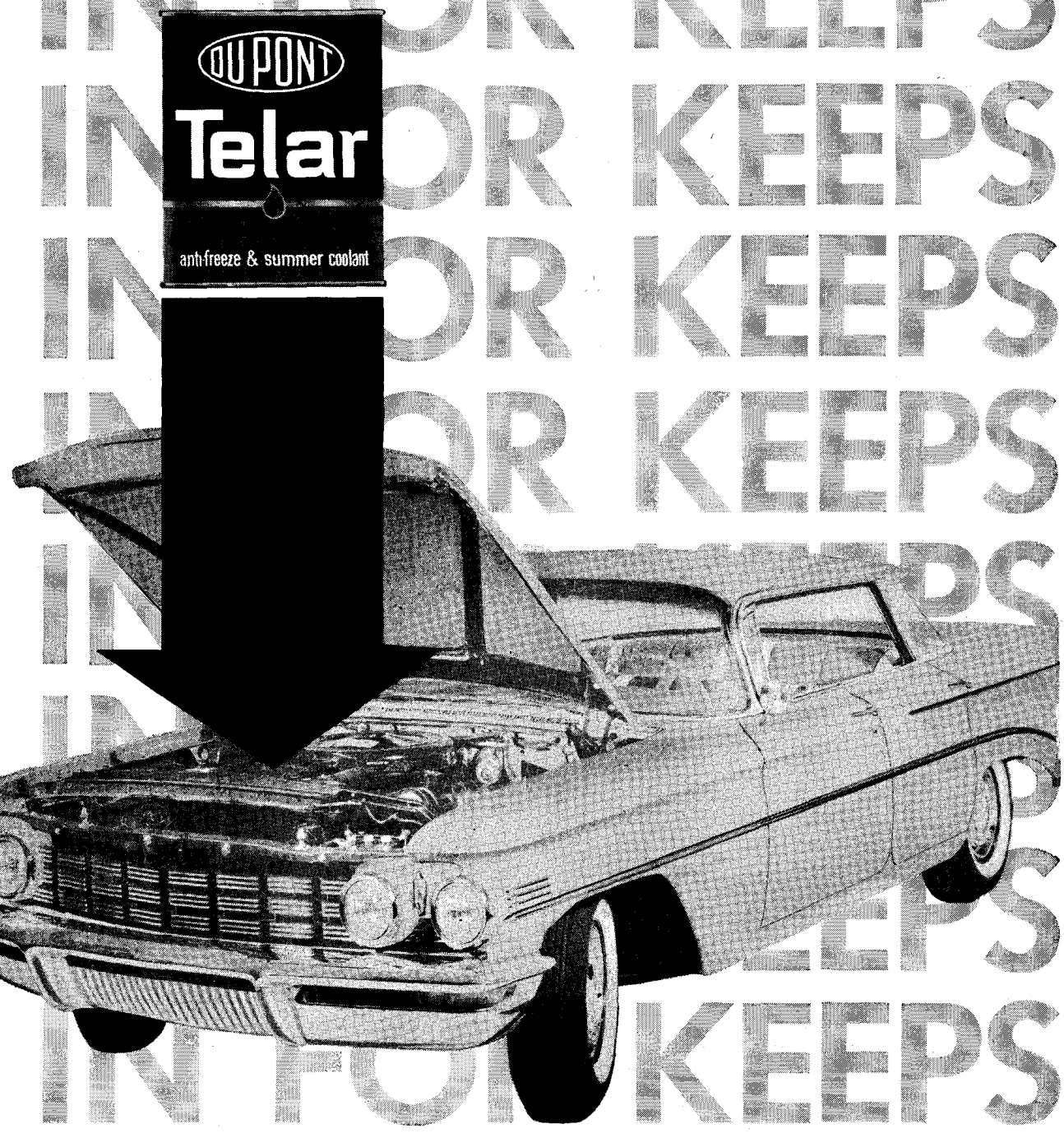

Du Pont announces Telar™—the first & only NEVER DRAIN ANTI-FREEZE & SUMMER COOLANT

Contains patented Color Check to watch your cooling system for you!

Nobody wants to drain anti-freeze and with new Du Pont "Telar" you no longer have to.

"Telar" is the first and only anti-freeze you never drain in a properly operating cooling system. It is a summer coolant, too. And it contains patented Color Check to watch your cooling system for you.

Aren't there other anti-freezes you don't have to drain? None! Manufacturers of all other anti-freezes recommend draining.

Why doesn't "Telar" need draining? "Telar" is a patented new formula that prevents rust as long as your cooling system is mechanically okay. Mixed with any water, it rust-proofs every engine metal, including the new aluminum alloys, with a *chemical armor* that prevents rust clogging.

How does "Telar" maintain cooling in summer? "Telar" has a higher boiling point than water. And by rust-proofing engine metal, it eliminates the chief cause of engine overheating: rust clogging.

What is Color Check? It's an exclusive feature of "Telar". If mechanical cooling system failure contaminates the solution of "Telar", Color Check tells you so by changing the solution's color from red to yellow. It is the only time you drain and replace "Telar". In Du Pont's five years of tests this rarely happened.

What about cost? "Telar" saves you money. It lasts year after year. It mixes with ordinary water. You buy only the degree of anti-freeze protection your climate requires. Any make-up occasionally needed to replace normal loss is slight.

See your servicing dealer *now!* There's no reason to wait, because "Telar" goes in for keeps, protects in warm weather as well as cold.

ONLY $5.00 PER GALLON FOR THE ULTIMATE COOLING SYSTEM PROTECTION

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING ... *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

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WESTINGHOUSE GUARANTEES THE 1961 LAUNDROMAT® AUTOMATIC WASHER GIVES YOU

CLEANER CLOTHES OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

MORE WASHING POWER FOR CLEANER CLOTHES

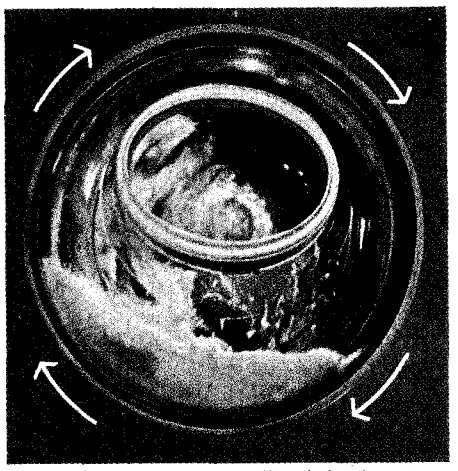
Yes, the Laundromat—with More Washing Power and two deep rinses—washes your clothes cleaner. Yet the Laundromat saves water on every load . . . uses half as much bleach and detergent as other automatics.

The exclusive weighing door helps you save even more: it tells you where to set indicator for the right amount of water and detergent!

Use the Laundromat for 15 days. You're sure to be delighted. But if, within that time, you don't agree that your clothes are cleaner than ever before, your participating dealer will take the washer back and refund the complete purchase price. See your Westinghouse Dealer soon!

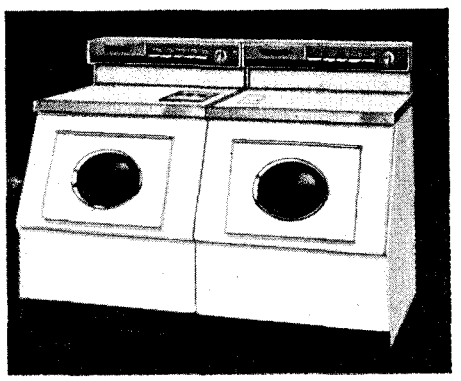
IMPORTANT: This Money-Back Guarantee applies to all new 1961 Laundromat models LAB, LBB, LCB and LGB. Offer expires December 30, 1960. You can be sure . . . if it's Westinghouse.

Model LAB



UNIQUE WASHING ACTION lifts clothes in and out of hot, sudsy water throughout the entire wash cycle. Then two deep rinses in fresh, clear water. Yet it uses up to 10 gallons less water than other automatics.

NEW BLEACH DISPENSER automatically adds the bleach to the wash at just the right moment, safely diluted, in the right amount. No worry about "how much," no fear of spilling. Holds a full 6 weeks supply.



1961 LAUNDROMAT AND MATCHING DRYER also feature: big capacity . . . self-cleaning Lint Ejector for lint-free washes . . . Dryer dries faster, at safe, low temperatures. And there's a model for every budget! See your Westinghouse Dealer soon! Westinghouse Electric Corporation, Mansfield, Ohio.

Westinghouse

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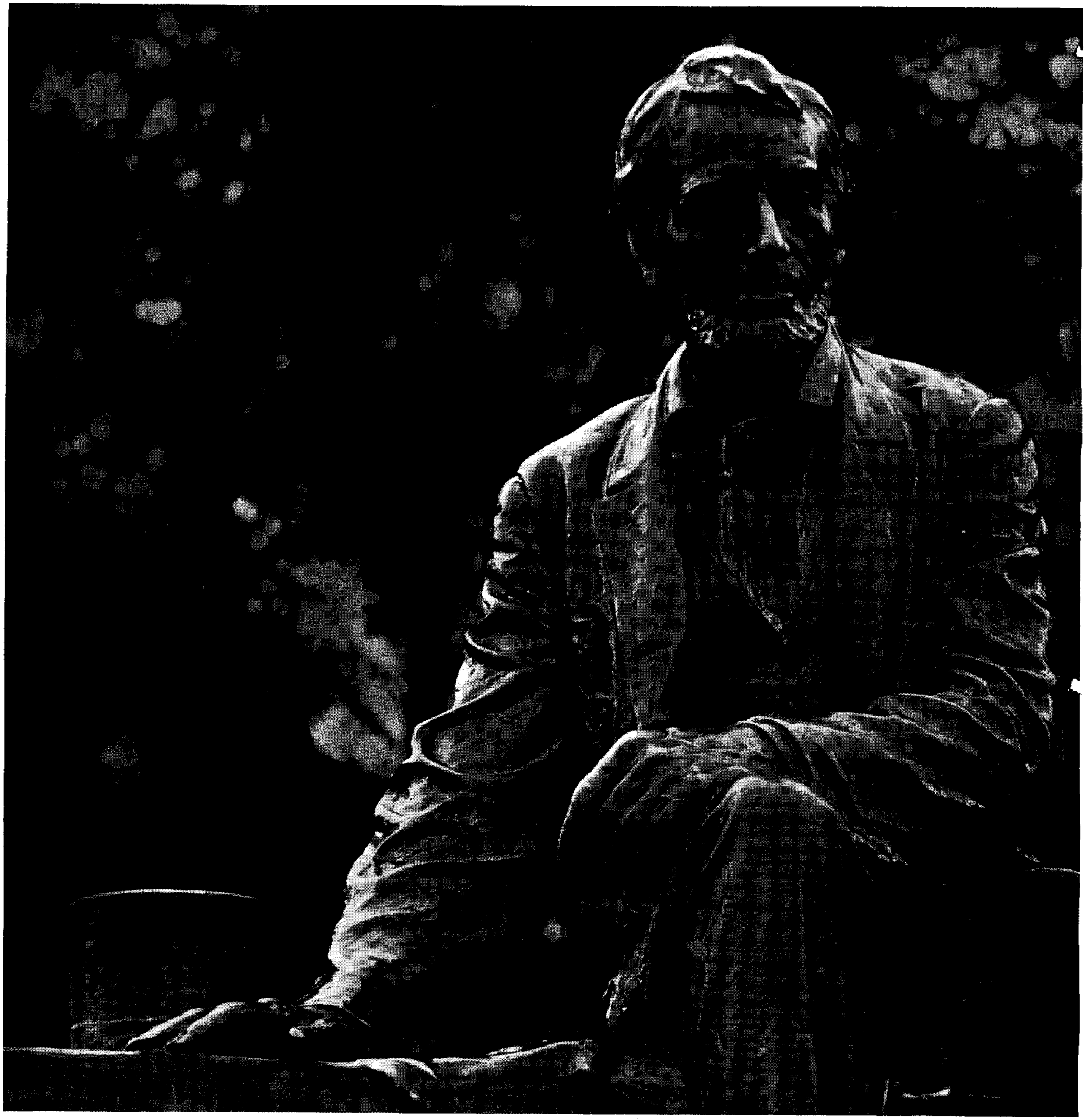

The legacy of an American child *is made up of many good things.*

A country of abundance to live in. Full opportunity to achieve. The wise guidance of great Americans of the past. These leaders knew that a nation thrives best when its people are independent—free to work and dream—alone, or with others who share their aims. This principle of independence has made America a land of plenty. It must be guarded continually, if the future is to bring still greater progress, and increasing strength.

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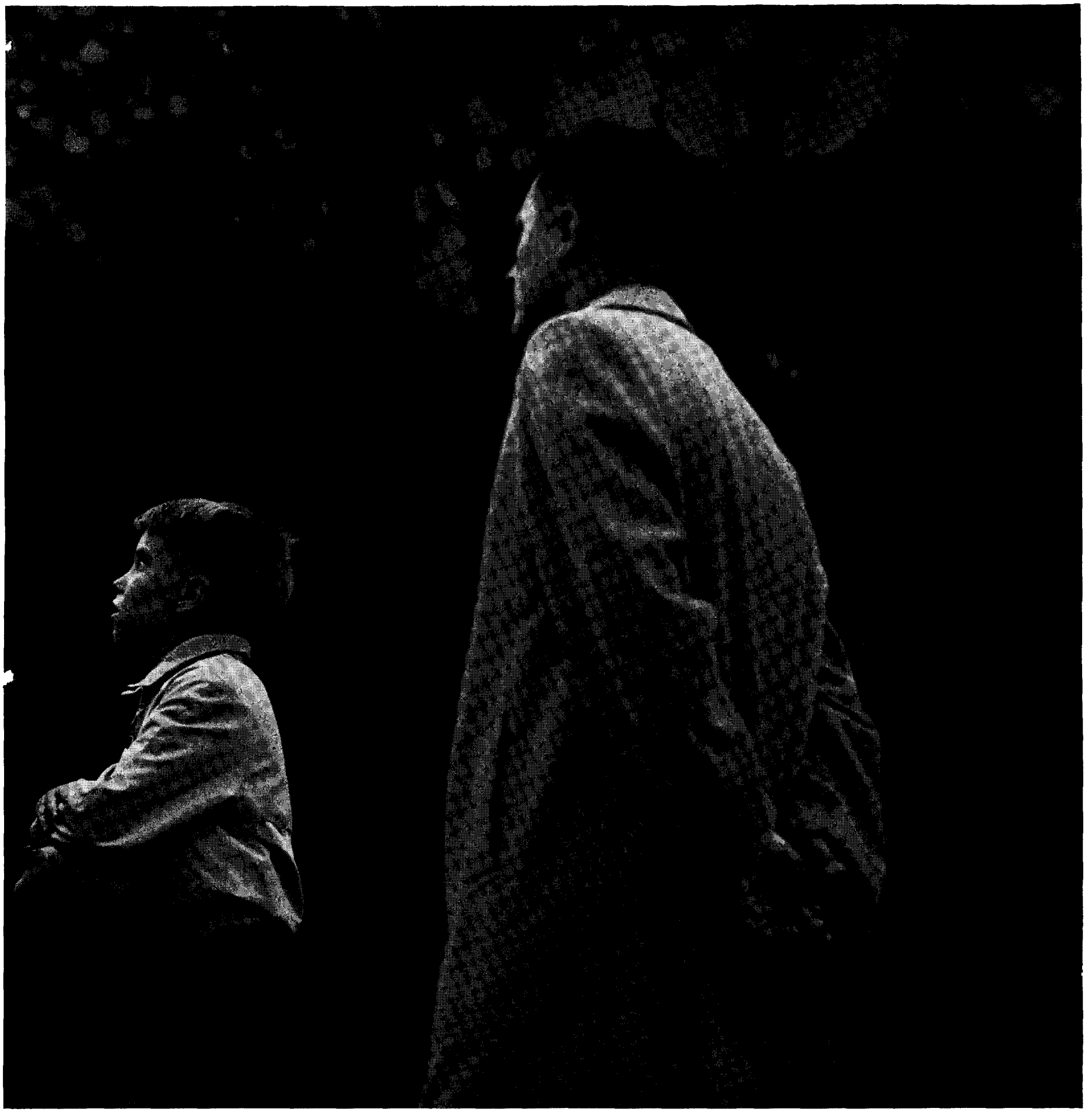

A close-to-home example of what the principle of independence can accomplish is your electric service.

It was developed by independent electric companies—so successfully that it puts the energy of 67 men to work for every man, woman and child in America today!

The independent companies—more than 300 of them—serve 4 out of 5 users. Often they work together, interconnecting lines and pooling facilities to improve service and keep the price low.

These companies will double their supply of electricity in the next 10 years. They're ready and able to supply all the additional electric service the country will need.

This is a good reason why there is no need for the federal government to spend taxpayers' money on more government-owned electric plants and lines. As Abraham Lincoln warned, government should only do what people cannot do for themselves.

To get a new, free booklet on this situation, please write for "Community" booklet to POWER COMPANIES, Room A-1127, 1271 Ave. of the Americas, New York 20, N. Y.

AMERICA'S INDEPENDENT ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES

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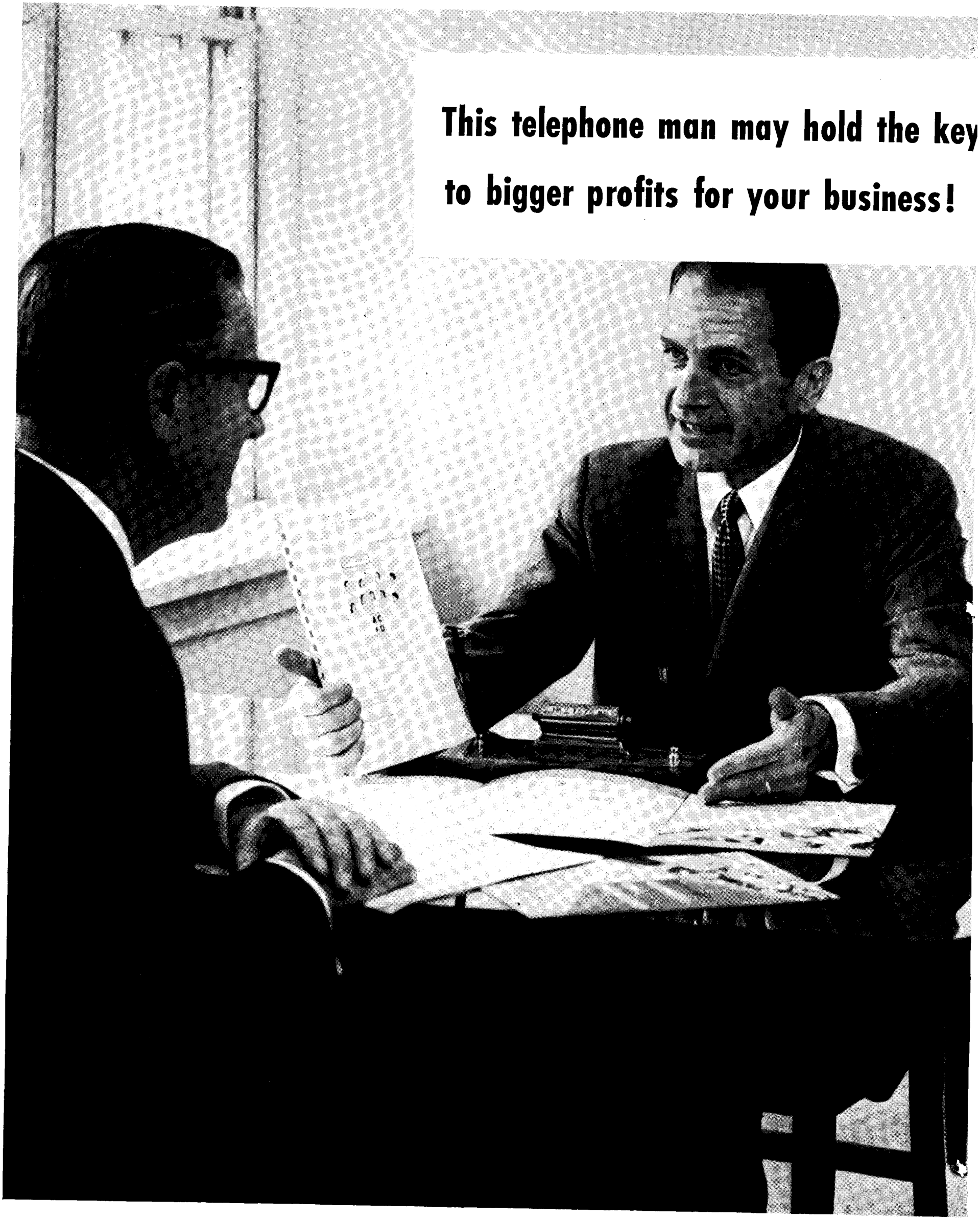
This telephone man may hold the key to bigger profits for your business!



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He's your Bell Telephone Communications Consultant...trained to help you boost efficiency, cut costs and increase sales

"That sounds like a large order."

It is—but he's doing it for firms like yours every day. Tailoring communications to the exact needs of a business is his specialty. He represents the largest, most experienced communications corporation in the world.

"Will he tell me how to run my business?"

No—but he'll show you how practical, up-to-date communications can help you run it more efficiently and profitably. He'll study your business operations, the layout of your premises and your present communications. Then he'll make his recommendation.

"Will he try to sell me more equipment?"

If you need it—yes. He may end up merely showing you how to use the equipment you *have* to better advantage. But Bell System research has produced some outstanding new equipment and systems, such as the Call Director telephone shown below. If there's a place for them in your business—if they can definitely improve your operations and your profit picture—you'll *want* them.

"How do I arrange a meeting with this man?"

Just call your Bell Telephone business office and ask for the Communications Consultant. He's ready to visit you at your convenience.

The Call Director telephone,
only one of many new, pace-setting Bell System developments, offers unsurpassed pushbutton flexibility. With Bell System intercom, it lets you add other people to calls on your line, set up telephone conferences, hold calls—puts as many as 29 outside, extension or intercom lines at your fingertips. Thousands of firms already have it.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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Service that gets to the bottom of things!

He's tops with the entire family for he's as cordial as he's competent! Your General Motors Dealer is best qualified to service your GM car or truck because he knows it best. His exclusive Guardian Maintenance assures you that the work is done right—at a fair price. His *factory-trained* servicemen are assigned full-time until your job is completed without interruption. His ample inventory of *genuine* parts means that the right replacements are available without delay. His *modern* equipment is vital to the analyses and adjustment of today's finely-engineered, high-performance cars. So, for quality service for your GM car or truck take it to your quality General Motors Dealer for Guardian Maintenance, TODAY!

FEATURED FALL SERVICES

COMPLETE QUALITY LUBRICATION: Plus "Ready-for-Winter" check • *COOLING SYSTEM CHANGE-OVER:* Anti-freeze to protect from weather and anti-rust to protect from corrosion • *QUALITY ENGINE TUNE-UP:* Faster starts, better mileage, improved performance • *ROTATE TIRES—BALANCE WHEELS:* Smoother ride and longer life.

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC • GMC

Guardian Maintenance

BEST KIND OF CARE FOR THE BEST CARS AND TRUCKS!

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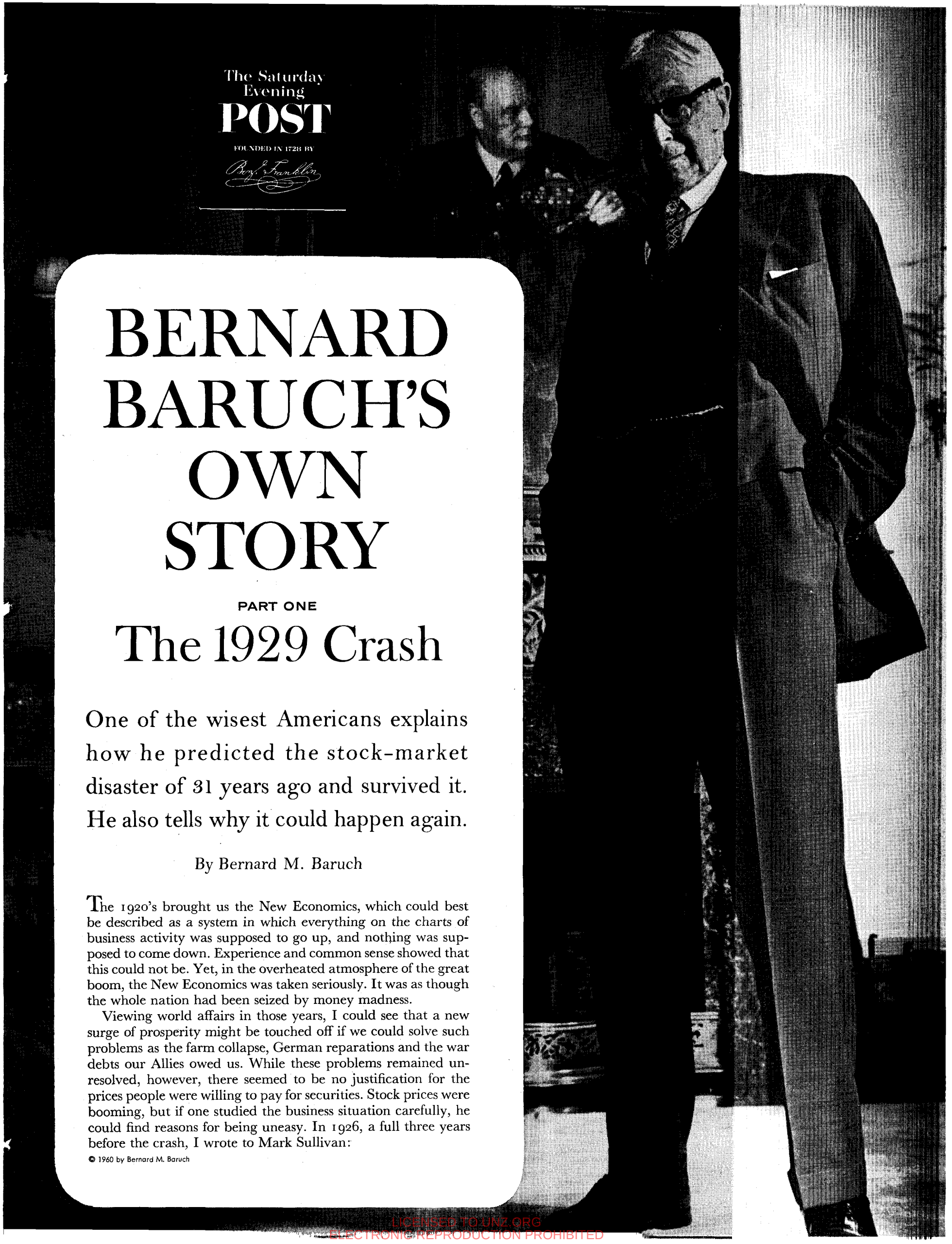
The Saturday Evening
POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY
Benj. Franklin



BERNARD BARUCH'S OWN STORY

PART ONE

The 1929 Crash

One of the wisest Americans explains how he predicted the stock-market disaster of 31 years ago and survived it. He also tells why it could happen again.

By Bernard M. Baruch

The 1920's brought us the New Economics, which could best be described as a system in which everything on the charts of business activity was supposed to go up, and nothing was supposed to come down. Experience and common sense showed that this could not be. Yet, in the overheated atmosphere of the great boom, the New Economics was taken seriously. It was as though the whole nation had been seized by money madness.

Viewing world affairs in those years, I could see that a new surge of prosperity might be touched off if we could solve such problems as the farm collapse, German reparations and the war debts our Allies owed us. While these problems remained unresolved, however, there seemed to be no justification for the prices people were willing to pay for securities. Stock prices were booming, but if one studied the business situation carefully, he could find reasons for being uneasy. In 1926, a full three years before the crash, I wrote to Mark Sullivan:

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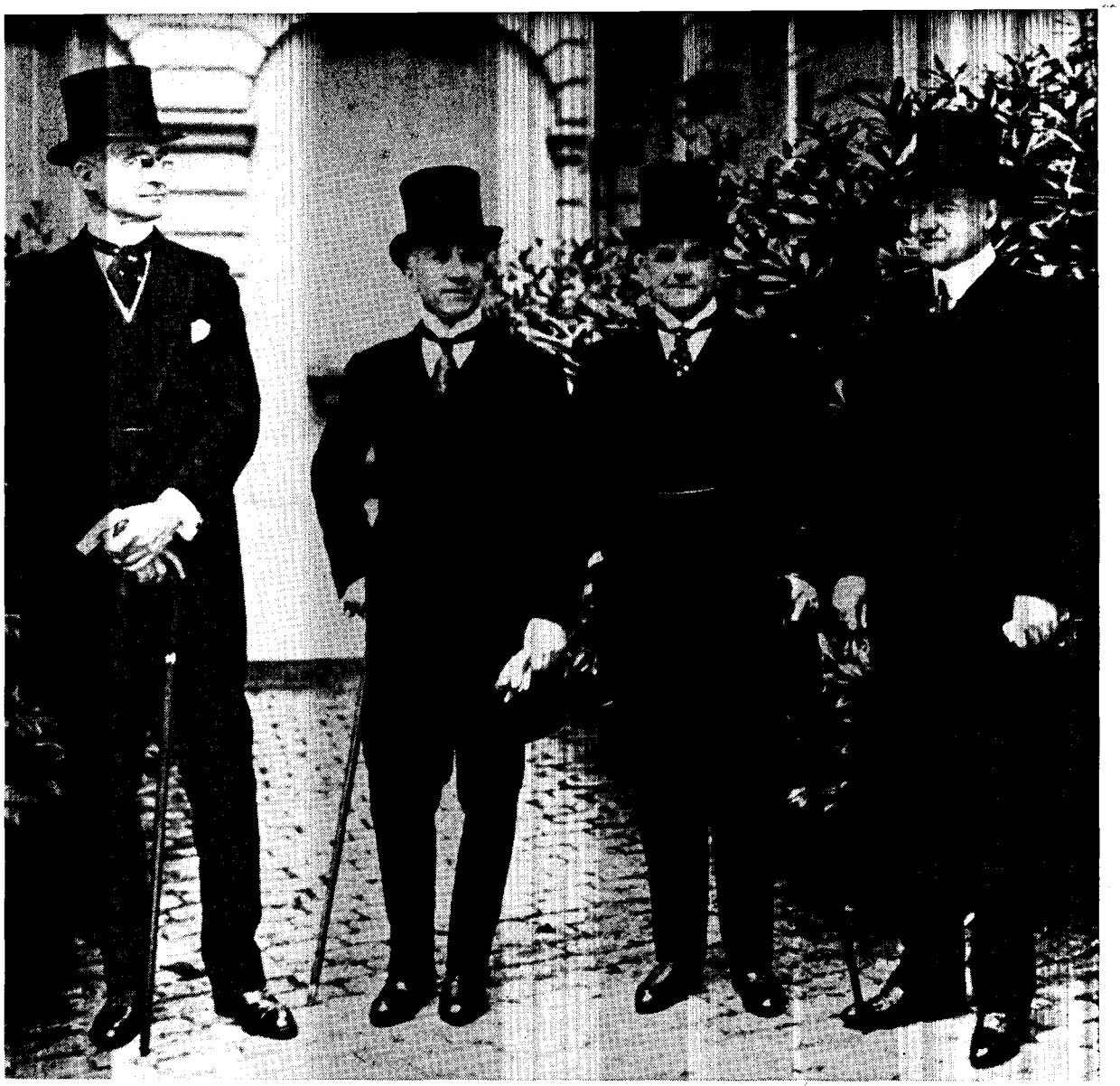


Belgium, 1919: The author (left), Norman Davis, Vance McCormick, and Herbert Hoover, of whom Baruch says, "He mastered such problems as Belgian relief, but as President was unable to cope with the Great Depression."

HOW STOCK PRICES DROPPED IN THE CRASH

("Black Thursday"—October 24)
Some Highs and Lows of 1929

	Before Black Thursday	After Black Thursday
Air Reduction	223⅜	77
American & Foreign Power	199¼	50
Checker Cab	80¾	18
Chrysler Corp.	135	26
Crosley Radio	125	15
General Electric	403	168⅛
General Motors	91¾	33½
Kelly Springfield Tire	23⅞	3
Philip Morris	23¼	5¾
Pierce-Arrow Motor Co.	37⅞	18
RCA	114¾	26
Sears Roebuck	181	80
Shubert Theatre	74½	8
Standard Oil of N.J.	83	48
U.S. Steel	261¾	150

Because millions of shares had been purchased with borrowed money—on margin—the panic was sufficient to wipe out many investors. The decline continued—by 1932 RCA had dropped to 2½, and GM sold for 7⅝.

Now let me make a prediction to you. Business has undoubtedly reached its zenith, and what we see in motors, steel and railroad statements is evidence of what has gone by and not of what is before us. There has been a stimulation of business by high-power salesmanship on the partial-payment plan of homes, radios, automobiles, etc. Whereas it is wise to buy things on the partial-payment plan that will result in time in increased economies and better living, at the same time it can be overdone. I am afraid it has now been overdone.

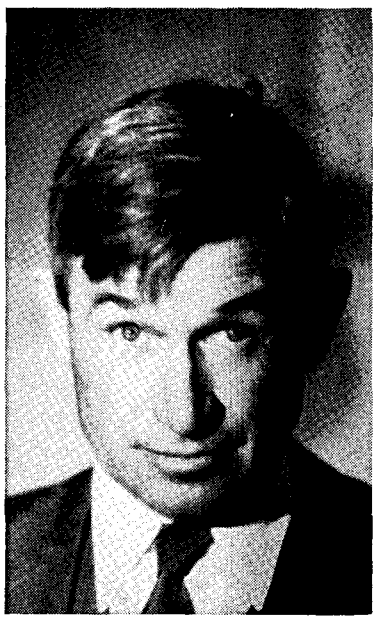
A year later, in December, 1927, I wrote to my good friend Winston Churchill:

> Business conditions in this country are not as good as the newspapers make them appear. Old corporations and large businesses are making less net money than a year ago. The so-called mail-order and chain-store businesses show great increases, but that is due primarily to the elimination of a large number of small concerns.

But there was not much of an audience for those of us who felt uneasy about the state of our economy. To most people it seemed as though prosperity would never stop, that everyone would simply go on making and spending more and more money.

Never before had there been such gambling as there was in those last turbulent years of the '20's; but few people realized they were gambling—they thought they had a sure thing. Some of the wildest gambling of the decade took place in the Florida land boom. On the assumption that every American would soon settle in Florida, or at least vacation there, people fought to buy land, usually unimproved and often uninhabitable, at ever-spiraling prices. In the space of months land values doubled, tripled, quadrupled. Building lots which once sold for a few hundred dollars were selling for as high as $20,000. It was a speculative mania in the classic tradition.

At the height of the boom I visited Palm Beach with Rear Adm. Cary Grayson. We motored from Palm Beach to Miami, past the



Will Rogers: He wanted to get into the market before the crash, but the author talked him out of it.

Senator Carter Glass (Va.): When he raised a restraining voice against the economic madness of the '20's, it was ignored.

Brig. Gen. Hugh Johnson, a business associate of Baruch, and later FDR's NRA chief, feared a revolution might break out after the crash.

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ornate residences of the new multimillionaires and the newest golf course, so exclusive it would not permit ordinary folks like me to join. As we drove along beside the ocean I gazed at miles and miles of property with nothing on it but shrubs and scattered trees. I began to wonder where the people were who had money enough to buy and build at the prices then being asked. Where would the money come from?

My Florida visit was cut short by a summons from Secretary of the Treasury Andrew W. Mellon, who wanted to discuss the pending negotiations on settlement of foreign debts. Consequently I had no time to investigate further what observation had told me was an unhealthy situation in Florida. Yet I had seen enough to start selling my Florida county and municipal bonds—but not quickly enough. When the Florida bubble burst, I was left with many seemingly worthless bonds.

People should have been warned by the collapse of the Florida boom in 1926, but they were not. Few could resist the mad scramble for wealth, led by some of the greatest names in finance. Gambling in stocks was made fashionable and respectable as never before.

In every bank and brokerage house, in business places, on street corners and in elevators and restaurants—wherever people met—one could hear talk of "the tip I got on the market." Token margin requirements enabled anybody to test his luck. Taxi drivers told you what stocks to buy. The shoeshine boy could give you a summary of the day's financial news. An old beggar, who regularly patrolled the street in front of my office, now gave me market tips—and, I suppose, spent in the market the money I gave him. My cook had a brokerage account and followed the stock ticker closely. Her paper profits were quickly blown away in the gale of 1929, and she had to be rescued from being sold out entirely.

Whenever some cool, calm voice like Sen. Carter Glass's was raised against this madness, it was jeered. Whenever the market fell back—and there were some sharp setbacks on occasion—assurances that all was well would come from every quarter. Unfailingly the prophets of the New Economics in government and finance promoted the boom and nourished public confidence in it. From the White House itself came President Coolidge's soothing statement about the mounting loans on stock-exchange collateral, that "five billion isn't very much." In those days it was; we are less impressed with billions now.

Nothing did more to spur the boom in stocks than the decision made by the New York Federal Reserve Bank, in the spring of 1927, to cut the rediscount rate. Benjamin Strong, governor of the bank, was chief advocate of this unwise measure, which was taken largely at the behest of Montagu Norman of the Bank of England. Ostensibly this easy-money policy was designed to stop (Continued on Page 46)

Outside the N.Y. Stock Exchange when the crash hit. The cataclysmic break in the market began on Oct. 23. The following day (Black Thursday) stock prices collapsed and panic swept the floor of the exchange.

ANOTHER BEST SELLER

Bernard M. Baruch's story of the 1929 stock-market crash is taken from *Baruch: The Public Years*, second volume of his autobiography, to be published on October tenth by Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Inc. The first volume of Mr. Baruch's autobiography, *My Own Story*, published in 1957, led *The New York Times* best-seller list for four months, and was also excerpted in *The Post*. Another installment—THE YEARS OF ROOSEVELT—from the second volume will appear in *The Post* next week.

—THE EDITORS.

Bread lines were able to feed only part of the nation's many hungry millions during the desperation of the depression.

A thousand job hunters wait in line at Newark, N.J., City Hall to apply to dig ditches ten hours a day for four dollars (a high wage for those times). Such scenes as these were normal during the bad years of the '30's.

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By
ELIZABETH
EMMETT

Was she mad . . . or did some strange power rule this unearthly place?

ENCHANTMENT

When she first saw the house, the spell of April lay upon it. Rain had changed to mist during the long drive. At journey's end the sun was breaking through the clouds, and the house, still moist as from a morning bath, stood exposed before her, draped in green ivy.

She pulled the car to an abrupt halt. That castlelike structure had no more place in an American setting than Pan in its groves and woods; and yet, at the end of a drive through woods silent except for woodland sounds, it seemed as natural as the white spire of a Baptist church in a New England village.

While she stared, a gnarled and sourish-looking man appeared. She put the car in motion and drove to the entrance. He came forward with a gesture of hand to grizzled head.

"You'll be Miss Reed, no doubt?"

He took her bags, and she followed him into the house where she expected to spend several weeks alone, except for this caretaker and his wife. She had felt little curiosity as to what sort of place she was coming to. An old man had died, and among his assets was a library. The executor of the estate had sought a librarian with the proper credentials for cataloguing it before putting it up for sale. She had got the job.

Where she worked never mattered much. Regardless of what place she was in she would always be slightly out of place. To her, books were kinder than life. She found her acquaintances, forged her friendships among the people created by man instead of by God.

Never, however, had she worked in a castle. Small though it might seem in association with the word, its empty rooms might by their very silence prove distracting.

The living room was a joy forever. She could look down upon it as she worked in the book-lined gallery that swept above it on two sides. If she paused in her work, she had but to swing her chair and see, reflected in a huge mirror below, the terrace upon which the living room opened, and beyond the terrace a world occupied only by nature.

She had been there several days, making a preliminary survey of the library, before she climbed the four flights of stone steps to the tower. The person who came down was not the same person who went up.

At first she thought it was the river that worked the transformation. Seen from the tower, it might have been time, without beginning and without end, flowing from and to eternity. To watch it was like being hypnotized, surrendering the mind to the river as a swimmer might surrender the body. On and on, her mind drifted in musing such as she rarely had allowed it, because she could not afford the habit. Suddenly she became aware that at some point she had left the river and was on the verge of a strange country.

The complaint of aching feet brought her back to a realization that she had been standing an unconscionably long time. And with reality came a feeling of desolation such as Eve must have felt when looking back at the Eden from which she had been expelled.

I don't believe opium ever wafted anyone into a greater state of happiness, she thought as she went slowly, reluctantly down the stairs.

The next day she came upon a privately printed book. Its one illustration showed a winged animal of unidentifiable species, bearing a shadowy something upon its back as it plunged through waves of mist. Its destination was Ultima Thule, a region that, as she saw as soon as she began to read, made Olympus seem little better than a county fair for the gods, and the Elysian Fields but a country club for poets. This was paradise, without God, without cherub or seraph, without recording angel to grant permit for entry. One laid the body aside as one might lay aside clothes preparatory to bathing;

(Continued on Page 108)

Illustrated by R. G. Harris

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Our Mom, KATE CROSBY

By BOB CROSBY

Bing's kid brother tells the delightful story of Kate Crosby's methods in bringing up a houseful of rambunctious youngsters.

A few weeks ago my brother Ted, going through some old papers, found one of the notes our mother used to leave for us on the kitchen table. It read: "Catherine will peel the potatoes—Mary Rose dust the dining room—Ted scrub the kitchen floor—Harry fill the woodbox. If that woodbox isn't full, you'll hear from me, Harry." To me that note brought back vividly the sound of a voice at the back door of the old house in Spokane: "Bob, come here!" Ma called only once, and since she kept her stick handy, we came. No nonsense about its hurting her worse than it did us! Ma was as strong in her convictions as she was in will and muscle.

Today at eighty-seven or eighty-eight—we're not sure which—mother is as much the matriarch, the force that holds us all together, as she was when that note was written, some forty years ago. Behind the soft-spoken gentlewoman that she is today, we can all still see the slim, beautiful, blue-eyed young Irish housewife who made us toe the mark. When she calls, we still come.

Of the brood of seven that Kate Crosby reared, with all too little help from our wonderful, lovable but sometimes irresponsible father, Larry came first—then Everett, Edward (Ted), Harry (Bing), Catherine, Mary Rose and myself. Dad, for whom Bing was named, was a bookkeeper for a produce house. He never made much money, never knew the value of a dollar and loved life and people too much to care.

"Nothing's too good for Kate!" said dad. His paydays were a sort of game with us. We never knew what he'd bring home—a washing machine, a vacuum cleaner, a huge radio with colored lights and fancy knobs and all that good stuff. Ma never complained, never hurt his feelings. *Well*, the look in her eye seemed to say, *here we go again!* We never could afford it, and at the end of the "trial period," the dealer always got it back.

Ma believed a man should be head of the family and she saw to it that dad was. Yet she was forced to do all the managing, and whatever ma had to do, she could do. She was born Catherine Harrigan, one of two girls and four boys, in Stillwater, Minnesota. Among my earliest memories are her stories of how her grandmother stood off the Indians with a musket. These tales, told while she baked bread or mended shirts or knit sweaters for someone, were never just idle reminiscences. She told them to all of us to help prepare us for life. "Whatever you have to do, you can do!" was the way they always ended.

Ma proved this at my birth, which occurred (as best we can estimate it) in her fortieth year. Ma's dearest friend was Maggie Nesbitt, who told fortunes and read horoscopes. Some of Maggie's predictions became eerie legends in the Irish community in which we lived. But since ma and Maggie were both devout Catholics, they emphasized that it was all in fun. "It's just ignorant superstition," ma said, "and don't you kids ever forget it!"

Mother and son Bob, her youngest. She considers her age a taboo subject, but her family figures that she is close to eighty-seven.

When her pains started, ma sent first for Maggie, then for the doctor. The doctor took one look and began preparing for a quick birth. "Don't bother!" said ma. "The signs are bad. I'll not be having the baby until tomorrow."

"That," said the doctor, "is what you think. The child will be born in two hours."

How she did it, or how much it hurt, we'll never know. But I wasn't born until sixteen hours later, when the signs had improved.

We were all born at home. We couldn't afford hospitals, nor could ma relax her grip on the household. As soon as a child was big enough, he was assigned his chores. Usually his first duty was taking care of the next baby. By the time I was born, the girls could help with the housework, so Bing, who had taken care of them, now became my baby sitter. Ma tells the story of when Bing was first brought in to see the new baby. "What is it, ma?" he snapped.

"A boy, Harry," said ma, who to this day has never called him Bing. "It better be!" Bing said ominously. He was fed up with taking care of sisters. He went out without even looking at me. Maggie Nesbitt would have predicted that he'd pay for this by having to wait through five sons of his own, before getting a daughter.

Bing was not the only one from our neighborhood to become famous. Mildred Bailey, Eric Johnston and Patrice Munsel also came from our part of Spokane. I can think of as many who went to the penitentiary. Ma didn't try to keep us (Continued on Page 82)

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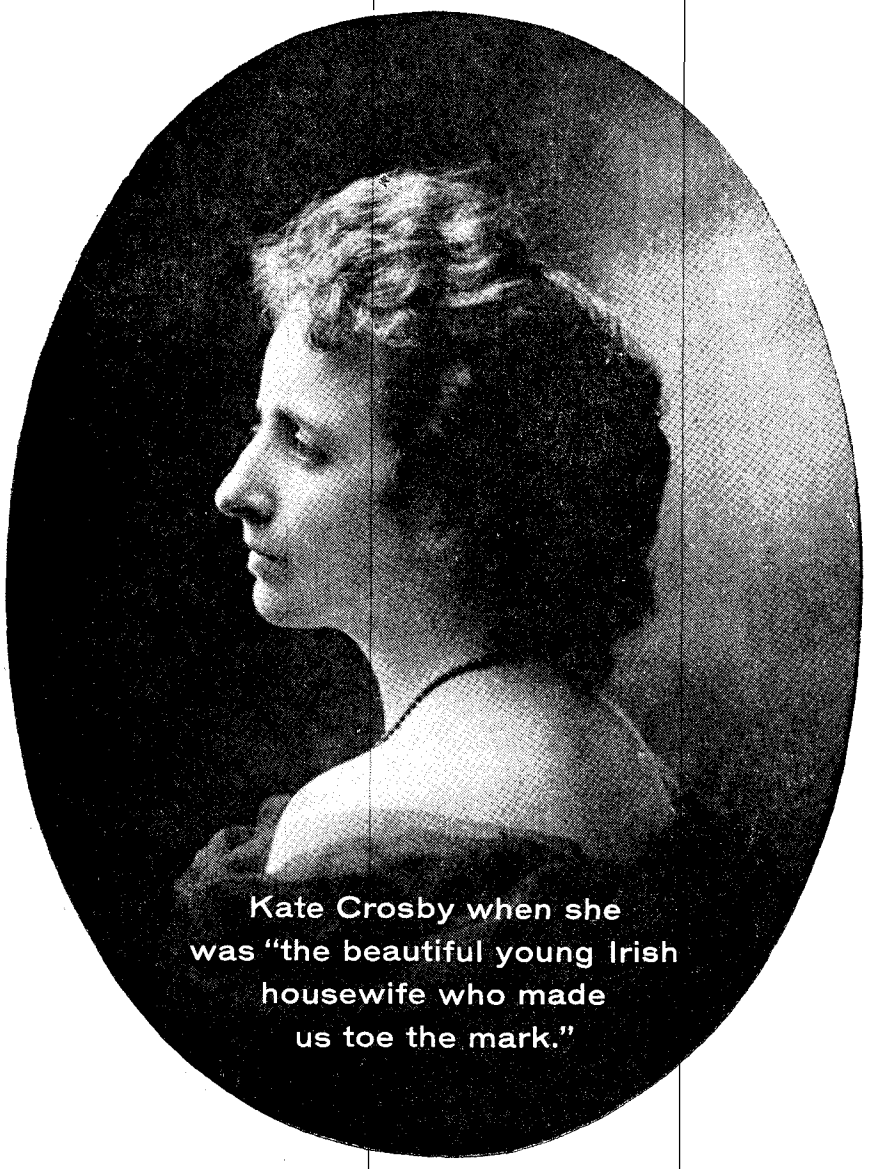

Kate Crosby when she was "the beautiful young Irish housewife who made us toe the mark."

Bing played drums during his student days. But when he took a job in a Spokane dive, his mother dragged him out by the ear.

A recent birthday party for mother. Beside her are Catherine (left) and Mary Rose. In rear are Everett (left), Bing, Larry, Ted and Bob.

1934: Bing with his father, the late Harry Crosby. An easygoing man, the elder Crosby had a penchant for buying his family presents on the installment plan.

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"What was it you wanted to tell me?" he asked.

He wanted his wife and children back desperately. But he was too proud a man to say . . .

Don't Leave Me

By MARJORIE WILDER

It was not in him to blame Lamie, and yet how could he say it was all his fault? Someone said, "Not in our stars, but in ourselves." Year after year the drought went on, and that was not his fault.

The truck drove over the shadows of houses and trees as the afternoon waned, and each mile that rolled under pulled the loneliness in on him. He turned off the state highway at the FRESH EGGS sign without paying much attention. Seemed like the truck knew the way about the same as his horse did.

On the way to Joplin the cattle were company of a sort, snorting and shoving and shifting, and their heavy weight in motion had given him something to think about on the long trip up there. They should have brought a good price. On the way home, though, the loneliness was a misery to him.

Around the stock pens all the talk had been of drought and loss and selling out. Needing to get away from that, he had swept out the truck and started home without lunch.

Lamie would have made him eat. That was the kind of wife she was, always looking after him. Well, that was the old way Lamie was, not the way she would have been today, bouncing on the seat beside him, face glistening, hair pulled back tight, her mouth open a little and a look—as if she could not stand the hateful drought heat any longer.

She had not complained like some of the wives. She just got tight-lipped and gaunt and hollow-eyed, and her laughter dried up. He could think of her the old way, pretty and laughing, but not really see it. The old picture just wouldn't conjure.

The shadows grabbed at him as the county road twisted and turned in the mountains, but he saw the baby rabbits skittering and a redbird disappearing into the wild grapevines, and when he came up the sharp incline where nothing but blue showed in the windshield, there was a hawk wheeling with the joy of being king of the sky. There never was a trip through these woods that he didn't exclaim about something, "That's a mighty pretty sight!"

(Continued on Page 63)

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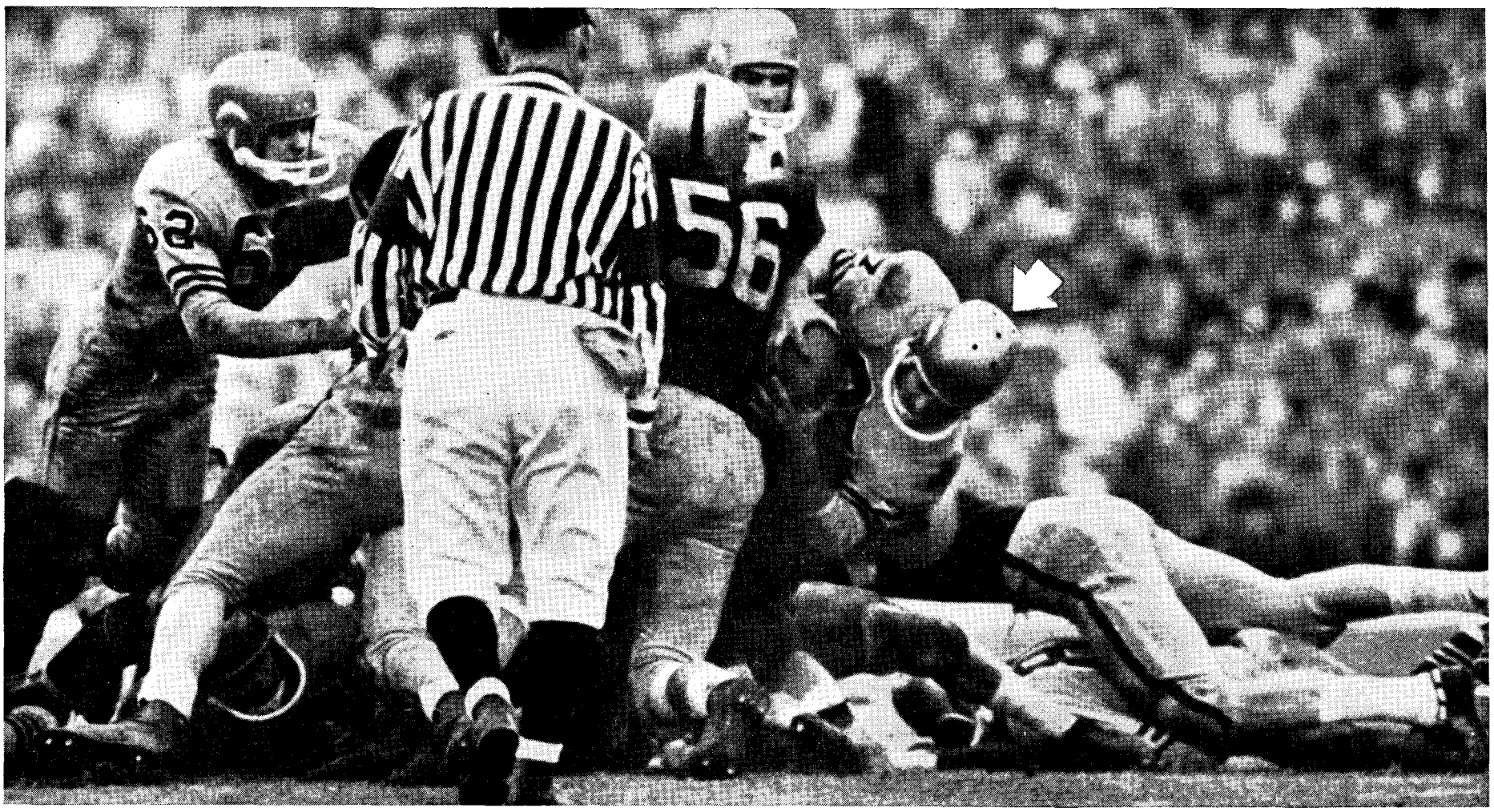
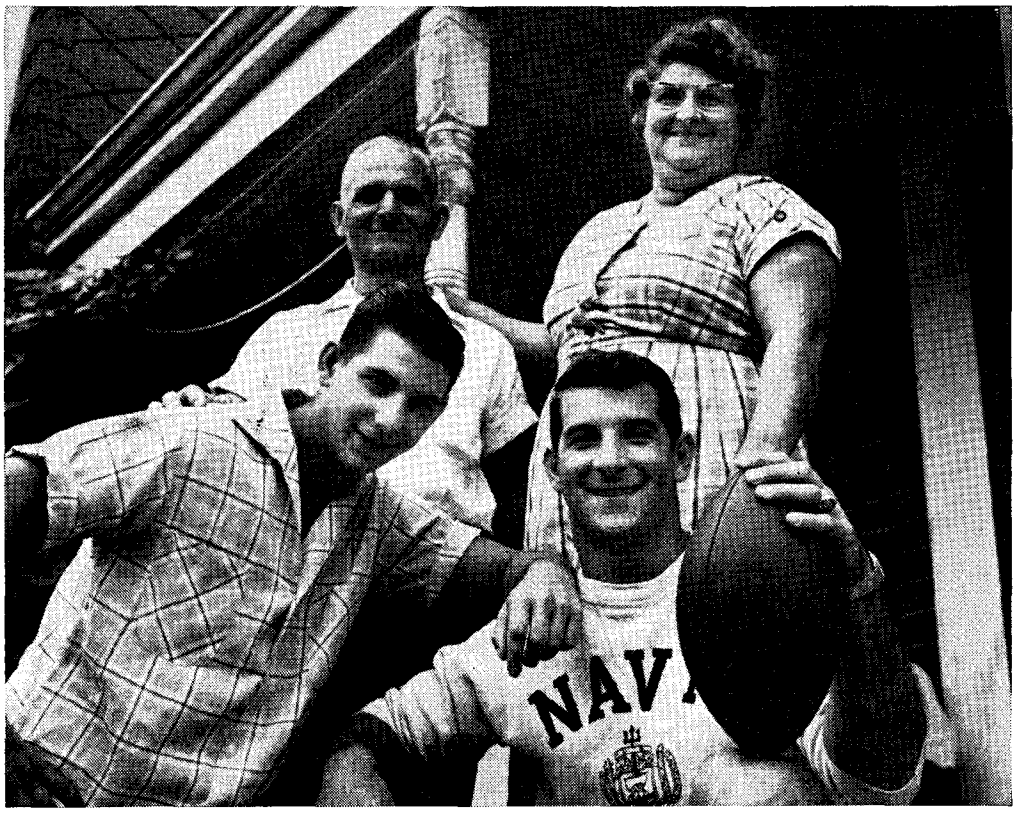


November, 1959: Bellino (arrow) crashes over the goal and becomes the first Navy player ever to score three touchdowns in a single game against Army. Navy won, 43–12.

DYNAMITE JOE of NAVY

No other midshipman has ever equaled Joe Bellino's feats against Army. He is known as the man who has never been caught from behind.



At home in Winchester, Mass.: Joe (with football), his parents, Michael and Sarah Bellino, and Mike Jr., one of Joe's four brothers. Joe is a baseball star, too—several major-league clubs bid for him.

By SHIRLEY POVICH

In late November of 1959, congressmen were speaking out against bickering in the armed forces. The charge was that interservice feuding was endangering the weapons race with Russia. On Monday morning, November thirtieth, a Pentagon colonel ruefully agreed that Army-Navy rivalry was indeed getting out of hand. "Now Navy has come up with an anti-Army missile. They call it their 'Bellino,'" he said.

The Navy Bellino had indeed visited havoc on Army personnel two days before. In a public demonstration before 98,618 in Philadelphia's Municipal Stadium—and millions of others in the television audience—Navy unleashed its new projectile with a three-touchdown warhead and jubilantly watched it destroy the forces of the United States Military Academy, inducing depression among Army men everywhere.

That was the day Midshipman Joe Bellino of Winchester, Massachusetts, blasted off against an Army football team that was a seven-point favorite. Seven minutes after the opening kickoff, (Continued on Page 89)

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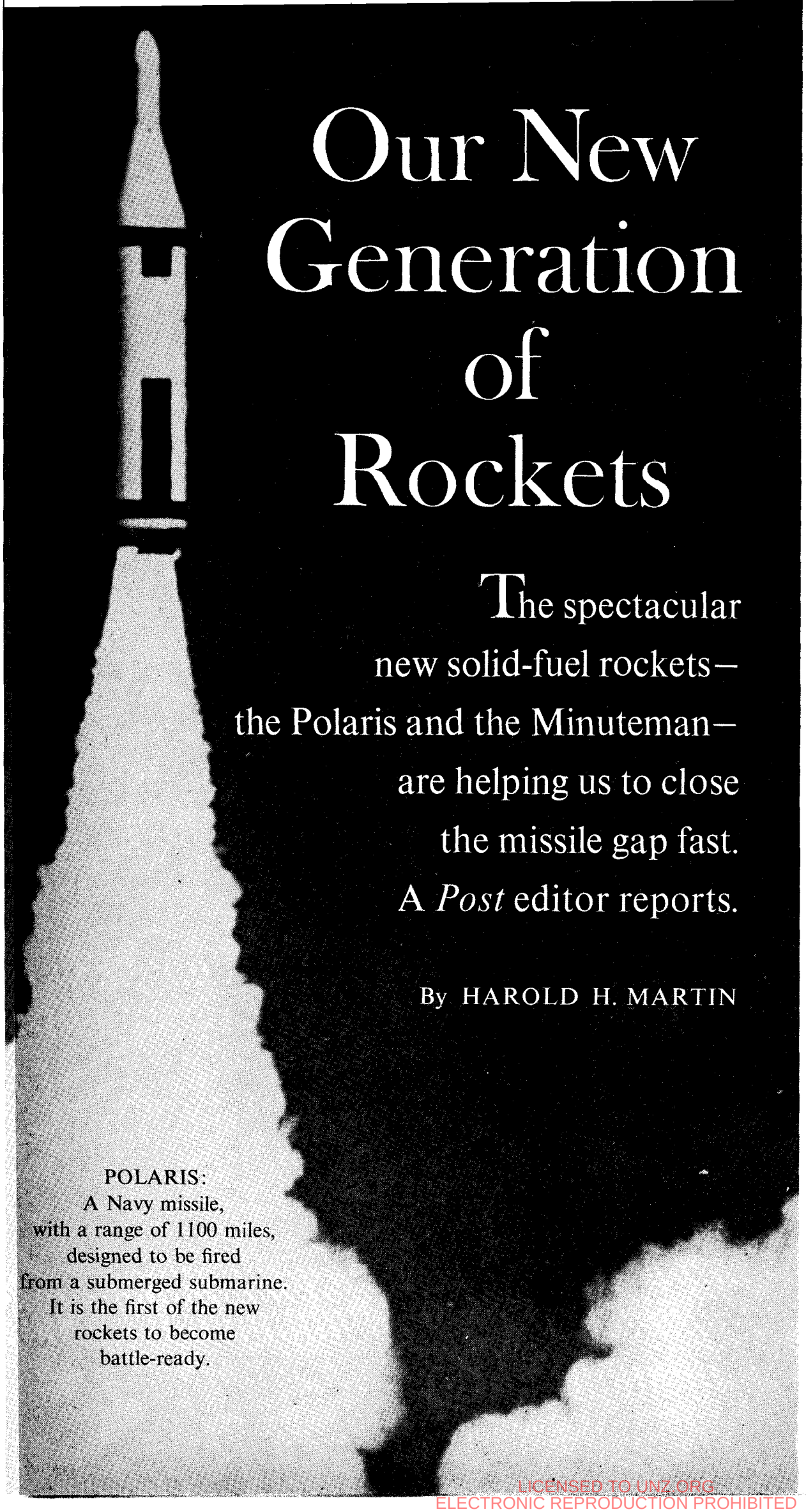
Our New Generation of Rockets

The spectacular new solid-fuel rockets—the Polaris and the Minuteman—are helping us to close the missile gap fast. A *Post* editor reports.

By HAROLD H. MARTIN



POLARIS:
A Navy missile,
with a range of 1100 miles,
designed to be fired
from a submerged submarine.
It is the first of the new
rockets to become
battle-ready.

Last summer, when Mr Khrushchev, in one of his more violent rocket-rattling moods, was threatening to annihilate us if we did not behave to suit him, an Air Force officer who works with long-range missiles read the ominous headlines with a dour smile. Opening his desk drawer, he rummaged about for a moment and brought out a slab of a grayish, rubbery substance. He trimmed off a small sliver, put it on his ash tray and struck a match to it. It burned fiercely, giving off glints of flame like a child's Fourth of July sparkler.

"I wouldn't like to put any ideas in Mr. Khrushchev's head," he said. "But if he does have an arsenal of rockets that can destroy us, he'd better shoot now or forever hold his peace. We all know there has been a missile gap. But it's closing now, and by the middle 'Sixties it will be gone." He leaned forward and tapped the smudged place on his ash tray where the grayish substance had burned. "It's this stuff here—solid fuel for a simple rocket—that's helping us close it fast."

He didn't mean to imply, he went on, that by 1964 or 1965 we'd be able to detect and shoot down a salvo of thermonuclear warheads coming at us in a surprise attack. He did mean that by that time we'd have hundreds, perhaps thousands, of relatively inexpensive, easy-to-handle solid-fueled missiles. They would be buried underground, or hidden in fast-moving submarines, or wandering about in a seemingly random pattern on the railroads. Even if an attack came without warning, and we had no defense against it, enough of these missiles would survive at sea, in their holes and on lonesome railroad sidings in the empty reaches of the West to strike back with a power that could wipe out Mr. Khrushchev and all his works.

Today our ability to deter the Soviets still depends on the bombers of the Strategic Air Command, the Navy's carrier planes that carry nuclear bombs, and some sixty intermediate-range Thor missiles now on alert in England. So long as Mr. Khrushchev had to depend on his own bombers to deliver a strike against us, this retaliatory force was fairly safe.

A propellant mixer at a chemical plant near Brigham City, Utah. While in this puttylike stage, the fuel is poured into the rocket-engine shell, where it hardens.

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This picture now has changed. Mr. Khrushchev boasts of his rockets and backs his boasts by putting animals in orbit and bringing them back again, and by firing ballistic projectiles for long ranges with great accuracy. A salvo of fewer than 300 Soviet missiles could destroy all our airfields and above-ground missile bases. Thus we live at the moment in an extremely dangerous time. The confidence felt in both the Navy and Air Force today derives not from our present defensive status, but from the promise the immediate future holds.

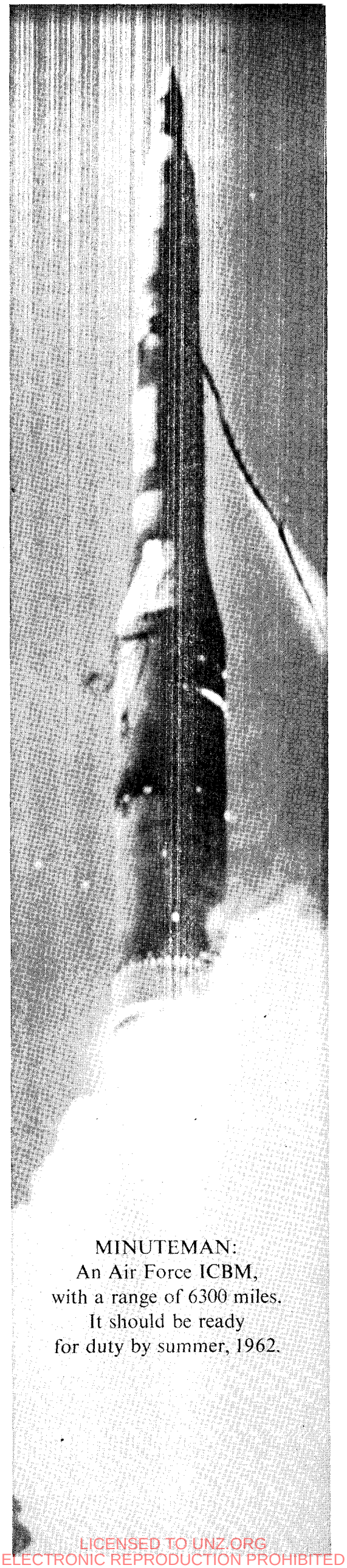
There is good reason for this confidence. We know now that 1960 marks the beginning of a new era in the missile age. The gigantic liquid-fueled rockets, the Atlases and Titans, which have behaved—and misbehaved—so spectacularly in test firings at Canaveral, are first-generation weapons whose days were numbered from the start. The money we spent on them has not been wasted, for their development has taught us most of what we now know about missilery. Nor were they in any sense failures, for despite their ponderous complexity, we have developed in them a range and accuracy and a degree of dependability beyond anything we dreamed we could accomplish in 1954 when we entered belatedly into the missile race with the Soviets.

Soon, though, both the gigantic liquid-fueled missiles and the manned bomber will begin, in the airman's jargon, to "phase out." By 1965, under present plans, at least half of the swift bombers which now trace their vapor trails across the skies on their incessant training missions will have gone to the aerial boneyard—victims of a new technology. Their role as keepers of the peace will be taken over by a new family of weapons—the cheap-to-build, simple-to-operate, easy-to-move, handle, hide and protect, solid-fueled rockets that can stand armed, aimed and ready to fire at the flick of a switch.

The nuclear-weapon-carrying bomber, with all its electronics gear, is one of the most complicated pieces of machinery ever devised by man. The liquid-fueled rocket with its maze of pipes, valves, tanks and pumps is a plumber's nightmare. The engine of the solid-fueled rocket, on the other hand, is a simple casing of high-quality steel packed with a rubbery mass which looks like the stuff of which cheap gray pencil erasers are made. "It is," one Air Force officer said, "just a big garbage can loaded with a slow-burning bomb."

The first member of this new family of solid-fueled weapons to become battle-ready will be the Navy's Polaris. As every reader knows by now, the nuclear-powered submarine *George Washington*, while submerged off Cape Canaveral last July, fired three Polaris missiles successfully. The bottle-shaped rocket popped from the depths on a blast of air, fired up its engine fifty feet above the surface, and propelled a simulated warhead 1100 miles to a downrange target. A fourth try failed, but the implication of the three successful shots must have been clear to Mr. Khrushchev: The Polaris works. Launched from submerged submarines lying off his coast, it can drop a thermonuclear warhead on nearly any of the Soviet's principal cities. It gives us a capacity not only for instantaneous but for inevitable retaliation. If the Soviets' capability to find and destroy a swift, silent, deep-running submarine is no greater than ours, the Polaris-carrying submarine, with its protective cordon of attack subs, is the most nearly invulnerable weapon we now possess.

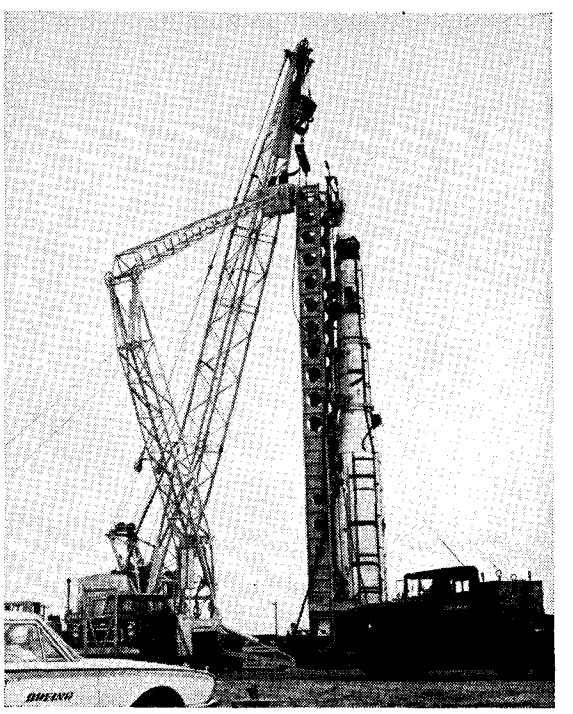
The successful firing of the Polaris last July brought a lifting of the spirit to a country made nervous and jumpy by Mr. Khrushchev's ominous rumblings. Sometime this winter the Air Force will present its own spectacular entry in the new family of simple, solid-fuel weapons. From a concrete silo dug eighty-five feet into the sands of Cape Canaveral, a slim Air Force rocket called the Minuteman will rise in a gush of fire and smoke. If nothing goes amiss—and the half-dozen companies who are building the Minuteman are confident that nothing will—its simulated nuclear warhead will impact some twenty-odd minutes later on a target area (Continued on Page 87)



MINUTEMAN:
An Air Force ICBM,
with a range of 6300 miles.
It should be ready
for duty by summer, 1962.

Dr. Harold Ritchey of the Thiokol Chemical Corp. holds a piece of ignited solid propellant. He was one of the early proponents of the solid-fuel engine in the U.S.

A Minuteman is lowered into its underground concrete firing silo at Edwards Air Force Base, Calif. The Minuteman can be launched also from railroad flatcars.



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HOW TO BECOME A POLITICIAN

By OSCAR SCHISGALL

An eight-week course in do-it-yourself politics is helping some newcomers win elections.

Nashville, Tenn.: The Southern Bell Telephone Company is one of the many large firms which sponsor The Action Course in Practical Politics for employees. Here class members talk politics during a coffee break.

Rock Rapids, Iowa: Otto Reimers (right), an 83-year-old lawyer, and Mrs. Betty Kumba are taking the course through the local chamber of commerce. Ringing doorbells to practice politicking is part of their homework.

Early this year, when George J. Vavoulis decided to run for mayor of St. Paul, some of his friends viewed the idea as impractical. Vavoulis was a florist, well liked and personable, but he had never held public office. Why should thousands vote for him, especially since the opposing candidate of the "liberal" forces, Adrian P. Winkel, was a distinguished professor of political science who had served three terms as a city commissioner?

George Vavoulis did not underestimate Adrian Winkel. He recognized the professor's experience, his political know-how and—most important—the fact that he had the endorsement of St. Paul's powerful Trade and Labor Assembly. In local elections the Minnesota city does not split along Republican-Democratic lines; it is divided into liberal and conservative groups, and whichever wins the endorsement of the Trade and Labor Assembly can pretty well count on being elected.

The question was—would Vavoulis, in running as an independent against the formidable forces of the established parties, be tilting against windmills?

His previous public activities had been concentrated on fund raising for community projects and on membership in civic organizations. He was treasurer of the local chamber of commerce.

But there was this to remember: Hundreds of people in St. Paul had been studying something called The Action Course in Practical Politics. Sponsored by the United States Chamber of Commerce as a free, nonpartisan public service, the course taught the basic principles of participation in politics.

As one friend of Vavoulis put it, "So we had these fledgling politicians in St. Paul, all of them just finished with the course and eager to try their wings. If we got them to support our candidate, they'd work like mad if only to test their newly learned lessons. Of course, many would support Winkel. We knew that. The number our man attracted would depend on how good he made his program sound."

Vavoulis believed the city needed new blood, new ideas and a fresh point of view in its local government. Apparently many of the newly educated politicians agreed with him. They had their first taste of power when they secured enough signatures to put Vavoulis's name on the ballot.

The affable florist ran for office at the head of a full independent ticket. His friends enlisted the support of approximately 175 "graduates" of The Action Course in Practical Politics, and these were the hardest workers in the campaign.

Week after week these volunteers rang doorbells and talked earnestly to voters about Vavoulis's hopes for the city. On good days, averaging ten calls each, they reached more than 1700 families. They wrote personal letters to friends, formal letters to strangers. In their homes, over coffee and cake, they held political meetings for their candidate, generally with six or eight neighbors. They raised funds. They organized telephone squads; they wrote handbills and operated mimeograph machines and distributed the circulars on the streets. And on Election Day, last April, they furnished baby sitters, and cars for voters who found it difficult to get to the polls.

George Vavoulis was elected mayor of St. Paul with 53 per cent (Continued on Page 112)

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He worked over the boy until tears blinded him and his heart seemed ready to burst.

DROWNING VICTIM

By RICHARD SAVAGE

Could he ever forgive himself for letting a young boy die?

After the last of the swimmers had left, Glen Thatcher closed the door to the shower room and turned to scan the deserted pool. Choppy green waves, chasing one another into the tile gutters, vanished with a soft gurgling. The heavy, steamy warmth and the smell of chlorine seemed unusually oppressive, and for a moment the young lifeguard could only lean tiredly against the door, gazing down at the water's glassy jade surface.

Suddenly he stood upright, body rigid and eyes fixed on a spot at the bottom of the pool. In an almost frantic gesture he drew the back of his hand across his eyes and blinked. But the vision of the blurred white form, swaying softly near the bottom, persisted. Fear exploded in his chest. Just before he dived he sucked in his breath, while at the same time something like a moan escaped his lips.

Then he was plunging downward, downward through eight feet of water and through an eternity of terrified groping in the still, dark-green depths. He squeezed out his breath to help keep himself submerged and grabbed wildly at the tiled bottom, swerving first in one direction and then another, pulling, kicking, thrusting out his hands to clutch the body.

But there was nothing to grasp. Finally his breath gave out, and with the blood pounding in his ears, he struggled to the surface.

For a moment there was nothing else but the fight to get air back into his lungs. Then he pulled himself up onto the side of the pool. Sprawled on his stomach he stared into the water, seeking the blurred white form. He was unaware that someone stood beside him, also staring down into the pool.

One of the high-school boys had returned to pick up a pair of nose clips he had left behind. "Hey, what's the matter, Glen?"

As if in a dream the lifeguard turned his head. "Look!" he gasped finally. "Look down there! Don't you see something?"

The boy shook his head bewilderedly. "There's nothing down there. Nothing. What are you doing, kidding me?"

Glen got to his feet and walked up and down the side of the pool. (Continued on Page 94)

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ADVENTURES
of the MIND

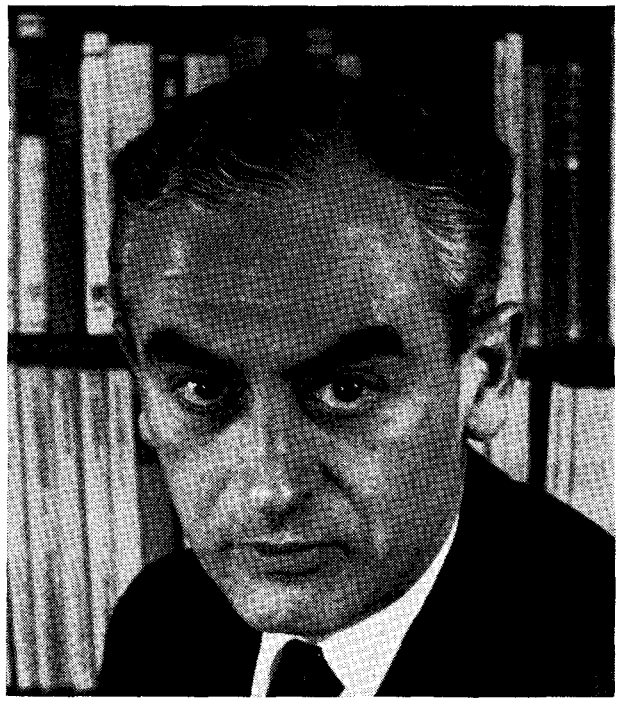
The Future

By P. B. MEDAWAR

Ever since it was first shown that man arose by an evolutionary process, philosophers of Nature have wondered whether he might not undergo further evolutionary changes in times to come. Enough is now known of human genetics to be sure that men abide by the same genetic laws as other animals do. Indeed, in some fields of genetical research—above all population genetics—human beings are better subjects of investigation than fruit flies, bacteria or mice. True, human beings have a distinctive genetic system or system of genetic habits—monogamy, for example, or marriage preferences based on color, class or creed; but this does not set man apart, for fruit flies and mice also have genetic systems peculiar to themselves, and so have bacteria. For all that, the fundamental laws of genetics apply to each of them with equal force.

Yet no one who contemplates man as a biological phenomenon seriously believes that genetic evolution is the whole story of the changes mankind has undergone in the past 500,000 years or is likely to undergo in the millenniums that lie ahead. Only the most simple-minded addict of science fiction thinks that the future of man lies in the evolution of larger brains or better eyes and ears. A beginner in biology once asked me, "Why don't human beings try to evolve wings so that they can fly?"—and an airplane might well have been passing overhead as he asked his question! For man is in fact a flying animal and a submarine animal; he sees farther, hears more acutely, travels faster and higher than any other animal. Human beings have in some sense evolved into the possession of these attributes, but not by a genetical evolution—by a psychosocial evolution, some have called it, and others speak of a technological evolution, having in mind the origin and transformations of machines like airplanes and microscopes, or clothes and knives and forks.

The idea that man is undergoing a nongenetical evolution of his own is far from new. Almost as soon as Charles Darwin propounded the concept of organic evolution, it was seized



About the Author

Peter Brian Medawar, Jodrell Professor of Zoology and Comparative Anatomy at University College, London, was educated at Oxford, where he taught for ten years. Before receiving his present appointment, he headed the zoology department at Birmingham University. As a biologist, Professor Medawar earned the distinction of being elected to the Royal Society when he was thirty-four. Besides genetics, his research interests center on problems of growth, aging and immunity. Professor Medawar has lectured in this country. The book from which THE FUTURE OF MAN was drawn will be published by Basic Books, Inc., on October twenty-eighth under the same title.

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# of Man

Mankind is undergoing a new psychosocial form of evolution, more profound in its implications for generations to come than the long-recognized genetic forces of heredity.

upon by sociologists and philosophers and inflated into a general law of historical process, much as later on they were to seize upon the concept of relativity. But what is the relationship between genetical or Darwinian evolution and the newer form of evolution indulged in by mankind? The older philosophers and the less astute of their modern successors believed that the two kinds of evolution were successive episodes of a single continuous process, and that the newer grew naturally and inevitably out of the older. Not unnaturally, therefore, they attempted to graft Darwinian ideas upon human society—for example, the idea that competition between man and man or (as in Marxism) between class and class is a necessary condition for future progress. In my opinion these views are fundamentally mistaken. Psychosocial evolution is an entirely new device, with a mechanism totally different from that of genetical evolution; the similarities between them are superficial. This is the argument I try to expound in the article which follows. I shall try to show that this newer nongenetical evolution of mankind, based upon certain properties and activities of the brain, is governed by no laws other than laws we make or have made for ourselves, and that we cannot evade our responsibilities by pleading that we are at the mercy of nature.

It will make my argument clearer if I build it upon an analogy. I should like you to consider an important difference between a jukebox and a record player. A jukebox is an instrument which contains one or more records, one of which will play whatever is recorded upon it if a particular button is pressed. The act of pressing the button I shall describe as the "stimulus." The stimulus is specific: to each button there corresponds one record, and vice versa, so that there is a one-to-one relationship between stimulus and response. By pressing a button—any button—I am, in a sense, instructing the jukebox to play music; by pressing this button and not that, I am instructing it to play one piece of music and not another. But—I am not giving the jukebox *musical* instructions. The musical instructions are inscribed upon records that are part of the jukebox, not part of its environment; what a jukebox can play on any one occasion depends upon structural or inbuilt properties of its own. I shall follow Prof. Joshua Lederberg, Stanford University geneticist, in using the word "elective" to describe the relationship between what the jukebox plays and the stimulus that impinges upon it from the outside world.

Now contrast this with a record player or any other reproducing apparatus. I have a record player, and one or more records somewhere in the environment outside it. To hear a particular piece of music I go through certain motions with switches and put a record on. As with the jukebox I am, in a sense, instructing the record player to play music—and a particular piece of music. But I am doing more than that: I am giving it musical instructions, inscribed in the grooves of the record I made it play. The record player itself contains no source of musical information; it is the record that contains the information, but the record reached the record player from the outside world. My relationship to the record player—again following Lederberg—I shall describe as "instructive"; for, in a sense, I taught it what to play. With the jukebox the musical instructions are part of the system that responds to stimuli, and the stimuli are elective: they draw upon the inbuilt capabilities of the instrument. With a record player, and still more obviously with a tape recorder, the stimuli are instructive; they endow it with musical capabilities; they import into it musical information from the world outside.

During the past ten years biologists have come to realize that organisms are much more like jukeboxes than like record players. Most of the reactions of organisms which we were formerly content to regard as instructive are, in fact, elective. The instructions an organism contains are not musical instructions inscribed in the grooves of a record, but genetical instructions embodied in chromosomes and nucleic acids. Let me give examples of what I mean. *CONTINUED ON PAGE 91*

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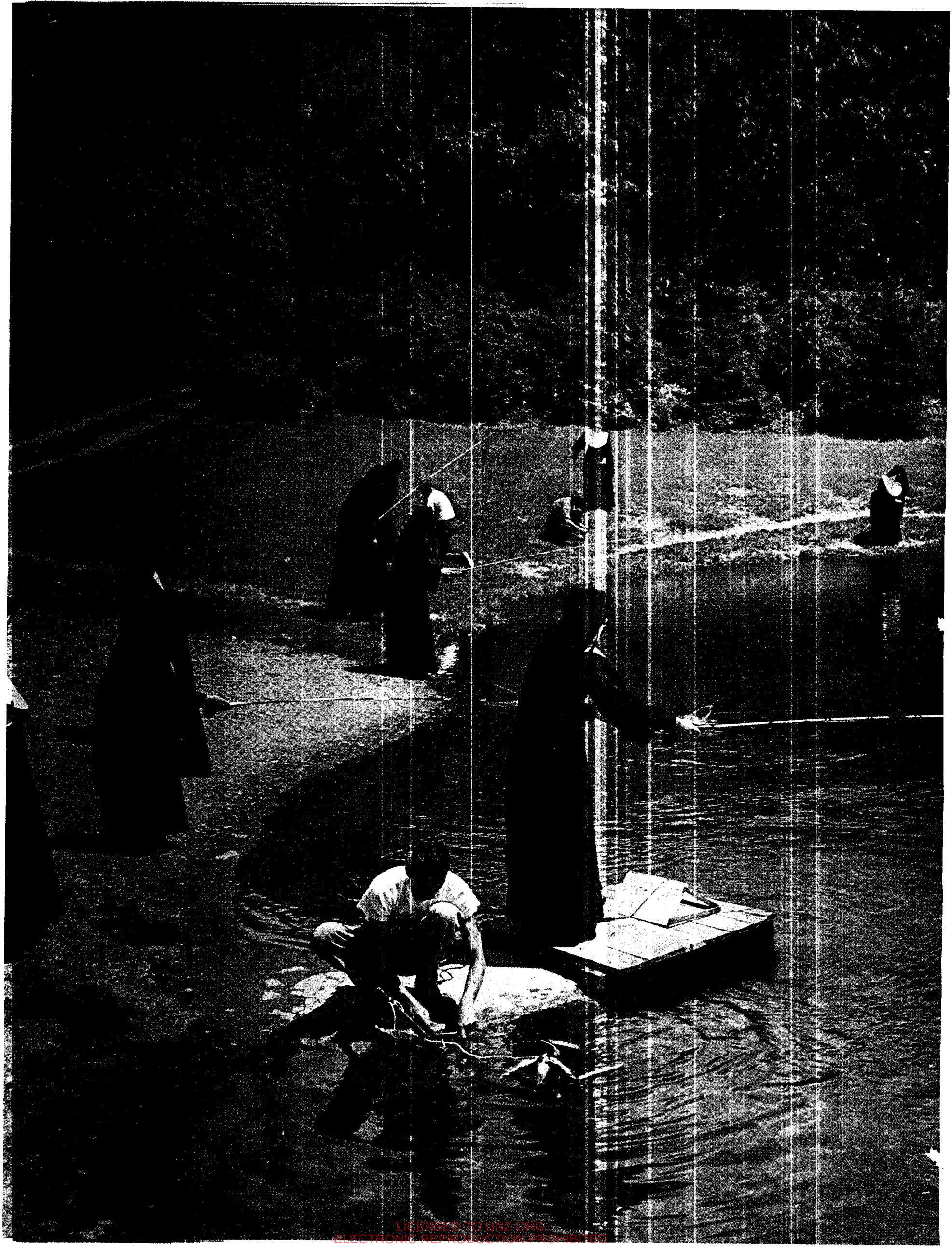

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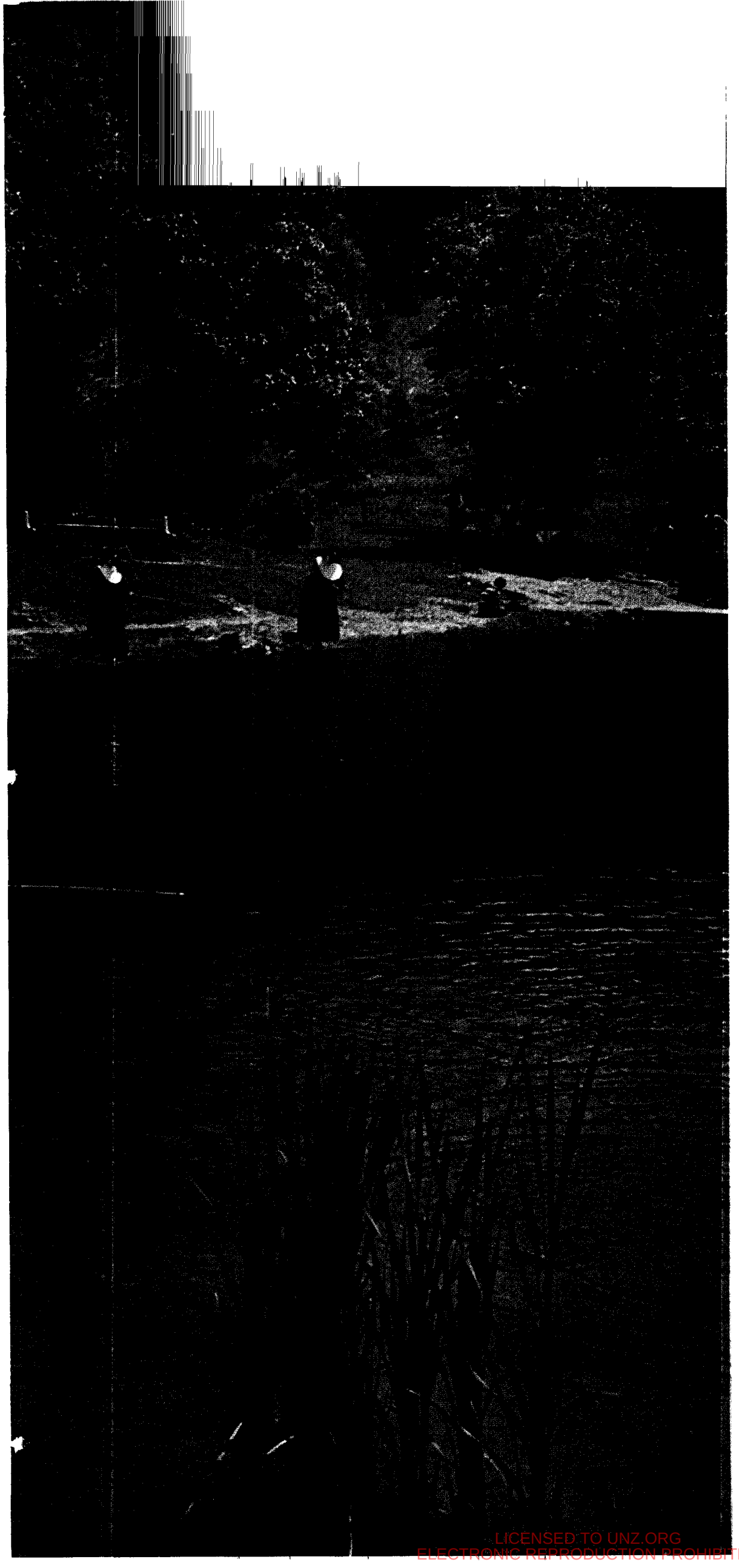

The Face of AMERICA

Nuns' Day Off

The angling art and the religious vocation have gone together since earliest Christian days. (Of the twelve disciples, four were professional fishermen.) These nuns, teachers from Mount St. Joseph Academy, Philadelphia, showed an instinctive flair for fishing on a recent outing. Thirty-eight of them, fishing for one hour in a lake near Lehighton, Pennsylvania, made a total catch of 258 trout—105 more fish than the apostle Simon Peter took from the sea of Galilee on the occasion of the miraculous draught of fishes described in the twenty-first chapter of St. John's Gospel. The nuns had one advantage over St. Peter: they were fishing in a lavishly stocked lake belonging to a trout hatchery. The hatchery owners, Joseph and Lillie Kriss, have a daughter, Nina, who is a 1960 graduate of Mount St. Joseph. This summer the Krisses invited the sisters to the hatchery for a picnic, which included this fishing contest.
It turned out that Mother Sylvester, the superior herself, won first prize with an eighteen-and-a-half-inch trout. Second prize—for most fish caught—went to Sister Helen Veronica, who took twenty-two trout.
All the fish were iced and wrapped and sent forthwith to the academy, where the nuns put them to immediate use, the next day being Friday. • Photograph by George Harvan

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Who would suspect her of conducting a criminal business?

The Gorgeous Smuggler

By ROBERT STANDISH

Nobody can say I wasn't warned. Years ago, the first time Mopsy and I became engaged—we've been engaged six or seven times since then—her own mother spoke to me with tears in her eyes, and then, of course, I thought the tears were of grief at the prospect of losing Mopsy, but now I know better. Her mother said, "She has a very sweet nature, Gordon"—my name's Gordon Maitland, by the way—"a very sweet, affectionate nature. But there's no denying that sometimes she is—well, inclined to be just a wee bit flighty and—'unpredictable,' I suppose, is the right word. But marriage will quieten her down, dear boy, you may be sure of that."

If I could be as sure as she was, I would be a happier man. Mopsy is, as her mother said, unpredictable.

Mopsy wasn't christened that way. Her real name is Mary Olive Penelope Summers; so, of course, she was called Mops, lengthened to Mopsy.

That first engagement should have taught me a lesson, but it didn't. Everything was fixed—date and place—when she suddenly decided that she wanted to be a film star. She told me that by phone. Marriage, she said, would interfere with her career. Next morning there was a registered letter in the mail for me. It contained a pawn ticket. Mopsy had hocked the ring and gone to Spain on the strength of a promise that when she had learned to be a female bullfighter she would be starred in *Blood on the Sand*.

The other engagements ended in much the same sort of way. No quarrels—we never have quarreled. The second time I got the ring out of hock I had the diamond removed and a zircon put in its place. When Mopsy went to her usual pawnbroker, he didn't bother to examine the stone; but after she had gone to Lapland, I think it was, he tried to hold me responsible and asked me what I was going to do about it. "Nothing," I told him firmly. "It's a matter for the police."

He just laughed and said something like "girls will be girls." There aren't many people able to make a pawnbroker laugh over a situation of that kind, so maybe you are beginning to realize that Mopsy has a way about her.

The last time we became disengaged, I put every penny I possessed into a tourist trap in East Africa, which seemed more practical than joining the Foreign Legion. It is a kind of jungle motel called Gorilla Lookout, situated at about eight thousand feet up in the Ruwenzoris, the famous Mountains of the Moon, close to where the border of Uganda runs with that of Ruanda-Urundi. It stands on a small plateau, completely surrounded by a bamboo forest where gorillas are supposed to live. For all I know to the contrary, there may be some gorillas there; but if there are, I haven't seen one. Not far away is a troop of baboons which, seen through tourists' telephoto lenses, send my customers away quite happy.

Gorilla Lookout consists of a central building with lounge, bar and dining room, very attractively done with mud-and-wattle walls and deep papyrus thatch. Guests are accommodated in rondawels, or tropical igloos, built of the same material. Overhead is low. The biggest item is the maintenance of twelve miles of jungle track down to the main dirt highway which comes up a thousand miles from Mombasa on the Indian Ocean and over the divide into the Congo region. In dry weather the track isn't too bad, but when the rains come it is next to impassable. Except for the African servants' quarters about four hundred yards away, there isn't another human habitation of any kind for over thirty miles—a splendid place for mending a broken heart.

Gorilla Lookout made money from the start. The ten rondawels are booked solid for eight months in the year, mostly to couples. Single guests have to double up. The rates are high, and something like half the takings are velvet. But it's lonely—lonelier, in a funny way, when the place is full than when empty. The customers as a rule stay only one night, arriving in the evening just before dark and leaving before noon next day. In either direction there is a long drive over bad roads. They all ask the same stupid questions. I had had two years of it when the last rainy season was due to begin.

With the approach of the rains I had closed Gorilla Lookout, putting up a sign to that effect at the turnoff—because I dared not take the risk of rain starting in the night when the place was full. I might have had the people on my hands for weeks with no way of feeding them. On the second evening after closing down, at about nine o'clock, I heard a car grinding up the track in low gear. The servants had long gone to their quarters. The linen had been counted and put away, and the charcoal fire in the kitchen had been doused. Someone was out of luck.

Then, from down below, a car's horn beat out Mopsy's signature tune. She had known where I was for over a year, but all I had heard from her was post cards with no address. One had been mailed from Tanganyika, only about five hundred miles away. Until then I had not even known she was in Africa.

"Can't you read?" I greeted her. "The place is closed."

"Hello, darling," she said. "Don't look so stern and handsome."

"With the light behind me, you can't see how I look," I retorted. "Don't you know this is dangerous country to be out in at night?"

"Don't be so stuffy, darling. What is there for dinner?"

"Dinner's over an hour or more ago. The joint's closed. Come and read the labels on the cans."

"That's not a very nice way to talk to your fiancée, darling," she protested. "It isn't as if we were married. Aren't you pleased to see me?"

"I haven't got a fiancée. You walked out on me. Remember? Where have you been these last two years?" (Continued on Page 71)

Illustrated by Mac Conner

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Fear is a mark of schizophrenia. At the Nassau Center in Levittown, N.Y., one pupil (left) shrinks from imaginary terrors while another finds comfort in his teacher's lap.

The "Attic Children" Go to School

By Thomas B. Congdon Jr.

At left, the house the parents rent for the center. Here their children get the special education the public schools do not provide.

Schizophrenic children often land in insane asylums. But these troubled Long Island youngsters—thanks to their heartbroken yet determined parents—are going to school instead.

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A year ago this boy—above in the arms of teacher Elaine Kaufman—was as impassive as a little stone statue. Now he responds to life around him.

Paints keep two boys busy, but the others, left to themselves, lapse into fear. The child second from left thinks he is a machine and twists his limbs in endless mechanical gestures.

Below: In the grim, dark world of the young schizophrenic, the touch of adult hands is immensely reassuring.

Little boys don't come more appealing than Eddie. His eyes are warm and bright, his face is intelligent. Though just four years old, he has the kind of pint-sized manliness that makes women want to hug him and men want to buy him a baseball cap. He looks like an advertisement for childhood.

But life has shortchanged Eddie. Watch him for a while at the Nassau Center, the special school he attends, and you begin to notice alarming things. For example, he cannot talk. He has never uttered a word. Observe him among the other children and you realize he doesn't seem to know they're there. He stares right through them, never joins them in games, won't appear to react even if one of them strikes him. For some tragic reason the real world terrifies Eddie. In his dread he has retreated deep within himself, as if what he refuses to speak to or look at will cease to trouble him.

Eddie is mentally ill. With his fellow pupils at the Nassau Center for Emotionally Disturbed Children in Levittown, Long Island, he suffers from what psychiatrists call childhood schizophrenia. Like Eddie, some of the center's other youngsters sit rigidly for hours, withdrawn into a silent, impenetrable trance. Others fly into uncontrollable rage. One child holds his hands before his eyes and stiffly manipulates his fingers as if they were loathsome. Another is convinced he is a machine; his motions are stiff and mechanical and he makes startling, machinelike noises by grinding his teeth.

Schizophrenia is well known as a mental disease of adults. Of (Continued on Page 52)

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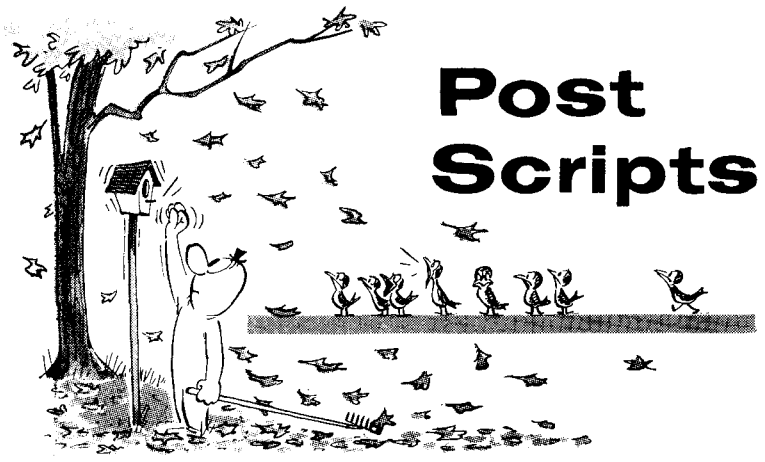
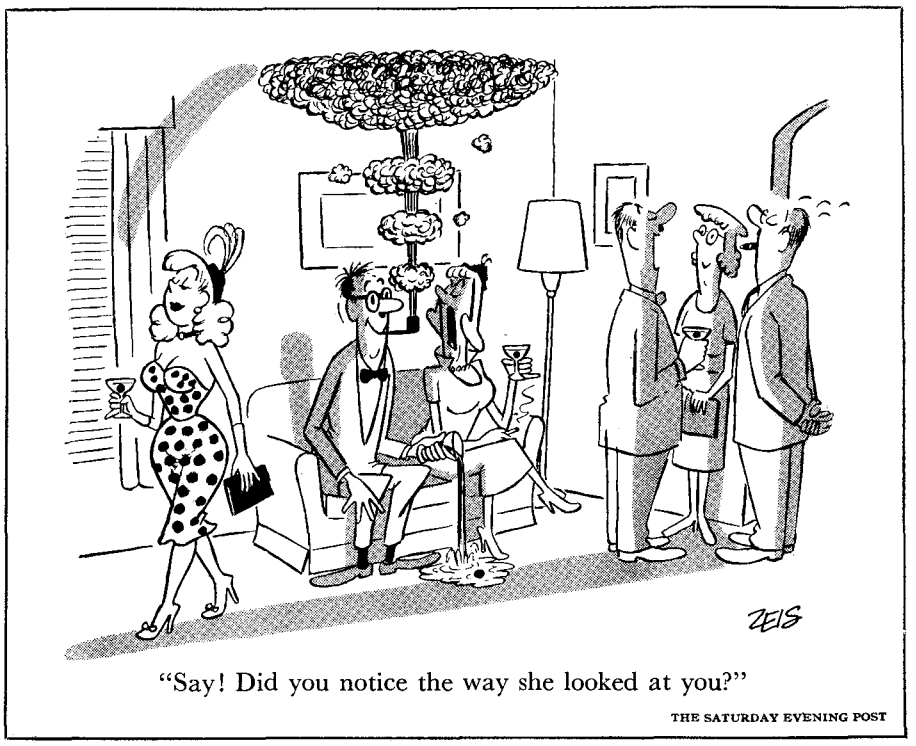


Post Scripts

The Easy Chair

The easy chair was a gift for dad,
The handsomest chair he ever had.
He wrestled the old chair to the basement,
And thanked his brood for the lush
replacement.
Nor could Grand Rapids ever produce
A chair that was put to steadier use.
For that is where mother likes to knit.
And that's where the kids with homework sit.
There, sharing space with balls and skates,
The swain of the teen-age daughter waits.
It's the favorite nest of the family feline.
And every guest makes a gladsome beeline
To park in the easy chair. And where
Is father now? In his nice new chair?
No, his retreat is a dark and cold one:
He's down in the basement in his old one!

PENNY PENNINGTON



"Say! Did you notice the way she looked at you?"

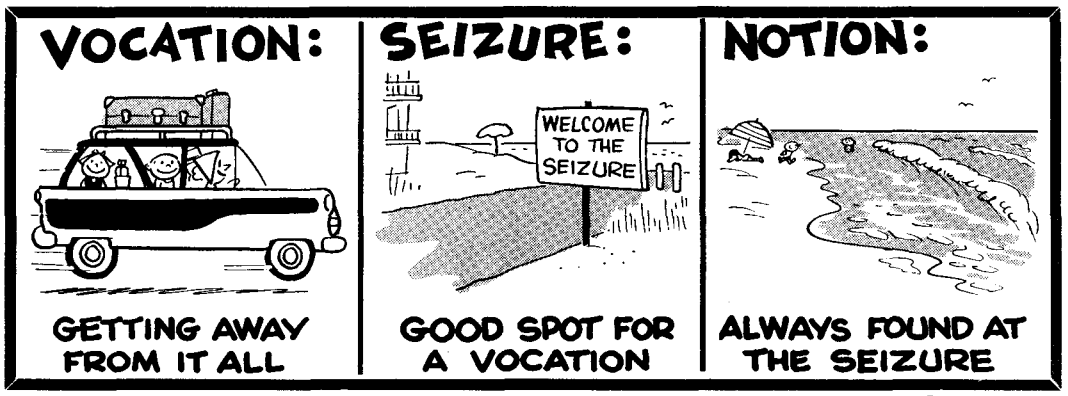
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Money Mystery

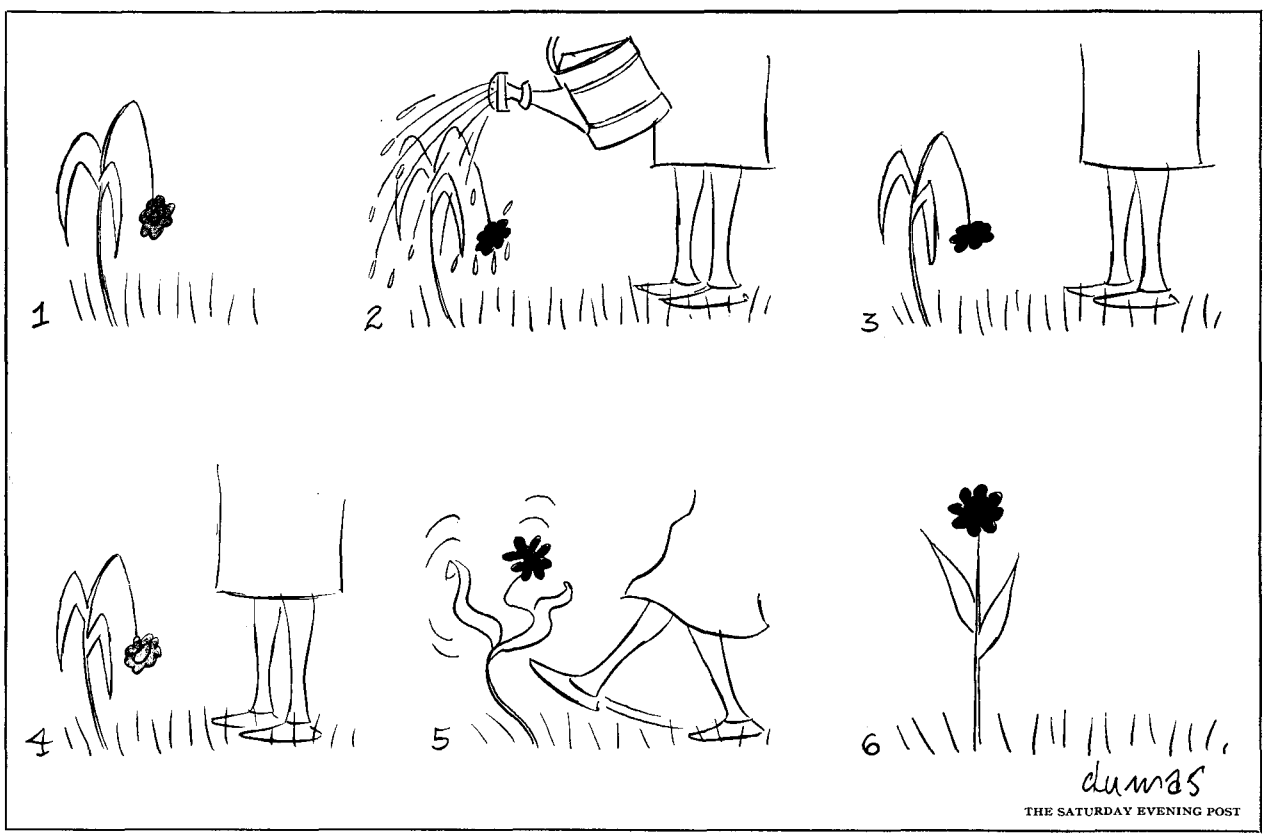
That a fool and his money part company soon
Is doubtless a true saying, yet it
Reveals no suggestion to answer the question:
How does a fool manage to get it?

S. OMAR BARKER

Pun-Abridged Dictionary



BIL KEANE



Just Before the Battle, Brother

Everytime I think they've run out of material for another Civil War book, someone finds a pocketful of letters that General Grant forgot to mail, and the presses roll again. Well, this time I've uncovered a find which I offer to any Civil War buff who thinks he can make something of it—the diary of a great-great uncle who was neither Blue nor Gray, just yellow.

JULY 20, 1861. *Dear Diary:* Reckon I've found just the place to sit this war out, although it's pretty hot up here in the haymow. Still it beats fighting, and through a chink in the barn I can glimpse the cool waters of Bull Run just below. This village is called Manassas, which should be far enough from Washington that they won't find me and stick me back in the Army, yet close enough so there won't be any real shooting. . . .

AUGUST 28, 1862. *Dear Diary:* It's been more than a year since that dreadful clash of arms right here in what might be called my own back yard. Not that I'm a coward, but I still tremble at the slightest noise, such as Daisy the cow kicking her stall, or the elderly lady who has this farm, shooting at a squirrel for pie. Hope she never finds me up here or wonders why Daisy doesn't give more milk, as she's quite a crack shot. Am developing a bad rash from the hay. Sneeze a lot too. Still it's been peaceful here along Bull Run ever since that one battle, and they say lightning never strikes the same place twice. . . .

SEPTEMBER 16, 1862. *Dear Diary:* Whew, it feels good to stop running! They're wrong about that lightning. I really flew when the shooting started, pausing only to disguise myself in a dress that farm lady left on the washline. Ran into an interesting chap on my way here. His name was Brady and he had an odd contraption which he said would take my picture if I stood still—as if I could have! He was fascinated by my beard, but I explained I was a bearded lady and hurried on. Anyhow, I'm glad to be here; although if you've lived in one barn, you've seen them all. The hay is scratchy, but the countryside looks tranquil, and I have a feeling I won't be frightened out of my wits by any shooting here at quiet Antietam. . . .

JUNE 30, 1863. *Dear Diary:* I think I was smart to come North this summer as most of the shooting seems to be in the South. Guess I'll just lie doggo here in this snug little shed on top of Seminary Ridge and let my nerves mend. Good-by, war; hello, Gettysburg. . . .

W. F. MIKSCH

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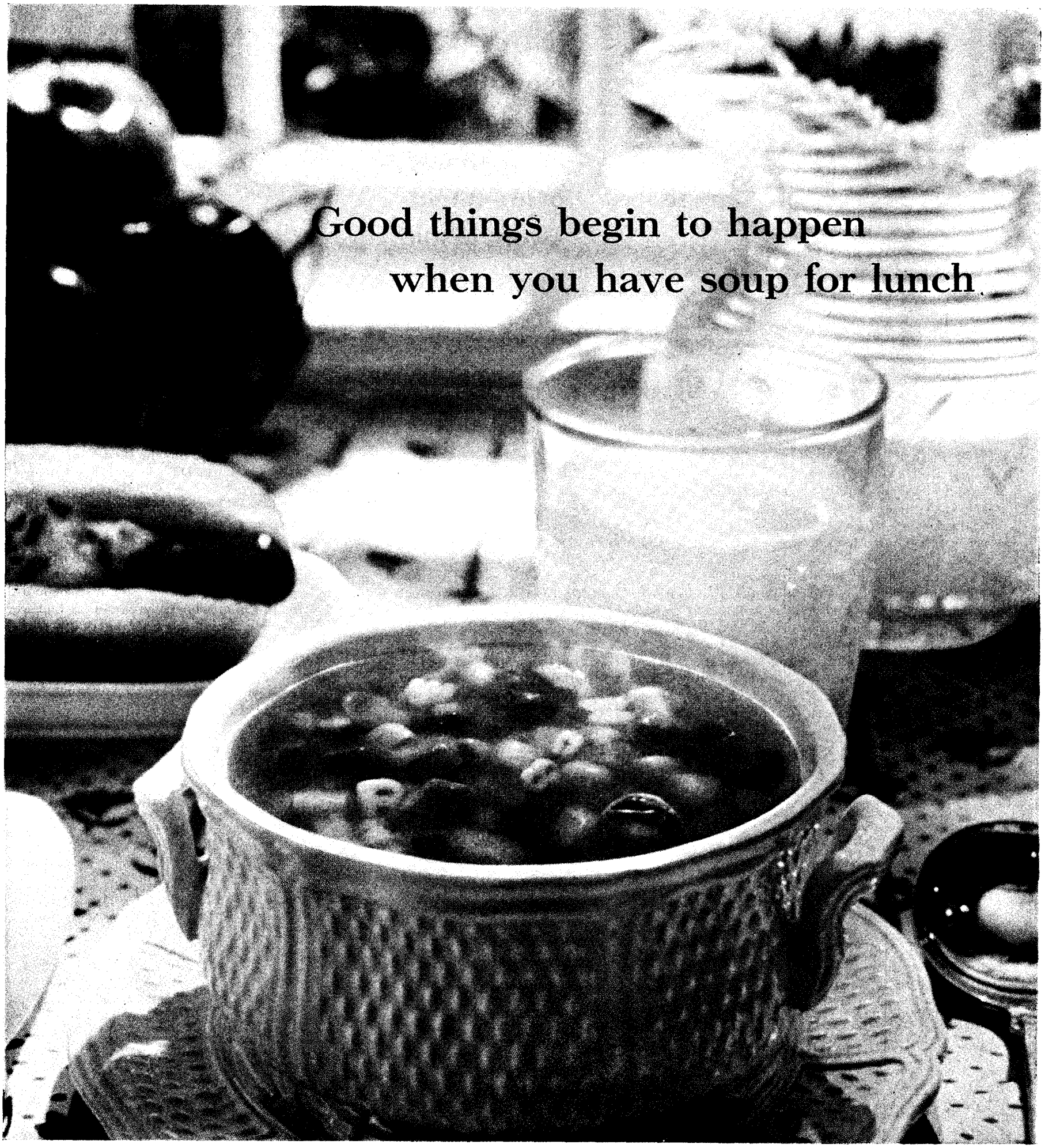

This soup adds 15 sun-ripe vegetables to a quick, simple meal. Green vegetables, yellow vegetables – in steaming, fragrant beef-and-vegetable broth. For Campbell's Vegetable Soup gives you the wholesome nourishment of good natural foods. Soup wakens the appetite. Soup warms the way for other foods. Soup makes almost any good meal still better.

Have you had your soup today? *Campbell's* (M'm! M'm! Good!)

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Now they were face to face, and both of them had sworn to kill.

ALIBI FOR MURDER

By NANCY RUTLEDGE

Young Rick Donelli stood at the door of Antek's room not wanting to believe what he saw. He rushed across the room and felt frantically for a heartbeat in the body. There was none. Just the small smear of already drying blood.

Rick shuddered; the fact was inescapable. No one could have wanted to kill Antek, the lovable old teacher who had been like a father to Rick. Antek had been mistakenly murdered by someone who wanted to kill Rick. That someone was also the murderer of wealthy, tyrannical Old Garth and his beautiful typist, Felice Harris.

The police think I committed those murders, thought Rick, *but I didn't. Yet I'm going to commit one now. If it's the last thing I ever do, I'm going to kill the man who killed Antek.*

Rick knew the murderer was Bartholomew Garth, Old Garth's son.

Rick phoned Detective Saul Milstein. "Saul, he just killed Antek. And I'm going to kill him," said Rick. And then he hung up on Saul without waiting for an answer.

CONCLUSION

Saul said furiously, "You can accuse Rick Donelli of anything else you like, but nobody's going to make me believe he killed Antek. Nobody at all."

Chief Ahern said wearily, "I know Antek was your friend, Saul. But you've been a cop long enough to know we can't let personal feelings enter into our job. The fact remains, the only fingerprints in the room were Antek's and Rick's. You say yourself you think it was Rick who called you."

"That boy loved Antek. Why should he kill him?"

"Men have killed before to escape capture. After you've killed once, you have nothing further to lose by killing again."

"Why should he be afraid that Antek would have reported him now if he hadn't previously? Rick's fingerprints were all over the house. He must have been there for some time. Why kill a sleeping man? He could just have left. The dinner was in the oven. Rick must have made it. Why would he ——"

"All right," said the chief patiently. "If Rick didn't kill him, who did? Who else had any motive at all for killing him?"

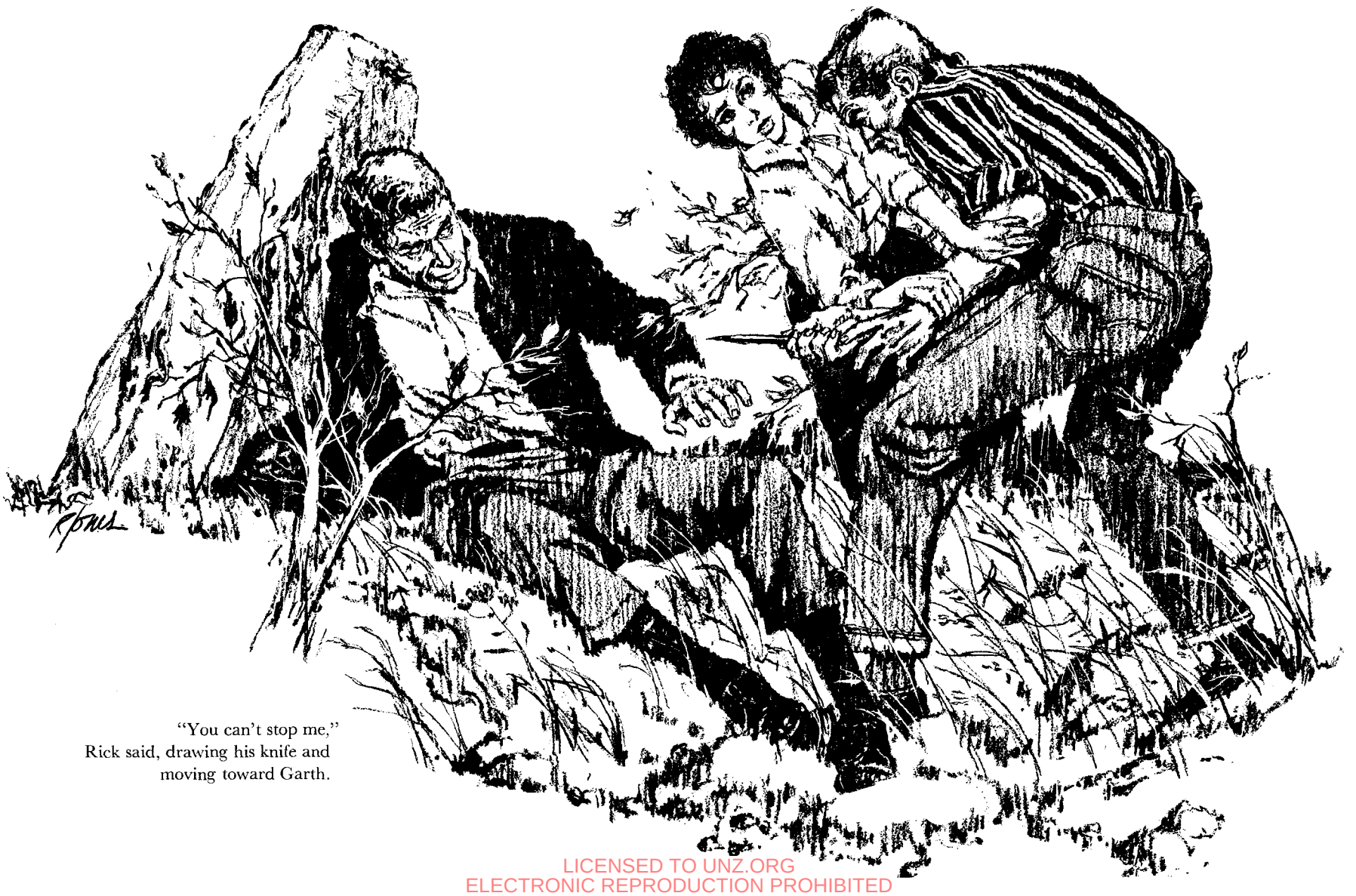
"Nobody meant to kill Antek. He was just a figure bundled up on the bed. Somebody meant to kill Rick. Have it look like suicide. End the murder cases on Old Garth and Felice Harris."

"Have you any proof at all?"

"Not yet," Saul was grim. "But I'll get it. I'm going to break that fake alibi of Bartholomew Garth's if it's the last thing I ever do. Before, it was just routine. Now it's personal. I want the man who killed Antek as bad as Rick Donelli does. I only hope I get him first."

The chief said, "Saul, there isn't the slightest thing to connect Bartholomew Garth with this. You're off the case. That's final and official.

(Continued on Page 102)



"You can't stop me," Rick said, drawing his knife and moving toward Garth.

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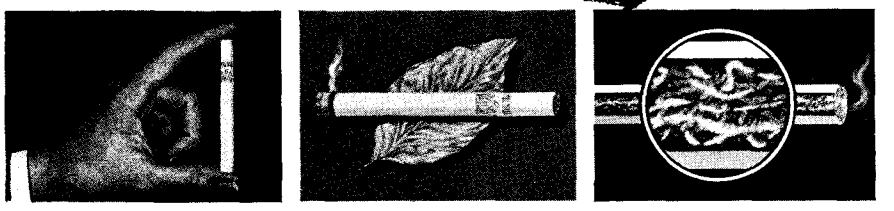
Taste PALL MALL... so GOOD! GOOD! GOOD!

Good-Looking Good-Tasting Good-Smoking Pall Mall!

Why does Pall Mall taste so good, good, good? Because Pall Mall's famous length of fine, rich-tasting tobacco travels and gentles the smoke naturally—makes it mild—but does not filter out that satisfying flavor. That's why Pall Mall tastes so good! good! good! Never too strong. Never too weak. Always just right!

Outstanding...and they are Mild!



HERE'S WHY SMOKE "TRAVELED" THROUGH FINE TOBACCO TASTES BEST

1. You get Pall Mall's famous length of the finest tobaccos money can buy.
2. Pall Mall's famous length travels and gentles the smoke naturally . . .
3. Travels it over, under, around and through Pall Mall's fine tobaccos —and makes it mild!

Enjoy satisfying flavor...so friendly to your taste!

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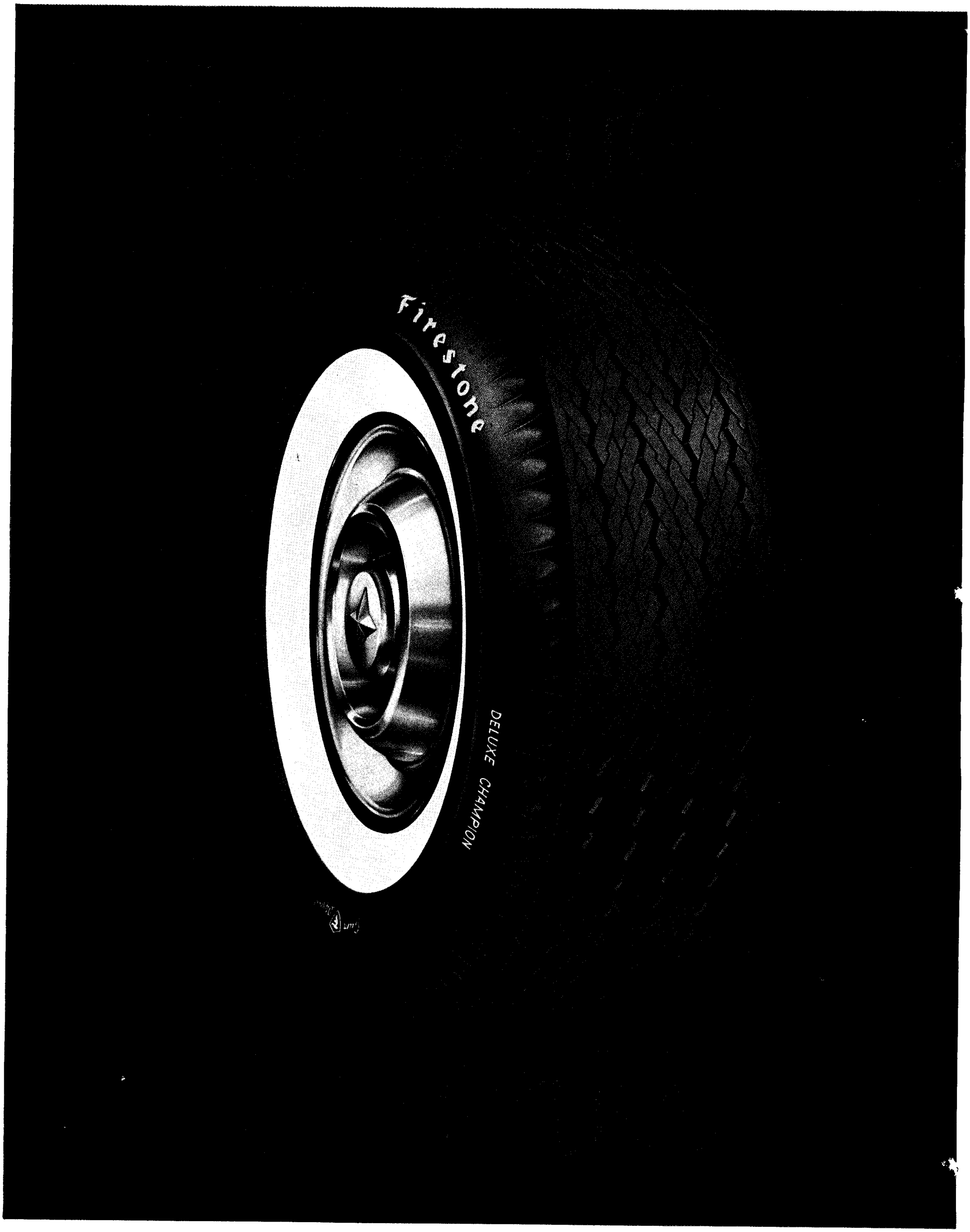

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THIS ALL-NEW TIRE IS SO DIFFERENT YOU'LL NOTICE THESE IMPORTANT CHANGES AS YOU DRIVE!

Here are four new and exclusive features to look for in Firestone's new DeLuxe Champion, again first choice on the new 1961 cars . . . or for your present car.

1 **LOOK FOR THIS DIFFERENCE WHEN YOU START AND STOP.** The new Firestone DeLuxe Champion All-Action tread puts 83% more traction edges on the road. It gives you quick starting power and brings you to safe, silent stops in much less distance than you've ever needed before. That's because Firestone's revolutionary method of molding the All-Action tread in one piece eliminates the center seam or groove you find in conventional tires. This is replaced by a road-gripping pattern in the center of the tread, right where you need it most.

2 **LOOK FOR THIS DIFFERENCE IN YOUR STEERING.** The Firestone DeLuxe Champion is made a new way and performs a new way. With its new All-Action tread, you can see the difference, and you can feel the difference as you turn the wheel. It holds you safely and firmly on curves and turns. And you hold your course with less steering effort than ever before.

3 **LOOK FOR THIS DIFFERENCE IN YOUR RIDING.** New Firestone DeLuxe Champions cushion the ride by absorbing road shocks you've always considered normal. Its new kind of rubber quiets your ride and hushes tire squeal on turns.

4 **LOOK FOR MILEAGE INCREASES UP TO 36%.** The combination of the new All-Action tread and exclusive Firestone Rubber-X-101, the longest-wearing rubber ever used in Firestone tires, sets new records for longer, safer mileage on any make of car, on any kind of road.

Get Firestone DeLuxe Champions on your new 1961 car . . . or buy them for your present car, on convenient terms if you wish, at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store.

THE NEW DELUXE CHAMPION BY Firestone

SPEEDWAY-PROVED FOR YOUR TURNPIKE SAFETY

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Bernard Baruch's Own Story

(Continued from Page 21)

the flow of gold out of England. Its primary effect, however, was to cause a re-evaluation of all securities and to further inflate our already inflationary credit system by making large sums of money available for financing stock speculation. From this point on the market got completely out of hand.

I do not make this criticism as the result of hindsight. At the time of the bank's action I warned of its consequences. Six months before the crash I wrote to Sen. William H. King of Utah about the soaring prices on the New York Stock Exchange, pointing out that "the original difficulty started in 1927 when the Federal Reserve System reduced its rate to 3½ per cent."

In spite of the feverish quotations on the Stock Exchange I felt that sooner or later the market had to break. The banker Eugene Meyer put it wryly one day as he watched a stock bid up from one high to another. "What will happen when they forget to bid?" he asked. The answer was inevitable. The higher prices went, the farther they would have to fall.

There were some who believed that prices would never descend and others who thought that, if they did, it would still be possible to get out in time. But of those who realized that the boom had to end, none knew when the expected break would come.

I shared my apprehension about the state of the market with others. I remember a weekend in Atlantic City with Alexander Woollcott, Arthur Krock, Heywood Broun and a few other delightful companions. As we strolled along the boardwalk the conversation got around to the market, as it usually did. My opinion was asked. My advice was to pull out of speculative situations, get out of debt and put one's funds into sound bonds.

I don't think my advice was well regarded, although I was acting on it myself. By 1928 I had begun to liquidate my holdings and to put my money into bonds and a cash reserve. I am very old-fashioned in this respect. I always like to have some hard cash around, especially in times of trouble. I also bought gold, which at that time was still the last repository of man's monetary faith. I made regular purchases of the metal from the Alaska Juneau Gold Mines, in which I was interested. This was the basis of stories about the huge cache of gold I secretly possessed. The amount was not very large, and there was nothing secret about it. When the Government decreed private ownership of gold to be illegal in 1934, every last ounce of it was turned over to the Treasury.

One of the men who sought my advice on the market was Will Rogers, the cowboy humorist. In the spring of 1929 Rogers told me that he had a contract which would bring him a very large sum of money, almost $1,000,000 within the next three years, and he wanted to invest it. I asked him if he had any debts. He said he owed money on some property in the West in which he had great faith. When I advised him to pay it off before he did anything else, Rogers tried to explain the wisdom of having a mortgage on property, since it made it easier to sell. Besides, rather than pay off his mortgage, he said, he wanted to get into the market.

I said, "What you want to do is gamble. But I want to tell you that you're sitting on a volcano. That's all right for professional volcano sitters, like myself, but an amateur like you ought to take to the tall timber. There may come a time when the man who holds your mortgage will want his money, and you may not have it, and your friends won't have it either."

Rogers scratched his head and chewed his gum as I lectured. About two years later, after the volcano had erupted, I met Will in a corridor of the Capitol. I backed him against a wall and asked, "Will, how did you come out of this?"

"I did what you told me," Rogers said, shifting his gum, "and you saved my life."

In the summer of 1929 I went abroad. I met Winston Churchill in Deauville and then went on to Scotland for the grouse shooting. While I was away I received highly optimistic messages from home concerning the economic situation. In August I received an invitation to participate in the formation of two new investment trusts. Investment trusts were then the rage; through them huge amounts of stock, much of it watered, were being offered to the public. The Shenandoah and Blue Ridge corporations, whose stock I was being offered, were among the largest and, as events were to prove, the least solid.

I cabled to the three leading financiers more or less as follows: "The formation of these companies looks like financial whoopee. What is your opinion of the general situation?"

Two of the men sent me noncommittal replies. The third, a man holding one of the highest positions in the banking world, cabled back that the market is "like a weather vane pointing into a gale of prosperity."

After I got this cable I went for a walk with Gen. John J. Pershing, who was my guest. We talked at length about the state of affairs in America, and I expressed my growing concern over the danger signs in the market. As we strolled along I went over all the factors involved in the Shenandoah and Blue Ridge issues; even at a distance of 3000 miles I could see that these and many other enterprises were foolhardy. My intuition, which after all is only the accumulated force of experience, was sending out warning signals.

I decided to shorten my stay in Scotland and depart for home. In London, waiting to embark, I thought of that message about the "gale of prosperity," and several times I cabled my office orders to buy stocks, only to follow them with orders to sell.

Immediately after arriving in New York I began to sell everything I could in anticipation of the break I now felt to be imminent. This was near the end of September. The condition of the market could be measured by its wild fluctuations, followed by assurances from every direction that all was well. But I had heard this lullaby before. I knew that the continuity of confidence was beginning to break.

The market continued to fall and rally. Then suddenly there were no more rallies. There was instead a final, cataclysmic break that began on Wednesday, October twenty-third, when a premonitory plunge sent a shudder of apprehension through Wall Street. On the next day, Black Thursday, the plunge became a descent so terrifying that panic swept the floor of the New York Stock Exchange. There was an incredible interval that day when stocks went begging without buyers, no matter what the price. Winston Churchill, who was here on a lecture tour, witnessed the scene from the visitors' gallery before the governors prudently ordered the Exchange closed for the day.

The descent continued that week and next, when on Tuesday 16,000,000 shares changed hands in one record-breaking day. But still the plunge continued—deeper and deeper. Thomas Lamont and Thomas Cochran of J. P. Morgan and Company appealed to me to join a pool which Morgan and Company was forming to try to stem the collapse. I declined; I did not think their plan would work. The day was past when the House of Morgan could rally Wall Street in such a crisis.

"Let's pep this one up a little. I'll put my hat on Louise . . . Oliver, put your arm around Aunt Emma . . . Cousin Mark, look over your glasses . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

At last, in mid-November, the results could begin to be assessed. They were almost unbelievable. Only a few months before, averages on the Exchange had been at an all-time peak. General Electric had been 403, A.T. & T. 310; brokers' loans, by which margin buying could be judged, had been almost $8,000,000,000. Yet now, in a space of time so brief that men could hardly grasp what had occurred, the bottom had fallen out. G.E. was 168, A.T. & T. 197. The stock of the Shenandoah Corporation, which had opened at $17.50 per share and had sold almost immediately for thirty-six dollars, would eventually reach fifty cents. The value of stocks had declined by more than 30 per cent; the paper loss was a staggering $26,000,000,000. And this was only the beginning—worse was to come.

The human toll was far worse. Close at hand I could see my son, a young broker who had shrewdly avoided the crowd madness, coming home exhausted by overwork and depressed by the scenes of despair at the Stock Exchange. Many of my friends, who had ridden the waves of the boom, now needed help to keep from being sold out. People I had known for years, professionals in Wall Street as well as amateurs, were wiped out.

I remember the plight of a man who had headed a distinguished firm specializing in Government bonds and who was known for his generous philanthropies. I can still see him as he appeared in the days before the crash, in his morning coat and shining top hat, walking up the steps of Morgan and Company.

After the crash he came in to see me. I hardly recognized him, so changed was his appearance. He had come to borrow some money. I asked him why he had not gone to the Morgans, with whom he had done so much business. He gave me several excuses which suggested that he had worn out his welcome there, although the Morgans were generous people.

I gave him a few hundred dollars that day, but soon he was back again. He told me he was seventy-eight years old and that he still had hopes for the future. After that he came in several times, gradually asking for smaller amounts. By this time there was not the slightest resemblance between the broken man in my office and the banker in shining top hat who had once given large sums of money to charities.

Who and what were to blame for the collapse of the tinsel structure of our prosperity? Rarely has there been so much blame to share among so many. Government leaders, for one, were to blame for a long series of erroneous policies: the high tariff bills of the preceding twenty years, beginning with Payne-Aldrich and ending with Hawley-Smoot; the unwise policies of the Federal Reserve Board; the neglect of agriculture. Along with these could be listed the failure to resolve the question of German reparations and foreign debts, the encouragement of public as well as private debt, and the attempt to bolster our export trade by indiscriminately lending money abroad.

Bankers and brokers were responsible for the collapse too. Many of them had become mere purveyors of securities, abusing the machinery of the Stock Exchange to take advantage of the speculative mania. The stereotype of bankers as conservative, careful, prudent, responsible individuals was shattered in 1929. Some bankers were shown to be incompetent to handle other people's money, and others turned out to be unworthy.

Yet, in the last analysis, it was the public which was chiefly responsible for its own undoing. The stock-market boom was a classic example of the madness of crowds. History (*Continued on Page 50*)

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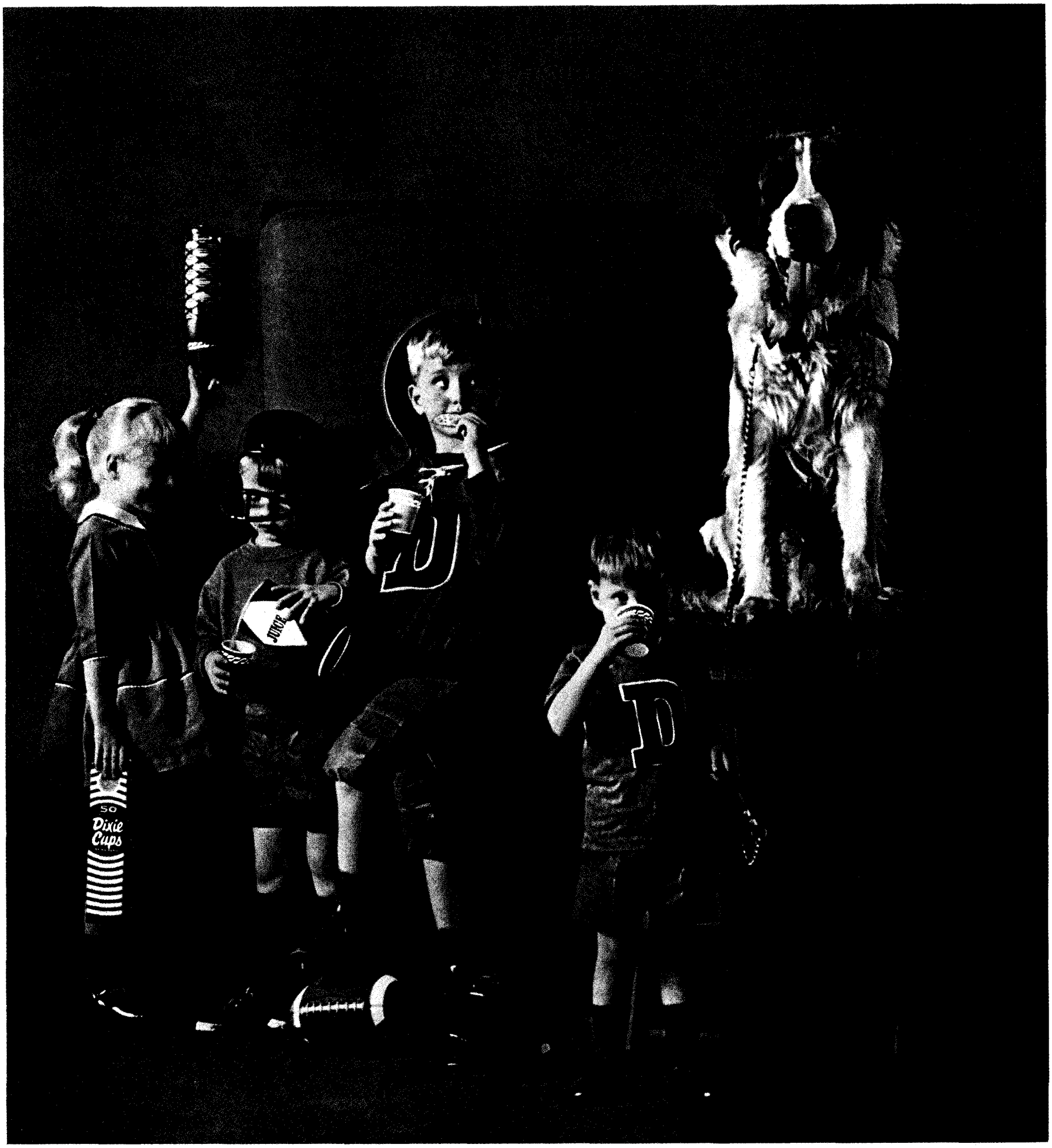

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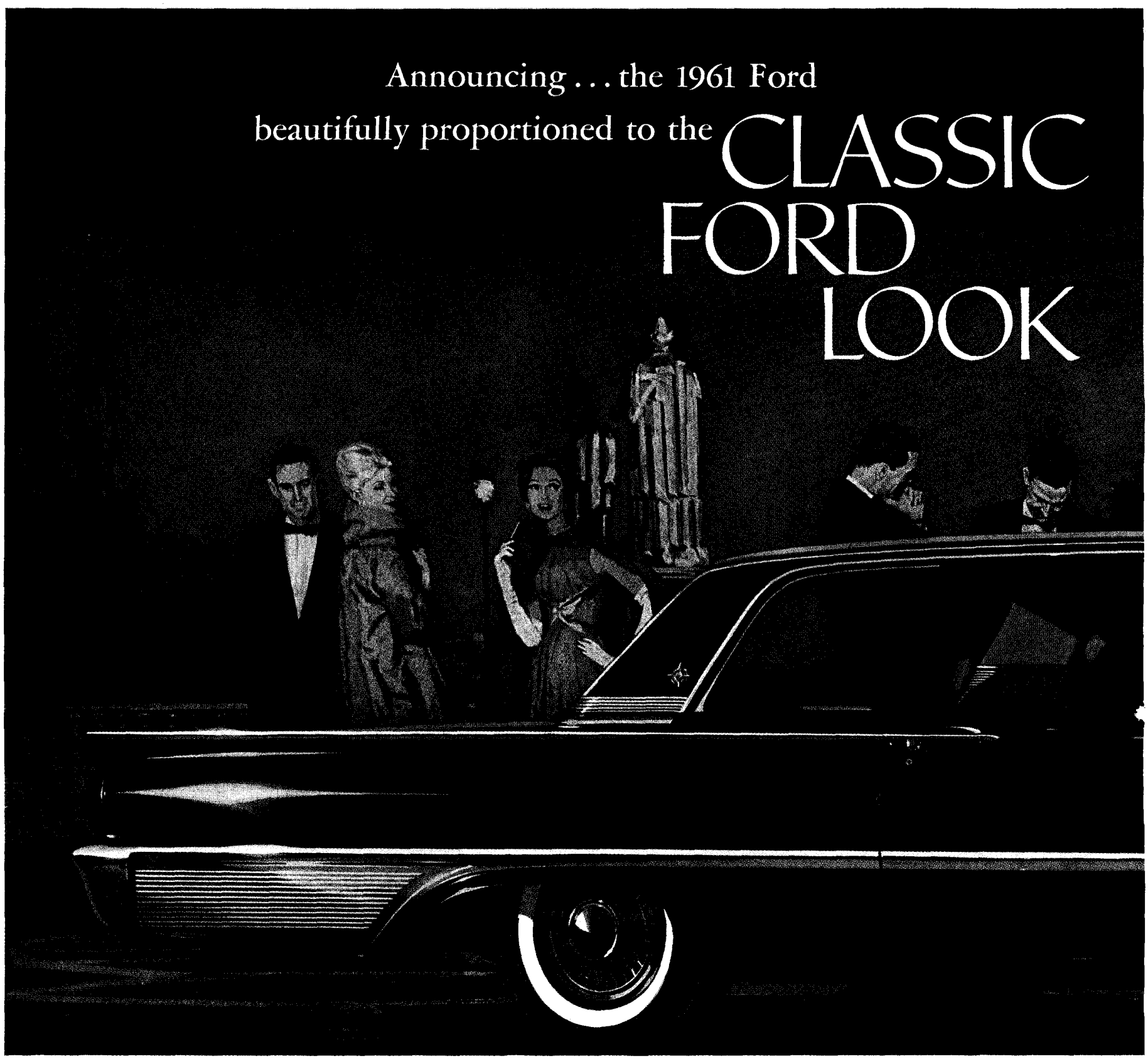

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The 1961 Ford, already recognized for its beautiful proportions by a leading international fashion authority, introduces a whole new concept of what a car can do for you . . . *and for itself!*

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Lubricates itself. You'll normally go 30,000 miles without a chassis lubrication.

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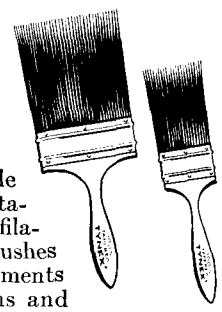
VARNISHING A SPAR

For smooth, even flow, use brushes made **100%** with **Du Pont tapered TYNEX®**



You can have a better job, done more easily, when you paint with higher-quality brushes made 100% with Du Pont tapered TYNEX nylon filament. High-quality brushes have a full head of filaments with varying lengths and properly finished tips. To do a *good job*, you need a *good* brush . . . so ask your dealer for an assortment of high-quality brushes made 100% with Du Pont tapered TYNEX nylon filament.

FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET: Tells you how to select the proper brush, paint like an expert and achieve decorator effects. For your copy, write to E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Inc.), Advertising Department, TYNEX, Rm. 2524-S.E.P. 10-1, Wilmington 98, Delaware.

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING...*THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

(*Continued from Page 46*) records some of the most notorious of these mass movements—the Mississippi Bubble, the South Sea Bubble, the Tulip Mania—and the madness of the '20's must certainly be added to the list. The prehistoric tribal eruptions from Central Asia, the Crusades, the medieval dance craze, all these—right down to the Florida boom and the 1929 market madness—were phenomena of mass action under impulses which no science has explored. Such impulses have power to affect any static condition or so-called normal trend. For that reason they deserve consideration by students of economic affairs.

Although there is no scientific cure for these madnesses, there may be potent incantations. I have always thought that much of the evil might have been averted if, in the lamentable era of the New Economics culminating in 1929, even in the very presence of dizzily rising prices, we had all continuously repeated that "two and two still make four." And I think it would be a salutary thing in the present situation, which in many respects so resembles the '20's, if we reminded ourselves of the fact.

After the stock-market collapse I expected some adverse reaction in the general economy. In fact, I thought the Government ought to be prepared to counter any significant rise in unemployment. Within two weeks of that memorable Black Thursday I wired the Democratic leader, Senator Joe Robinson: "Think it would be a good idea for you to suggest that the United States Government get a program ready for . . . [public] improvements to be put into effect as soon as unemployment commences to show itself. . . ."

But I never imagined, in those last months of 1929, that the collapse of stock prices was the prelude to the Great Depression. Anyone who knew the potentialities of the American economic system, as I had come to know them, could not help believing that the market break would inevitably be followed by an even greater prosperity. In the long run, of course, that has happened. By and large, the value of securities today, and even of Florida land, is greater than it was in the days of the boom.

But I certainly did not know, and I doubt that any man in 1929 knew, how deep and terrible the depression would be. From time to time, in that first year after the crash, I thought the bottom had been reached. I was wrong. The economic indexes kept falling lower still.

The present generation cannot grasp what the depression meant to those who lived through it. Millions of older Americans, however, must still recall with a shudder those dreary years of the early '30's, when as many as 13,000,000 people were unemployed; when crowds followed garbage collectors; when thousands of homeless men slept on the grass of Grant Park in Chicago, within sight of the gaiety of the world's fair; when other thousands subsisted in makeshift shacks; when nagging fear haunted most citizens, and when sound observers like Hugh Johnson found such desperation among the American people as to raise the specter of revolution.

I saw the effects of the depression up close in South Carolina, where a decade of agricultural depression had preceded the ultimate collapse and made it even worse. At my plantation, Hobcaw, the people were taken care of, but some farmers in the area were utterly impoverished. My neighbor, Tom Yawkey, owner of the Boston Red Sox, helped provide food for them, and so did I. But private charity could not make a ripple in the ocean of destitution.

Even in the darkest days of the depression, however, I never lost sight of the fundamental strength and wealth of America. I knew that we could recoup the losses if the people's belief in themselves and in their country could be restored.

But this was no easy thing to do. As the depression spread across the land, black pessimism accompanied it. The unreasoning optimism of the Coolidge years was replaced by the equally unreasoning defeatism of the Hoover years.

"Today fear, the most corroding of influences, is the moving cause," I wrote in 1930. It was this feeling which President Franklin D. Roosevelt would recognize in his rallying cry for courage: "The only thing we have to fear is fear itself."

"Never have I witnessed such despair and hopelessness," I wrote Frank Kent, the well-known journalist. "Everybody is chucking it. You would think that the efforts of civilized men were going to drift back to the condition where cobwebs will cover the railroads, factories and mills. Where, oh, where are the brave leaders of 1929?"

Those leaders were resorting to the optimistic forecasts and cheery incantations that had worked during the boom years, but could not now dispel fear. As I told a group of distinguished financiers who, at President Hoover's request, asked me to join a movement to help restore confidence in Wall Street: "You can no more stop this liquidation with words than Al Smith could stop the cataract at Niagara with his brown derby."

The situation required far more than words. It required, for one thing, measures to alleviate the suffering of the unemployed. This could not be done through private charity or local aid, as the Hoover Administration contended.

Those who argued that relief was not a responsibility of the Federal Government were not callous men; they were captives of economic theories. They had been brought up to think of government as having no role in economics, and not even the great emergency caused them to amend their views. In their concern with economic abstractions they were largely unconscious of the fact that all theories of economics and government come back at last to the individual and his fate.

But the unemployed were entitled to more than relief. "The unemployed have rights that are above charity—they have the right to work," I said in November, 1931, speaking at a reunion of friends who had worked with me in the War Industries Board of World War I. And it was the responsibility of government to pursue policies which would permit men to exercise that right, policies which would also re-establish the confidence so essential to the restoration of business.

If President Hoover was unable to solve this problem, it was not for lack of ability or compassion. I have often said that if I were given some great responsibility and were allowed to choose the most able man I could find, Herbert Hoover would be among the first I would select—and I say this as one who fought hard against him in political and economic battles. But Mr. Hoover, who had so brilliantly mastered such great problems as Belgian relief during World War I, who had distinguished himself as a forceful and imaginative Secretary of Commerce, was somehow unable to cope with the Great Depression. Yet his efforts to combat it were not as meager as his detractors have claimed. The Reconstruction Finance Corporation, for example, was a constructive idea of his which the Roosevelt Administration continued.

When one recalls the boom of the '20's and the ensuing crash, one is haunted by the question: Can it happen again? From time to time, most recently in 1958, our economy has faltered badly. But each time, with the help of safeguards built into our economy since 1929, we have regained our equilibrium. Such programs as unemployment insurance, bank-deposit insurance, Social Security and a host of regulatory measures to prevent economic abuses have helped maintain stability in time of stress.

Nevertheless, the measures have not yet been devised which can permanently protect men from their folly. There are many danger signals flying today, and many disturbing points of comparison with the boom of the 1920's. Our Government owes an astronomical debt; private indebtedness is also at a record high. We are enjoying the good life on the installment plan. Public participation in the stock market exceeds anything we have ever known. Taxes are huge, yet it is a rare occurrence when government, at any level, can balance its budget.

Added to all this, our economy operates in a world atmosphere of instability and uncertain peace. It will continue to be subjected to tremendous strains as long as the cold war continues. Above all, the American economy is laboring under the imbalances caused by a generation of inflation. And it is this inflation, more than anything else, which undermines our economic strength.

If we wish to escape the pit of depression, we must stay off the inflationary heights. We must learn to scale down the mountain of boom and fill in the valley of bust, so that economic progress can be achieved at a sure and steady pace. If we succumb to some economic madness, for whatever reason, we will surely let ourselves in for trouble. And, as in 1929, we shall have only ourselves to blame.

Next week Mr. Baruch recalls his friendship and years of service with President Roosevelt. —THE EDITORS

Late Meadowlark

By James Hearst

We guess the meaning when we
read the sign
In sumac leaves, but still abides
the wish
To halt leaf fall, to sweep
frost-lime from grass,
To beckon back the lines of
birds we watch
Waver from sight.

But look, look here, here in the
yard,
Alone, unafraid, in a stack of
straw,
A meadowlark crouches and
tries its tune
As if one voice whose truth is
summer
Could strike its pitch and sing
back days
Born of the sun. I smile, of
course,
For birdlike faith, but even I,
Calendar read and learned in
texts,
Hearing this song, find my
taste hungers
At autumn's table for a peach
out of season.

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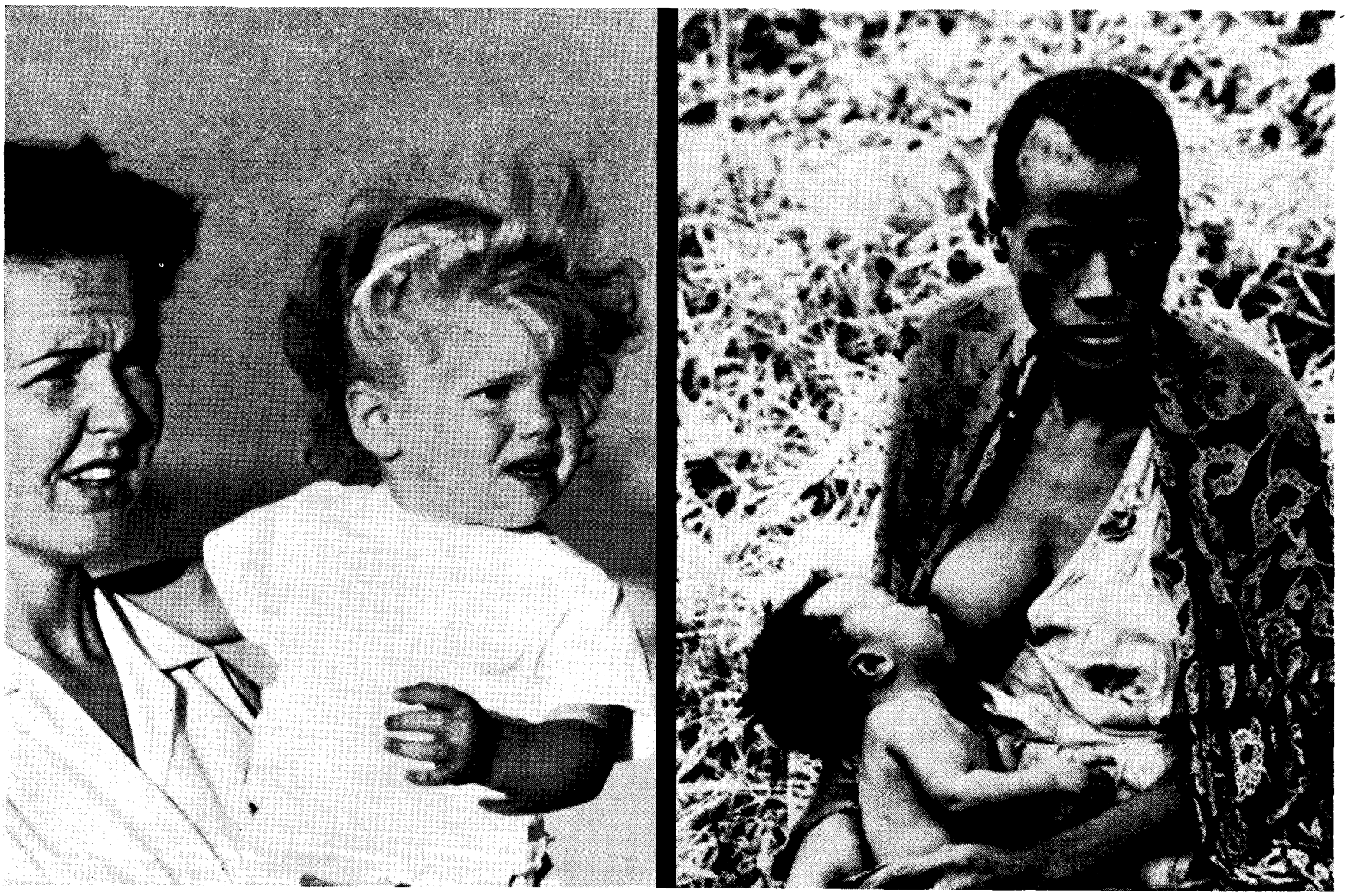
Kansas, meet the Congo

"The children of all nations are appealing, but the small, bright-eyed youngsters of Africa have a special charm, heart tugging and unforgettable . . . one third die before the age of three . . . they must fight raging diseases, malaria, yaws, leprosy, sleeping sickness, tuberculosis . . . yet there is hope . . ."



In Africa, Editor Beatrice Blackmar Gould and Public Affairs Editor Margaret Hickey found inhuman misery, unearthly beauty, vitality and hope . . . their adventures and impressions are recounted in two wonderfully informative and exciting Journal features. ■ This is editing for women whose scope extends past the south forty, past the soap opera, past the everyday pressures of beating the 8:03 to the station. ■ The Journal touches deeply into a woman's *everyday* interests, too . . . with advice by Dr. Spock . . . fashions by Simonetta . . . fiction by Du Maurier. But no other magazine pushes back her frontiers . . . from Kansas to the Congo . . . as this one does. ■ And because the Journal is edited the way it is, it attracts a different kind of woman . . . one with more education, more income and broader interests. This is the climate and market where advertising can be most convincing.

THE WOMAN WHO INSISTS ON MORE FINDS MORE IN LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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The "Attic Children" Go to School

(Continued from Page 39)

the 546,000 patients in public mental hospitals in the United States about 50 per cent are schizophrenics. Far less familiar is the fact that in addition an estimated half million children languish under this dark burden. In the young the disease takes different guises, but in its effect—the crippling of the personality—it has the same cruel sting. Eddie and the other twenty-four children at the Nassau Center, however, are lucky. Their parents faced with as bitter a problem as a parent can have, fought down despair and helped themselves. They founded the Nassau Center.

The center occupies an old frame house with rose trellises on the front porch and horse-chestnut trees in the yard. It was a farmhouse years ago, in the days when the sprawling Levittown development was just good potato-growing acreage. Compared to the spanking-new Jonas E. Salk High School down the road, as splendid a facility as the taxpayers could erect, the center looks shabby. But the significant point, as the parents see it, is that the taxpayers didn't finance the Nassau Center. Taxpayers throughout this wealthy nation generally do not erect schools for mentally-ill children or give much thought to their education. Deaf children and blind children, the paralyzed and palsied, children handicapped in almost every other way are in most cases given their birthright of free public schooling. For the emotionally disturbed there is usually nothing.

The Nassau parents, like all parents of such children, were up against it from the start. The disease may show itself early, sometimes as soon as a child's first or second month, in frightening ways. "I knew there was something wrong when we first brought him home from the hospital," says one of the parents. "He didn't seem to respond to me. When I picked him up it was as though I had a log in my hands."

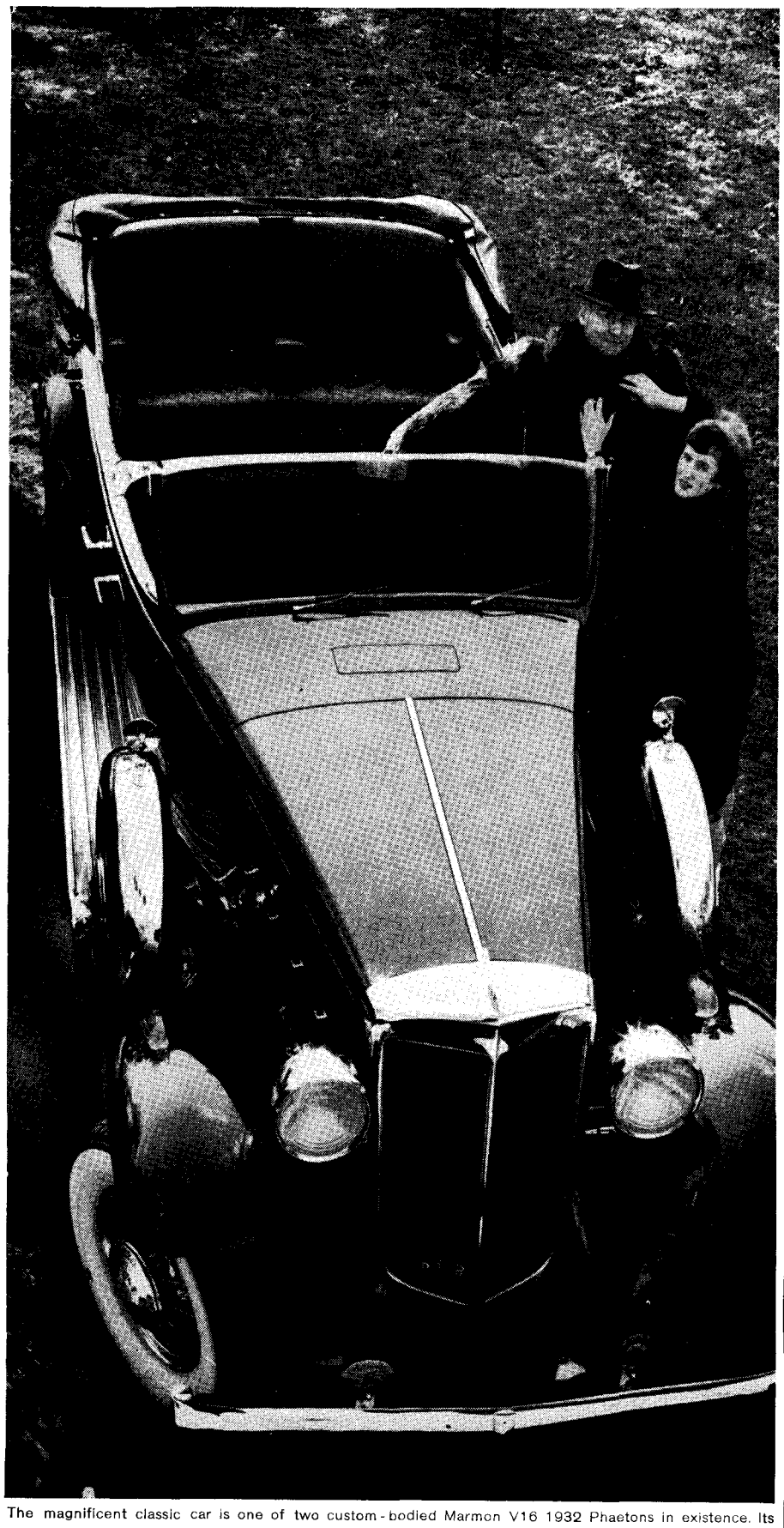
Another couple, however, the Ed Goldsmiths, whose son, Andy, goes to the Nassau Center, noticed nothing unusual until Andy was one year old. For months the baby had been welcoming his dad home from work with smiles and gurgles. "But all that began to fade," Ed Goldsmith, a thirty-three-year-old surgeon, recalls. "He'd seem not to recognize me. By the time he was eighteen months old he'd actually crawl away when I came in the room."

This is how the nightmare begins. Parents watch their children sink into darkness. Some fail to talk. Others who talked early and easily fall silent. Some retain speech but often lapse into gibberish. Affectionate children grow cold. Blank expressions replace smiles. Many pace in endless circles, like caged animals, or rock or twist their bodies.

Terrified, the parents try to find out what is wrong. Many parents go from pediatrician to psychologist, from psychiatrist to testing center, to specialist after specialist before they get an answer, for child psychology is a relatively new field, and the mind of a child a particularly difficult subject for diagnosis. The reports of the doctors may conflict. For the parents, who carry hope to each costly appointment only to have it crushed, this is a tortured, bewildering time. And then comes the diagnosis—childhood schizophrenia. Their child, they learn, is severely ill. As things stand he may spend most of his life in a mental institution.

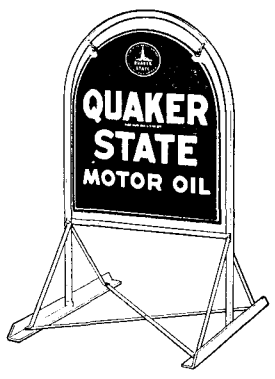
This is the ordeal the Nassau parents went through, but not together. Mental illness is not like polio or rheumatic fever, something parents are willing to speak about freely. Each couple, tormented by undeserved feelings of guilt, suffered alone. In the spring of 1958, however, some of them heard about the League for Emotionally Disturbed Children, now the National Organization for Mentally Ill Children. Founded in 1950 by parents of afflicted children, it disseminates the facts about mental disease in the young and raises funds for combative research. The league chapter in Nassau County brought parents together for a series of meetings. At one meeting a panel of experts tried to help parents understand what they were dealing with.

Schizophrenia, the parents were told, is a medical (*Continued on Page 55*)



The magnificent classic car is one of two custom-bodied Marmon V16 1932 Phaetons in existence. Its proud owner is Edmund L. Robinson, of Morrisville, Penna. The motor oil he always uses is Quaker State.

"My classic Marmon V-16 keeps in fine condition with Quaker State, and so does my new car!" Owners of classics and of new cars, too, rely on Quaker State for complete engine protection. Refined from 100% pure Pennsylvania crude oil. Available most everywhere. Ask for it by name. The finest motor oil your money can buy!



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"That's a pretty tricky shuffle you've got there."

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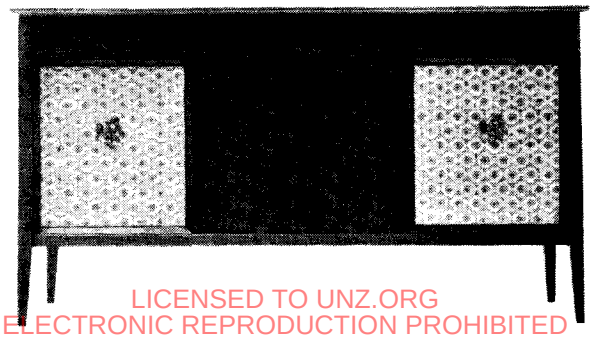
Stereo with Resonance...and we even vacuum clean your records as they play!

Dust adds surface noise. Up to now, there wasn't much you could do about it. But then you didn't expect recorded music to sound *exactly* like the original performance, anyway.

Now a new discovery, "Resonant Stereo," has changed all that. It reproduces a great deal of the natural resonance of the original performance. The result is recorded music with such depth, movement, vibrance that, *for the first time, it does not sound recorded.* And every record you own, stereo or non-stereo, benefits from this exciting realism.

Naturally, General Electric could not allow dust to interfere with this new kind of music. Hence the "Vacu-Magic" cleaner—a little vacuum nozzle and brush mounted in the tone arm to clean your records as they play. And our exclusive "Record Saver" even lets you take records from their jackets without smudging the delicate grooves.

Come in and listen to "Resonant Stereo" with "Vacu-Magic"—the greatest advance in home music since the invention of long-playing records.



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(*Continued from Page 52*) mystery of the most stubborn sort. A gentler name for it is "emotional disturbance" and, as the parents well knew, emotional turmoil is its hallmark. What lies beneath the obvious upset? No one is sure. One school of opinion holds that it stems from some crisis in the relationship between parent and child. An increasing number of authorities, however, see a physiological disorder—not psychological—at the root of schizophrenia. This disorder involves an unknown and perhaps inherited factor which jumbles the child's mental growth. It prevents the various elements of his personality from functioning in harmony.

Are the children mentally retarded? some of the parents wanted to know. The answer was encouraging. In most cases the intelligence of these children remains intact. Their power to think is not hampered by the limitations which thwart the retarded child. The parents, however, were quick to sense an irony: Their children *could* learn but couldn't go to school. There are some excellent private centers treating schizophrenic children—the James J. Putnam Children's Center in Roxbury, Massachusetts, for example. But they are scarce, their waiting lists are long and, while some scale their charges to the parents' income, most are expensive—$4000 a year and up.

Nor could the parents look to public assistance. By 1958 most states were helping mentally retarded children, but few had even considered education for the emotionally disturbed. "Actually," says Paula Hummel, one of the Nassau mothers, "before the center came along—when my husband and I were so desperate to find a hopeful solution for our son, Darrell—we would have been very happy if he *were* mentally retarded. Then at least there would have been a school for him."

As the league meetings progressed and the parents listened, the whole thing became just a bit easier to bear. Somehow the facts, though grim, weren't as terrifying as the wild imaginings to which frightened parents are prey. And for many these meetings presented the first chance to talk with other human beings confronted with the same gigantic problem.

"My husband and I had felt so tremendously alone," Mrs. Hummel recalls. A sunny blonde from Rhode Island, Paula met her husband, Warren, now an executive of a fire-insurance firm, at Upsala College. They married after graduation and shared what she calls "one of those ideally happy marriages"—until they learned that their sandy-haired, blue-eyed son was mentally ill. "Nothing seemed more atypical," she says, "than the so-called atypical child. Nobody else seemed to have them. But when at last we met others in the same boat—well, it was wonderful. The conversations lasted for hours. There was nothing in the world quite like hearing someone say, 'Yes, I know, I understand. My child has it too.'"

During those long conversations the parents found they shared one intense concern. Home life, for youngsters and parents alike, had become living hell. The children must be looked after constantly—all night, night after night, sometimes, for many of them sleep poorly. Their tantrums upset their normal brothers and sisters. Most are years behind in toilet training, another relentless problem for their parents. Some are destructive, a threat some parents meet by stripping the house of all but essential furniture and decoration. Other parents, including the Hummels, refuse to do this. They believe the sick child should grow up in as normal surroundings as possible. The parents work double time to forestall damage while keeping the house pleasant and tidy.

But the worst thing about keeping the youngsters at home is that they become little hermits. They can't go to school. They can't play peaceably with the neighborhood kids. They are condemned to stay alone and apart, shorn of company. Every child needs contact with his contemporaries to grow and develop. And so the emotionally disturbed child, deprived of this contact, sinks deeper into his illness.

Ashamed parents often used to hide "queer" children—"attic children," they were called—and allowed them to deteriorate into mindless, hopeless subhumans. Today home care is undertaken in a more humane spirit, but in most cases the result is the same—isolation. The Nassau parents could only watch as this isolation worked its damage.

But as they talked and shared experiences, ideas began to sprout. Ruth Silverfine, a pretty, soft-spoken young Levittown widow, whose son Gary is a diagnosed schizophrenic, suggested they try starting a summer day camp. Here, she insisted, was a way to get the youngsters out into the world, in contact with other children. She persuaded two other mothers, and together they polled the league chapter's membership. How many parents would be interested? The response was overwhelming. Each couple kicked in a modest tuition, depending on what they could afford. For fifteen day-campers they hired three teachers and rented a nursery in nearby North Bellmore. Two advisers to the league chapter, Dr. Milton Kaufman, a psychologist, and Dr. Irving Bauer, a psychiatrist, volunteered their free professional counsel. And suddenly one fine morning in June of 1958 the day camp was under way. The program was simple. Outdoors, for example, they played ball if they wanted to, and splashed in a makeshift swimming pool. Indoors they finger-painted and crayoned.

Near Miss

By Herbert Merrill

I shoved off into fog at dawn,
And in three paddle strokes the mist
Had closed upon me like a fist,
And all familiar things were gone.
I saw the silver cage of rain,
The dripping blade, the sullen flood,
And finally, looming red as blood,
The buoy that marked the shipping lane.
I heard the freighter then, a blind
Heavy-throated crying sound,
And felt a sudden swell and found
Terror at my heart and mind,
As death himself emerged from cloud
And passed me in his iron shroud.

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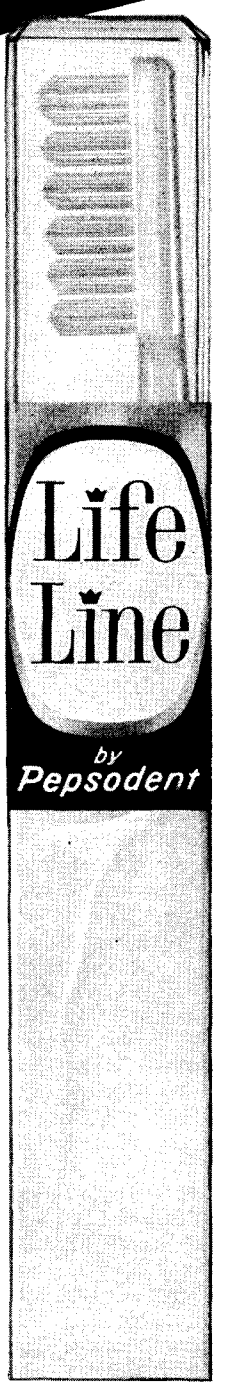

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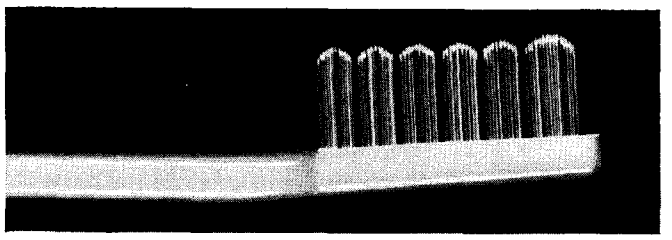

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The parents soon noticed changes. One boy, Philip Sass, who had appeared completely impassive and unresponsive took his first active interest in something—going to camp. "He loved it," Mrs. Sass says. "When the bus brought him home at the end of the day, he'd watch it with longing eyes until it disappeared around the corner. This might seem like a little thing to parents of normal children but, for us, to see our boy really care about something was thrilling."

The mothers and fathers were delighted. There was improvement, though modest. Children prone to rage became less excitable. And for the parents, here was relief. With the youngsters off at day camp from nine to three, the mothers were liberated. At last they had time for their other children. And best of all, they could relax and regroup forces so that when the disturbed child came home from his day at camp they could greet him with refreshed patience and understanding.

As the summer program drew to a close they took stock. They had proved to themselves that the children could benefit from group experience. Now they began to think about setting up a special school to take over where day camp left off. Doctor Kaufman had a suggestion. He proposed that they limit applications to the older, less acutely disturbed children, many of whom had been in public school and had been rejected, youngsters on whom the public schools had given up. By concentrating on just these few and making real strides with them the center might convince the people of Nassau that they were wrong to brand the children hopeless. This could be a way to present school boards with a record of progress, with tangible achievements instead of sob stories. The parents agreed. So Doctor Kaufman and Doctor Bauer picked five children, according to age—eight through fourteen—and diagnosis. Silent, severely withdrawn youngsters were not selected and, unfortunately, most of the children fell into this category.

There was no money, but the governing board of the Nassau Community Temple, a synagogue in West Hempstead, offered a room in their building, and local merchants gave school furniture and other necessities. The school got under way and a few months later was moved to larger quarters, an empty house the temple owned. Then in February, 1959, just when things were running smoothly, vandals broke into the school at night and set it on fire. The parents were stunned. The house was ruined. There was no insurance to cover the loss of the supplies they had begged and scraped for. Once more they had no place to go. "The children were terribly upset," says Frieda Rosen, president of the center. "They had found a place where they were wanted and accepted, and then suddenly, like so many other things, it was taken away."

Local newspapers picked up the school's distress signal and drew public attention to its plight. Offers of help followed—new supplies, cash and labor. A man who ran a summer camp in nearby Oceanside donated the use of it—building and grounds—for the rest of the winter and spring.

When the next summer day-camp program was announced there were 200 applicants—far more afflicted children than anyone had dreamed were in the area—for the twenty openings. It was a startling demonstration of the need for the center. And so the executive committee went right ahead with plans for the next school year. The sacrifice the parents made in running a pilot program—twelve of the fifteen active couples had no child in the school—had paid off. The children

Joan Shodell, director of the Nassau Center, Levittown, N.Y., soothing a schizophrenic child. "You're in my lap, honey," she says. "You're fine."

Psychologist Milton Kaufman establishes a simple contact with Darrell Hummel, an acutely withdrawn child, by playing pat-a-cake.

Teacher Judith Quen helps a little girl calm herself before the trip home.

could prosper in day school. The parents had proved this to themselves and to such state officials as Hyman Forstenzer, New York's director of community mental health services, who praised the center's founders "for recognizing an important need and creating a valuable facility."

The parents, in fact, had formed their own lobby and badgered the New York legislature into enacting one of the most revolutionary educational laws in the nation. The law, passed in January, 1959, provides that the state will pay half the cost of schooling for emotionally disturbed children when individual school districts are willing to pay the other half. School districts, however, are not compelled to set up facilities. They are merely invited to. In burgeoning Nassau County, where taxpayers are hard put to keep up with the demand for regular schooling, no district so far has found the cash for its half of a special facility. But the long-range significance of the law is immense. The state of New York for the first time recognized its obligation to help educate mentally-ill children.

Now that the center was no longer just an experiment it could afford to tackle the more severe cases, the children who had retreated deepest into themselves. Nontalker Darrell Hummel, whose mother worked long and hard for the center, was enrolled. Ed Goldsmith, the young surgeon who led the assault on the legislature, entered his son, Andy, and Frieda Rosen her boy, Lance. Dollar by dollar the parents raised money to rent larger quarters—the ex-farmhouse in Levittown—then formed a task force to freshen them up. Some painted and scrubbed. Others stretched tough, transparent plastic across all reachable panes of glass and equipped the classroom doors with bolts, to prevent straying. The Nassau Center is a bona fide school; reading, writing and arithmetic are taught there, and many other things as well. But it is a special school for special children, and their abnormality requires unusual precautions.

These days the school has a professional staff of thirteen, including a psychiatric social worker who visits parents every six or eight weeks and shows them how to follow up at home the treatment their child is getting at the center. The staff is responsible to the parents, who hold monthly meetings to transact business. The parents charge themselves tuition, according to ability to pay. At present it averages about $100 a month; some pay as little as $60, some as much as $250.

The center's teachers, before they can help a child, must understand schizophrenia, the complex force which is tearing the child to pieces. Although the cause of the mental disease remains unknown, considerable research is being conducted on the possibility that the defect involves some sort of chemical imbalance, a mix-up, possibly, in the way a schizophrenic's glands manufacture vital chemicals, as a diabetic's pancreas fails to secrete sufficient insulin. The Nassau parents are fond of citing the recent discovery that one type of mental retardation is caused by an undersupply of a certain enzyme [see *The Saturday Evening Post*, Nov. 21, 1959, SAVING CHILDREN FROM MENTAL RETARDATION, by Ruth and Edward Brecher]. It gives them hope that schizophrenia, too, is just one more chemical riddle which science someday will unravel.

Whatever the cause, the hideous effect of the disease seems to be to disrupt the growth of certain mental images the child needs for normal living. To understand, imagine yourself walking down a busy street. Imagine that your own body—its boundaries, its dimensions, its exact location—suddenly becomes an unknown. In reality you are still safe on the sidewalk, but your mind overwhelms you with the feeling that you are flying along or spinning, that the pavement is undulating and the curbstone an impossible cliff. The lamppost you hug for support seems to merge with your body. Without the vital concepts of gravity, time. space and "self," everyday life becomes chaos.

This, say authorities, may be the world of the young schizophrenic, with the intensity of these distortions varying for each child. As Dr. Archie A. Silver, a senior psychiatrist at Bellevue Hospital in New York City, puts it, young schizophrenics lack a sense of being "nailed down."

"They feel," Doctor Silver explains, "like leaves, perhaps, if leaves could feel, at the mercy of the wind with nothing to hold them down. But unlike leaves the children can and do feel, and they react to this insecurity with great anxiety and even panic."

As part of the derangement, the children are afraid they will fly apart, will disintegrate. This could be why some are morbidly preoccupied with volcanoes, for volcanoes disgorge their own insides and sometimes explode into nothingness. The strange complaints they make also reveal their confusion about their bodies. Doctor Silver mentions a boy who reported fearfully that one of his legs was growing longer than the other. Another youngster was sure there was a rod running down his back and that if it were removed he would no longer be able to stand, but would collapse like a sack.

The children react to this frightening world by trying to retreat. An example is Eddie, the boy mentioned earlier, who, by withdrawing into himself, is desperately trying to shut out the things he thinks menace him. Hendrik, another Nassau Center child, (*Continued on Page 58*)

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(*Continued from Page 56*) achieves the same result by closing his eyes and pressing his hands over his ears.

Many schizophrenic children have obsessions. A boy named Hildo Giner, for example, is obsessed with fire. For years now the idea of fire has never left him for more than a few minutes. He talks about it incessantly. "If Hildo is asked to paint a picture of a house," says Judith Quen, the center's young chief teacher, "he soon changes it into a firehouse. If we ask him who he is, he says he's a fire engine."

Another boy is preoccupied with bowling alleys—the hypnotic glide of the balls, the thunder as they smash the pins apart. One fifteen-year-old is obsessed with an experience he claims actually happened. He went into a store, he says, and tried to buy a magazine full of pictures of nude girls, but the storekeeper told him he was too young. This, apparently, is all there was to the incident, but the boy can think of little else. He relives it again and again. He tries to get the teachers and other pupils to relive it with him by playing the part of the storekeeper in an impromptu drama. This minor and pathetic event twists the child's whole life.

Doctor Kaufman, the psychologist who helped the parents found the center and now serves as its paid director, thinks the schizophrenic child uses his preoccupation as a link—perhaps his only link—with the external world, a link he constantly reinforces by devoting his whole attention to it.

"It's a nebulous contact with reality," says Kaufman, a rough-cut and gentle-mannered man of forty-three. "It's also one way the schizophrenic child can hold himself together. This is the one thing he knows the limits of; he has set them himself. He can encompass his whole being within it."

There are other reactions to the basic disorder. Some children become violently aggressive, breaking windows and flinging objects. All of them face tremendous obstacles in the course of everyday living and can cope with few of them. The ensuing frustration sometimes flares into rage. During one of my visits to the center I heard sounds of struggle from an adjacent classroom. Later Walt McCarthy, a husky, twenty-seven-year-old teacher, reported that one of the older pupils had become violent. Walt was forced to pin the youngster to the floor, as gently as possible. In no time the tantrum was over and the child went back to his schoolwork.

"This is no snake pit," says Joan Shodell, the tiny, warmly dedicated woman who is the center's administrative director. "These are children in a school. They're learning and accomplishing. Oh, yes, we do have outbursts, but they become rarer as time goes by and as the teachers become surer of what they're doing."

Mrs. Shodell and her staff use all their ingenuity to penetrate emotional barriers, to evoke a response, to establish a contact. For weeks one teacher spent an hour a day with a blankly impassive child, trying to find some way to make contact. "Nothing could get through to him," he recalls. "But one day I found that if I showed him my wrist watch, or my key chain, and then put it in my pocket he'd come over and fish into the pocket for it."

This was response. Exploiting it, the staff has lured the boy a short way out of his shell. Now he will actually come when called. At the center, where countless "failures" precede every step forward, this is major accomplishment.

The youngsters are divided into four groups. The most withdrawn of the nontalkers are in the Sun Room. Here music is used as a potent tool and the phonograph plays bouncy tunes like *Popeye, the Sailor Man* and *Billy Boy*.

"Come on, Philip, won't you dance with me?" says Elaine Kaufman, a slender, smiling, twenty-one-year-old teacher. Philip, aged eleven, rises woodenly and lets Elaine take his hands and begins to move to the music. His tension starts to ease, and soon he betrays his pleasure with a shy grin—quite a reaction from a boy who six months before would just stand in the corner and stare.

Next to the Sun Room is another room of children who do not talk. But these are not quite as resolutely withdrawn. They show just a shade more interest in things and people. The Goldsmiths' son, Andy, is in this room. So is Lance Rosen, Frieda Rosen's chubby little boy. Lance's confusion about his bodily identity is acute. He must have contact. Unless he is touching someone—preferably his teacher—he will sit and gaze into space. Should the teacher leave the room, Lance goes limp. As soon as the teacher returns, Lance crosses the room and takes her hand. It is a graphic portrayal of human need. "The teacher uses herself," says Mrs. Shodell, "her own body, as an anchor, or boundary, for these confused children. 'You're in my lap, honey,' she'll say. 'I'm holding you so you can't go any further. You're fine. You're all in one piece.'"

Most of the noise at the center comes from the third group, across the hall. These are the seven-to-ten-year-olds, among them the center's only two girls. Schizophrenia, inexplicably, strikes boys early and girls late. What statistics there are indicate that in the United States there are four times as many male schizophrenics under the age of twelve as female. Later on—about age forty—the incidence reverses.

Both girls have come a long way since they started school. One of them, who has changed from a biter and screamer into a relatively controlled child, recently gave her teacher, Roselle Brandman, a thrill. She had had a tantrum and Mrs. Brandman had been unable to calm her down. Minutes later the child turned off her tears and said, "I'm much better now, Roz."

These simple words gave the teachers their first indication that she was aware of her plight—indeed, that she had any feelings about herself at all. It was the sort of first-person statement of which these children are generally incapable, and a milestone in her battle with illness.

The fourth room is for the oldest group—boys who are adolescent or about to be. They all speak; some in fact are garrulous. They get academic work and use many of the textbooks their contemporaries in public school use. The same day Walt McCarthy dealt with the violent child he also taught his class the principle of light refraction through a prism and gave them a lesson in the geography of South America.

These older boys appear quite normal, but their macabre speech gives them away. They and many of the others who talk are so intensely obsessed—with fire, volcanoes, and so on—that they will speak of other things only for short periods. What can the center do for children like this? "We use the sickness as a clue," says Doctor Kaufman, "as to what to feed the child academically. If a boy is preoccupied with volcanoes, we ask him to write about them and read back what he's written. We get him to consult reference books on the subject. In the process of learning things which help him overcome his fears he also gets practice in reading and writing."

Judith Quen encourages Hildo, the boy obsessed with fire, to build models of fire engines and to draw pictures of them. The idea is for Hildo to "create fire engines in reality," to demonstrate to himself that he and the fire engines he constructs are distinct. "We try to replace fantasy with real things," Judith says. "You don't want to deepen the obsession, however, and so we lead away from the area of the obsession—from the firehouse to the supermarket next door to the firehouse. Then we work in some arithmetic by having him add up imaginary purchases."

The goal of the center is to bring order and dependability into the wild world of the young schizophrenic. As soon as the children are left to their own devices—what in normal classrooms is called "free play"—they lapse into anxiety. "You'll find one child hopping, jumping and running back and forth," says Mrs. Shodell, "and the next child sitting in a corner, just staring off into nothingness, and still another playing with his arms. They don't know what to do with themselves or what to expect.

"So we give them a regular schedule. First we do this. Then this. Then this. Once they become certain of the schedule, they lose their fear of what may happen next. And then they can concentrate on living like people."

A big part of "living like people" is learning about the normal world and getting to feel at ease in it. These kids were once prisoners in their own homes. Now, every other week they go on field trips—to the post office, for example, where they see how mail is handled, or to a pet shop or a soft-drink bottling plant. "The trips stimulate the children's interest in their environment," Mrs. Shodell says, "and they love them. Some of the questions they ask floor you. They show such a high level of interest."

The staff of the center will never know how much of the progress a child makes is due to the staff's own efforts and how much to the natural evolution of the disease—progress which would have occurred with the center or without it. But they don't care. All that matters is that the child be given every chance to inch back the bounds of his affliction. Can a young schizophrenic be cured?

"We don't use the word 'cure,'" Doctor Kaufman says. "We have no proof that the disease ever leaves its victim completely. On the other hand, lots of people with quiescent cases of schizophrenia live in the normal world with no one the wiser—successful, clever people, many of them. I look at it this way. Every little success we have with these kids lessens the impact of their illness and makes their lives more bearable."

Doctor Kaufman observes that many of the millions of dollars the taxpayers will spend tomorrow on mental care for adult schizophrenics might be saved by helping afflicted youngsters today.

At the start of the third year of their pioneering venture the Nassau parents are convinced they have something worth continuing. They know their small-budget, do-it-yourself operation can't match the work being done in the expensive private centers. But, compared to where they were, they are fortunate—and they know that too.

Paula Hummel, who with her husband looks too young to have such bitter trouble, speaks for them all when she talks about the future of their son, Darrell.

"We just want him to be able to *function*," she says, "to be able to get along among other people. If he could be brought that far—not normality but near normality—we'd be so grateful. And in this our best hope is the Nassau Center."

THE END

You be the Judge

By GERALD I. RALYA

Wealthy Mathilda contracted with a fuel-oil supplier to keep her 3000-gallon tank filled, and never gave it another thought. For two years the supplier busily kept the tank brimming. Then Luke, next door, traced the damage to his costly trees and shrubs to oil seeping from a leak in the tank. He sued the supplier.

"The supplier was negligent in supplying such enormous quantities of oil without checking to see where it was going," Luke contended. "In two years he poured 26,000 gallons into Mathilda's tank, whereas previously she never used more than 3000 gallons a year."

"We simply had a contract with Mathilda to keep her tank filled," counsel for the supplier replied. "It wasn't our job or duty to check for leaks. Mathilda never complained that too much was being delivered."

If you were the judge, would you make the supplier pay?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

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Based upon a 1959 Michigan case.

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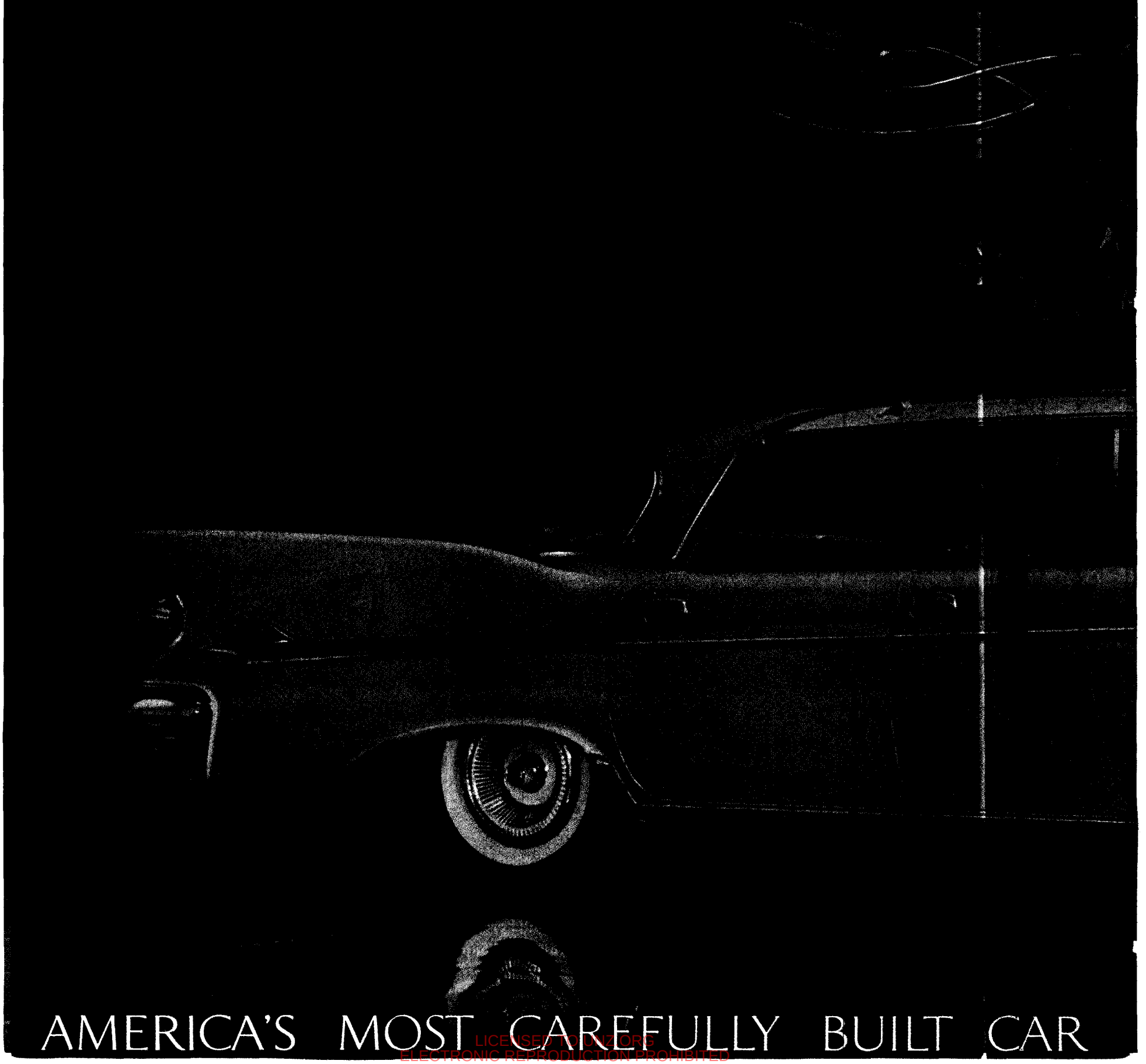

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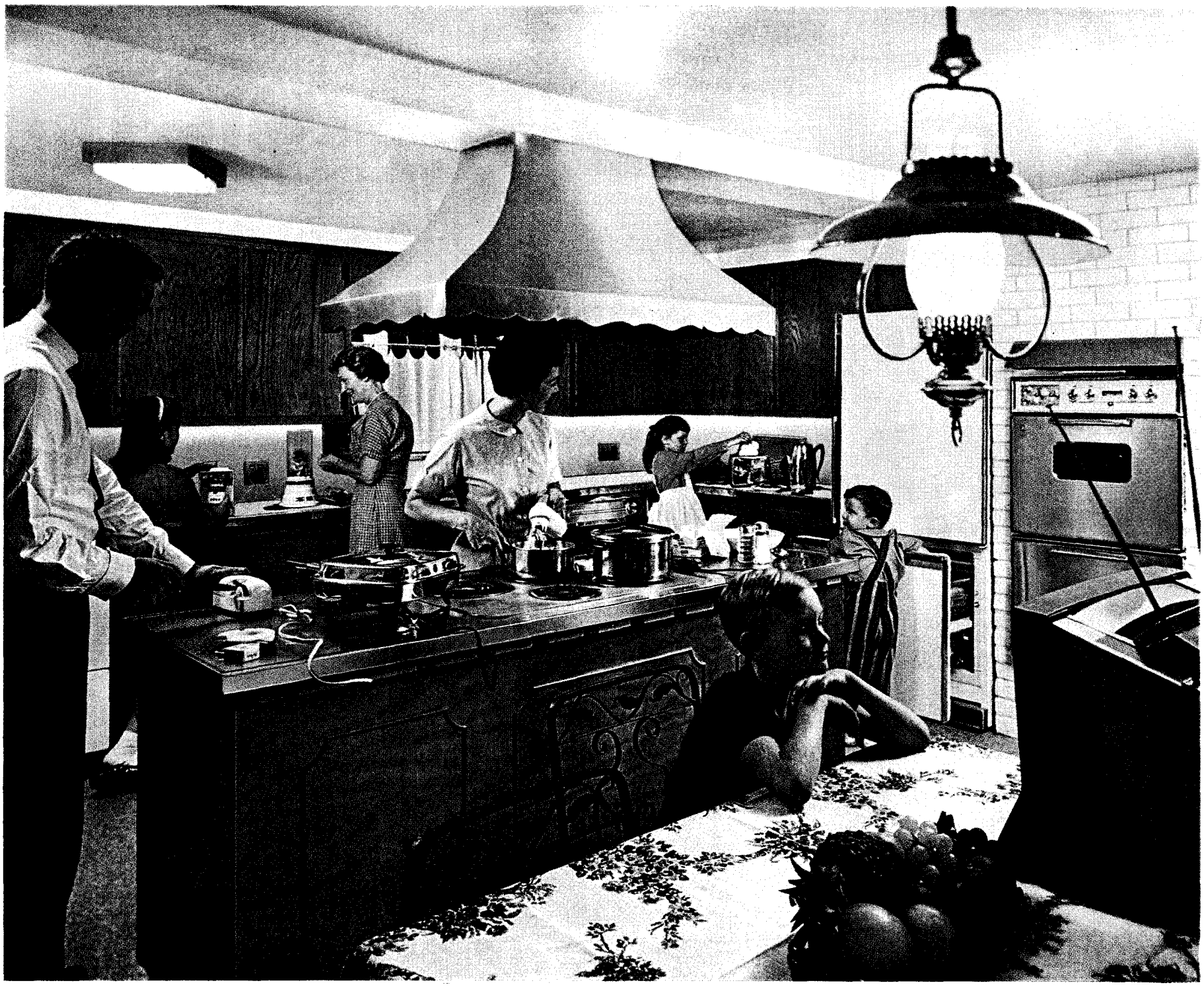

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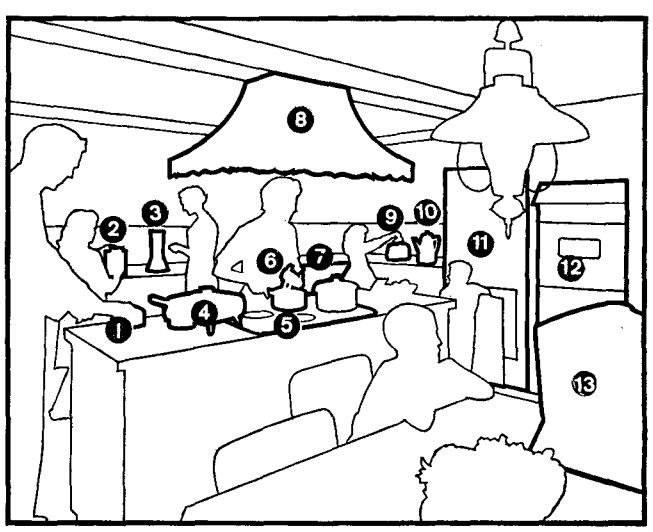

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Don't Leave Me

(Continued from Page 26)

But Lamie would look unseeingly and grip the window ledge tighter with her worn-shiny fingers.

He had always figured she was thinking ahead to what to fix for supper or how to get a skirt for Cindy or Sue out of a remnant bought at Spauley's—some little fret. That she might be thinking about not cooking on a wood stove or about buying yards and yards of goods had not occurred to him. She had kept it to herself a long time.

It especially hurt to think of that, of figuring that she was right there beside him, even if she felt different about looking around at the beautiful woods and the young creatures—and the power and the glory!

The road zigzagged sharply, and he pulled hard on the wheel and then eased the truck down the rocky grade to the seep, which was dry, of course, instead of trickling a thin silver ribbon across the road.

Fifteen days since the last little rain—and hard to remember the one before that. He could see too deep into the woods for this late in the spring, see here and there sorry little evergreens with rust-colored needles.

He stopped at the mailbox, hoping for a letter from Lamie. There was an auction notice, which he read through before starting down his single-track road.

He had to stop for the gates, opening each one, driving through, closing it, and driving on. He wished Larry were there, not to save him the trouble of getting in and out, but because he liked Larry—and his solemn eyes and his wanting to please.

Where the road crossed the creek branch he looked for car tracks coming up from the shallow water, but the hard clay was dry, so there was no use in straining to see if their old car was up at the house.

The two milk cows stood patiently by the barnyard corral, watching as the truck went up the hill past them and came to a standstill in the shade of the catalpa.

He had wanted a gas stove and frilly dresses for the girls and the addition on the house, and he had even thought grandly of having help with the ironing soon as he could manage.

The way Lamie would bend over the ironing board! She would put so much into getting those wrinkles out, and then she would hang the warm, crisp, irony-smelling shirts and dresses on the broomstick across the corner of the bedroom, their colors making all the brightness the room had.

He would have let her buy curtains and wallpaper and all that, only there were other things first. In time they would have it—the house painted and good furniture in it and beef barbecuing in a patio—how long had it been since they had tasted beef?—and gravel here for their town friends to park on, and everyone exclaiming as they looked over the river and beyond the patchwork of pastures to the far hazy ridges. All of them wishing they had what he had! Not the house and yard and ready-made clothes, because they had them, but yearning to belong to his unconfined mountaintop!

When you roamed a wood to count the new calves early of a spring morning, what did it matter what kind of bed you had slept in? Or what you had eaten so long as you weren't hungry? There was something about the little branch wriggling down its course of rugged rocks that made him love it exultantly, and following it on the smooth stones, with the water lapping over his boots, he thought there was no joy anywhere else. And whether the drought ended, whether the herd prospered and whether prices went up again were for those moments worries far below him.

He loved the farm for better or worse, and if he could just wait out the drought, borrowing only a little more for feed and tightening his belt a few more notches—enduring and standing and proving he was a man—the heavens would pour down again and give back the long grasses to fatten the stock and bring back honor and dignity to the people and the land.

He had let go a speech like that at Lamie once. She said about the better or worse that she hadn't realized before that he was married to the farm.

But they had all wanted the farm. He could not give it up now the way they did. All the skimping and saving would be gone if he sold out, but worse than that—and the thought set the panic on him—he was not made for a town. He had purchased his birthright, and he could not trade the mountain for a corner lot in heaven.

On Mallanson's vast ranch their cabin had been modern and fixed up, but they had come away from it happily to this rickety, run-down house in the Ozarks that was all their own.

He shrugged and got down from the truck.

The house hardly looked any different from when they first saw it six years ago. The children had begged him to buy it—even Larry, only four then. And Lamie's eyes shone!

The place was so pretty any way you looked, and even if the house was ramshackly-looking, it was sound. The one bedroom was huge, and they figured they could put cots for the children at one end, till they could add on. The wood cookstove was as good as the day it was bought, the farm agent told them, and rural electrification was coming.

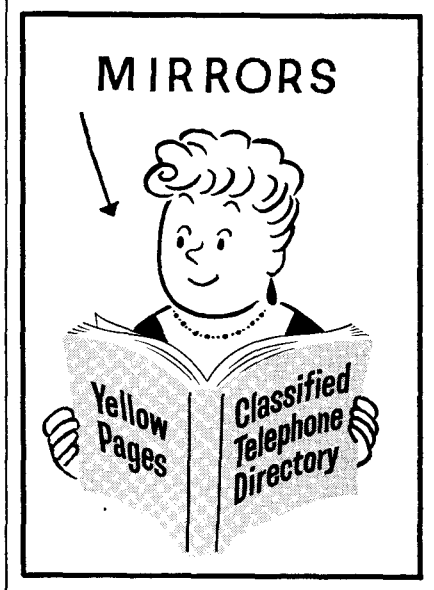
That first day tall grass grew among the boulders on the slope to the bluff, and the wind that came over the river ruffled through it. The surrounding hills made him feel secure, not shut in as he imagined he might, coming from where the plains stretched far on every side. He had felt that he was in a land singularly blessed and, sensing this, the agent said very little.

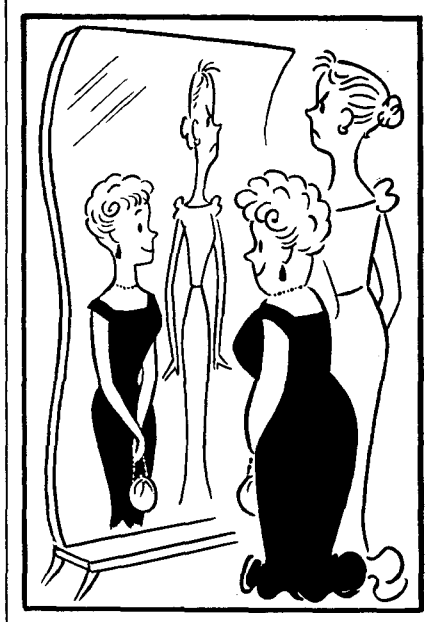
It was hardly any different now, even with the drought. He kicked at a loose stone in the clay, where scrubby weeds clung for dear life, and he was remembering the long grass.

Even the washing machine on the stoop reminded him of those first months. Lamie washing good-naturedly over the boiling fire-blackened tubs by the pump. He had got the secondhand washer as soon as the electricity came. It was not much, but he had promised her more help with the gardening and canning and cooking and scrubbing and sewing and washing and chicken-choring. It was not easy for a woman.

He got the milk pail and went to the barn. He had never let her do the milking. Once was a time she would go with him, though, and perch on the fence. Listening together to the faraway noises in the evening quiet, they would watch the sun slip behind Williamson's ridge pasture, and the top of their own barn would glow pink and yellow. And when they went back to the house in the twilight, the children, done with their chores, would tag

(*Continued on Page 66*)





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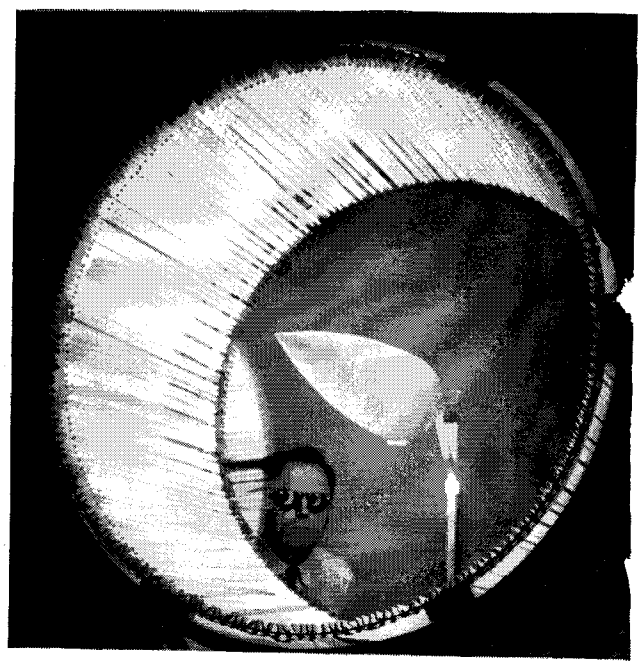
Should your child be a Physicist?

by ARTHUR H. COMPTON

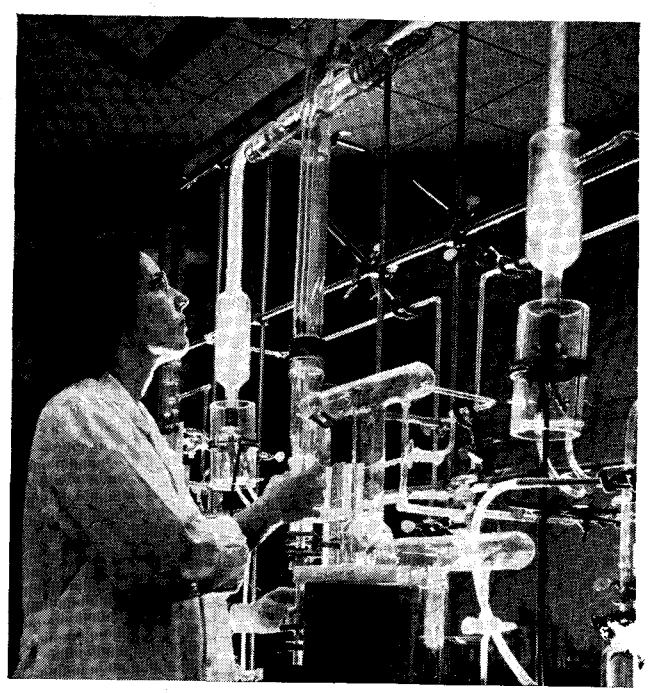
Distinguished Service Professor of Natural Philosophy, Washington University, Saint Louis, Missouri

as told to Norman M. Lobsenz

Physicists have played vital roles in such important space developments as Tiros. This satellite is designed to take still pictures of the earth's cloud cover and transmit them to ground installations.



A missile nose cone is carefully observed while being exposed to simulated aerodynamic heating conditions. Tests help provide needed information for the design and development of hypersonic flight vehicles.



Comparing materials under a barrage of atoms is typical of this woman's many interesting research projects.

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WHEN I TELL my students what it really means to be a physicist, I quote Democritus, the Greek philosopher who 2300 years ago believed all matter was made of tiny particles called atoms. He said:

"I would rather find the true cause of one fact than become King of the Persians."

In those days the Persian king was the world's most powerful ruler. Yet to Democritus—as to every great physicist—the most important, satisfying aim in life was the search for fundamental truths which give order and meaning to our universe.

To a parent thinking in terms of a career for his child, this may sound like a formidable goal. Yet it underlies the daily tasks of every physicist. He may be calculating a satellite trajectory, or developing a stronger textile fiber. He may be measuring the earth, or measuring a drop of water. He may probe inside the atom or outside the galaxy. He may be a theoretical physicist, working with pencil and paper, asking questions of the cosmos in a "language" of mathematical symbols. He may be an experimental physicist, working with complex equipment—electron diffraction cameras, phase microscopes, microwave amplifiers—to test a theory or to give it practical application.

But in each case the physicist is seeking knowledge about the basic structure and behavior of space and time, matter and energy.

The Challenges Ahead

A hundred years ago man thought he'd solved all nature's secrets. "There is nothing left to discover," he said. We know how foolish such thinking is. In the past 25 years man has gained more new knowledge than in all previous history. He has peered farther into the reaches of infinity than ever before. Yet each forward step brings him to new, ever-expanding frontiers.

What are some of these new frontiers in physics?

We believe we are on the verge of controlling the fusion of hydrogen atoms for the production of power. When we succeed we will be able to convert into energy the oceans' limitless supply of hydrogen.

We are moving into space. We need a more efficient rocket drive, and shielding against cosmic radiation. We need to know what space travel will do to man's body and mind.

Our electronic computers grow increasingly versatile. The development of automatic "thinking" machines, even of robots, is a program already in hand.

Beyond these marvels lie basic problems: the structure of matter; the nature of space and time; an understanding of the universe. These are the frontiers that challenge the physicist of tomorrow.

A Broad and Varied Science

"That is all very well," you are probably saying, "but what will my child *do* if he becomes a physicist?"

There are almost as many answers as there are physicists in our country—and there are nearly 30,000.

Physics is a science of immense scope. Because it deals with fundamentals it cuts across virtually every other science. Traditionally, it included *mechanics* (which deals with how things move and the forces affecting motion), *light*, *heat*, *sound*, *electricity*, and *magnetism*. But since physicists unlocked the atom's core new fields have opened: *nuclear physics*, *plasma physics*, *solid state physics*, *electronics*, *cryogenics*, *radioactivity*, *ultrasonics*, to name just a few.

Today nearly half our physicists work in industry. They are young (80% are under 45) and their jobs are important. Your youngster might work for an aircraft manufacturer or an electronics firm, or for a company involved in atomic power, guided missiles, satellites, long-range communication, and similar fields. He would be contributing vital skills to the nation's security and scientific progress.

Or he might be part of a team researching new and better products for any one of a host of industries: petroleum, chemicals, metals, textiles, paper, rubber, drugs, plastics, glass, food products—the list is long. He would be contributing to his fellow-man's safety, or pleasure, or health, or efficiency, or well-being.

Sometimes a discovery in physics can create an entire industry. For example, the transistor—a tiny "solid state" device that controls and amplifies electric signals—was developed about 10 years ago by three young physicists. Today over 100 companies do a $500,000,000-a-year business in transistors and other semiconductors. They have made possible guided missiles and pocket-sized radios, electronic "brains" and long-distance dialing.

A third of the nation's physicists teach the science. If your youngster taught, his would be perhaps the most important job of all; for the growing interest in physics has created a severe shortage of competent, inspiring teachers, both in high schools and colleges.

Another major employer of physicists is the Federal Government. This does not mean only the Defense Department, the Atomic Energy Commission and the National Aeronautics and Space Administration.There are vital jobs with the Geological Survey, Agriculture Department, Weather Bureau and National Bureau of Standards.

Some physicists go into business for themselves as consultants, usually after several years' experience working for others.

The Need for Advanced Education

It is not easy to become a physicist. Physics, like most worthwhile professions, demands effort and training. The minimum requirement is a Bachelor of Science degree. (If a youngster has a bent for physics he'd be wise to get a headstart by taking all the science and math he can in high school.) But professional advancement may be less rapid without a graduate degree—an M.S. and, preferably, also a Ph.D. The more challenging assignments and the greater financial rewards go to the physicist who has his doctorate.

This means at least seven years of costly higher education. But no parent needs to discourage a would-be physicist for financial reasons. A great many scholarships are available for undergraduates, and fellowships and graduate assistantships to graduate students. Many of the assistantships pay a stipend to the student for research or teaching, and also cover tuition. Hundreds of employers eagerly hire student physicists for well-paying summer jobs.

What qualities should a budding physicist have?

Obviously, a basic interest in natural phenomena, and a real desire to learn their whys and wherefores. Beyond this, he should:

—comprehend fundamental ideas and be able to apply them;

—reason clearly—observe facts, draw logical conclusions;

—be able to concentrate for sustained periods on a single problem;

—have the patience to repeat an experiment over and over—hundreds of times, if necessary;

—be skilled in higher mathematics;

New Educational Plans Can Provide Funds for College

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—have some mechanical aptitude and manual dexterity, particularly if he plans to be an experimental physicist.

Can a girl succeed in physics? Although the number of women physicists is small at present, more and more women are entering the field, especially as laboratory researchers and teachers. A few famous female physicists have made outstanding discoveries: for example, Marie Curie discovered radium, and Lise Meitner's experiments with uranium helped lay the foundation for controlled atomic fission. Today, most research is performed by "teams"—but although the atmosphere of physics is predominantly masculine, women are making successful careers in physics.

A Rewarding, Satisfying Career

I feel the physicist's rewards are great. On a practical level, he has his pick of jobs. While he may not become wealthy, salaries are excellent. Average starting pay for a new graduate ranges from $100 to $150 a week, depending on the degree he holds. Government jobs (mostly under Civil Service) pay about $5200 to $16,000 a year. Teaching salaries are a bit lower—ranging from about $4000 for an instructor to $15,000 for a department chairman. Wages are highest in industry. They can exceed $20,000 a year. A man who combines a physicist's knowledge and executive talents can reach high levels. Many major companies are run by physicists.

But the intangible rewards are greater. There is no thrill equal to solving a problem no one else has been able to. Or of "finding the true cause" of a fact. There is adventure, too. The physicist stands on the missile launching pad, goes beneath the sea, balloons into the upper atmosphere. Some day he may stand on the moon. Finally, the physicist learns to be open-minded, to respect truth. He grows not so much proud of his conquest of the universe as humble before the immensity of its conception.

Some people think of the physicist as the "bad guy" who got us into "this mess"—potential H-bomb war. But it is rather the physicist's recognized solemn obligation to weld human understanding to scientific progress. His contributions must be for human welfare. His aim must be to improve the life of his fellow-man.

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(*Continued from Page 63*) along behind. But he could not remember the last time Lamie did that.

He carried the frothing pail into the kitchen and went through all the processes Lamie would have, mechanically pouring the milk into the separator and scouring the pail.

He swept at the crumbs of mud that had scraped off his boots. The wide floorboards caught most of it, and yet the floor never looked clean because ragged strings of dirt would brush loose with each sweep. Once Lamie picked out a linoleum rug in the catalogue, but he had already decided to buy the bull. He convinced her of the importance of having a good bull, but the men who paid him in Joplin this morning shook their heads sympathetically.

"Beautiful animals," they said. "It's a crime they have to go so cheap, but everybody's selling."

He heard an engine humming through the hollow, and he headed for the gate. If it was Lamie, he would be welcoming.

It was Les Gruber. Les's truck jogged up the hill and through the gate. Clint followed it back to the house.

"Well, Les, it's been a coon's age. Come set a spell."

"Thankee," croaked Les in his bullfrog voice, easing down on the edge of the front porch. "Sure 'spected something of them clouds today. Get any rain up here?"

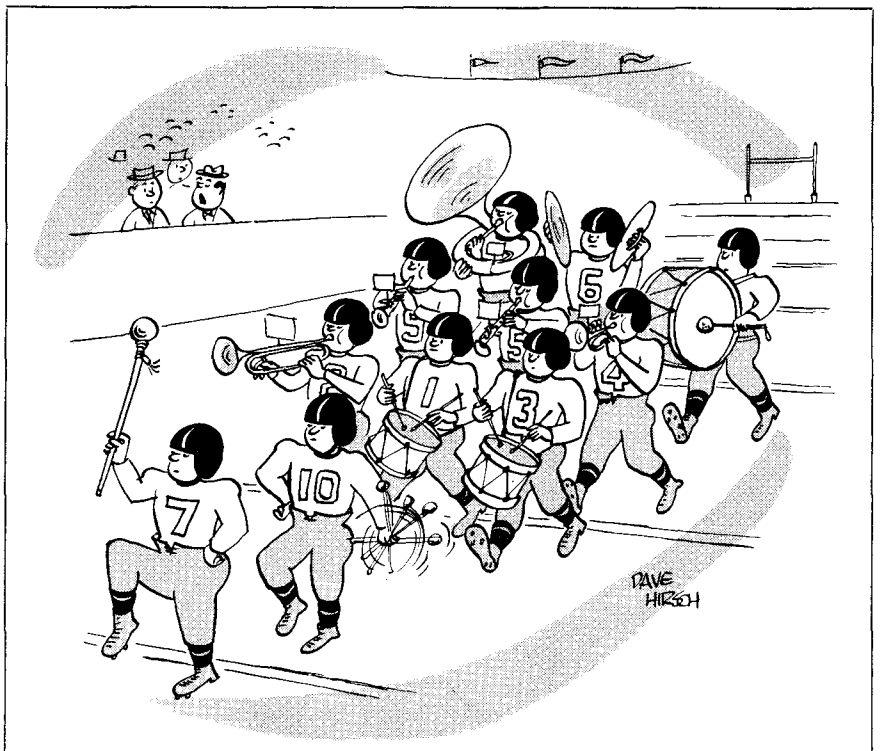
"Reckon not. I was to Joplin." He and Les were both kicking at the powdery dust in the empty flower beds.

"Well, it'll come someday—if anyone's still around to see it."

"I'll be here."

"Old Radford come on the radio noon today and just sighed 'stead of 'Hello, neighbors.'"

"Lotta people picking on the weatherman, but he doesn't make the weather."



"Very small college."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

He tried not to act curious, waiting for Les to get down to business. Les avoided asking about the family—got off on Mead Jennings's new hounds and Mead out "hunting" every night. Les had as good a time telling it as old Mead was like to in doing it—setting and drinking and whooping and betting it was his hounds had a critter treed. Darkness settled, and at last Les sauntered over to his truck, asking, "You know Mr. George Seabury over at Stone Bridge?"

"Yep." Everybody knew Seabury.

"He come in Delaney's store this morning. Was asking if you ever hired out for roundup. He heerd how good you and your horse Lightning is."

Seabury would be like Mallanson. All he knew about ranching was writing checks and pushing a buzzer for the foreman. Let him learn to rope and brand his own stock. Like as not Seabury couldn't tell a bull calf from a heifer, while he was everything on his own ranch—just him and Lightning—and more than a hundred head now. No fancy eating, no air conditioning, no heavy-duty intercom. But he was boss.

"I'd sure like to help him out, but I haven't got a speck of time. Busier than ever just now anyway——"

Les nodded, appreciating what all he had to do with Lamie gone. Even with her there, he would be hard put to find hiring-out time.

"Nope, I guess a one-man ranch is full time for one man."

"He'd pay right good."

"Oh, sure he would." That was just it. Seabury talking big. Ordering trucks of hay when his barn got empty. Doing favors for you any time you needed something. Everybody in this corner of the state was talking about Seabury. He was buying up the quitters. Paying them fair money too.

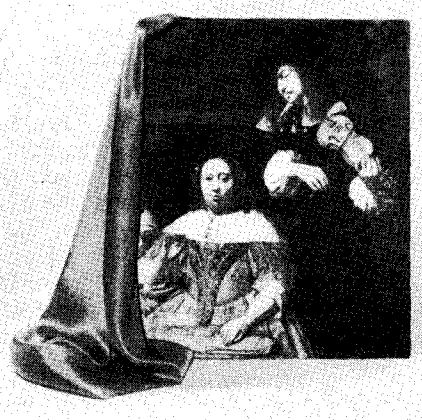
"No. You tell him I say no."

"Just said *if* I see you to say you should come talk to him."

"Mighty nice of you to come, Les. It was good to see you. Say hello to Sal." No need to explain it to Les, but he was going to make it on his own!

Wearily he pulled off his clothes and put on his flannel pajamas and crawled into bed between the cotton blankets. If there was any worst part, it was getting cold at night and lying awake reliving the night before Lamie left. He probably should have thought of something else, but it was like a punishment he inflicted on himself.

He had not known it was coming that night. Drifting off to sleep, he thought she was too. When she said, "Clint, I have to tell you something," he had murmured in his sleep to show he was listening, and she made no effort to rouse him. She just let the words flow out softly, as if getting them said were all that mattered.



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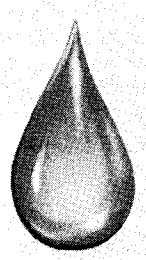

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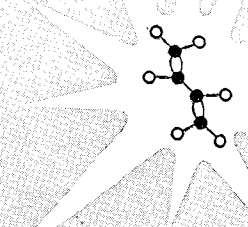

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"One night I just woke up and looked around at all the make-do, at all this wretched poverty, and the question asked itself of me, what are you doing it for?" It sounded almost poetical the way she spoke, and it came gently from a great distance. But as she went on, the words took on meaning and shook him awake.

"I never said a word out loud, but inside I could hear my own voice screaming, what for? and the echo of it going, what for? what for? I was afraid something was happening to my head at first, and then it seemed like I had been crazy and was suddenly sane and knew that I mustn't go along this way any more."

Sitting up then, staring down at where she was, he tried to force his eyes against the darkness. Listening to her you would think she was very pretty.

He had calculated quickly as to how he could stretch the feed some more and maybe get her what-all she needed to content her.

She spoke low because of the children sleeping across the room. "You're fighting for a way of life that I'm not a part of, Clint, and I don't care enough for those old cows and cracked hands and twice-half-soled shoes to stay on—just so you can play king of the mountain when everything's pushing you off."

She just lay there, saying the words to the ceiling, speaking it out for herself, holding out no hope for him. "Every day I hate more all the things you love. Every dollar you put in the mouth of one of those creatures makes me feel hungrier —and shabbier—and more stupid—as if I'm something less than they are."

He might at least have told her he loved her, no matter how she felt about him, but it seemed like the thing to prove it was more than likely to move to town with her—and work in a filling station or something.

Maybe if he had known about Seabury then, he would have offered to try it. *Yes, sir, Mr. Seabury.*

He had finally said, "I'll do what I can, Lamie." Numbly he had dressed in the dark and felt his way around the cots. Out in the cold stillness, sitting on a rock with the branch singing a kind of music to the dancing stars, he tried to think about it. But it was not very real. There had been no way to think about something like Lamie waiting on tables in a highway café and her and the kids living in a dingy little apartment over the shoe-repair shop. It was not anything he could like, but he had nothing to measure its badness by. Not then.

Now he had this great, hot, hurting emptiness that grew bigger every day. It swelled up especially if he thought of some big truck driver getting fresh with Lamie—or being nice to her.

He felt like a calf at branding, writhing in horror, then freezing with revulsion. What if she got used to being without him? The little calf would bawl and bellow. What could he protest? He lay rigid and cold, wanting to be noble and adequate, wanting to give the sun and the moon and the stars to his family.

It would be sun and moon and stars for him just to have them back. He would see them at church in the morning, but sitting with them there, or cramped and polite in the apartment afterward, was not the same. At first he had made special trips to town for one thing and another, stopping in at the apartment or the café. Then he had decided just to go Sundays, but the Sundays had been uncomfortable, too, and somehow the last two weeks he could not make himself go.

He rose up on his elbow and looked out at the shadowy clusters of trees heeling into the slope to the bluff. The mist from the river was rising, making a serpentine trail of wispy, billowing softness. The pale fragment moon perched in the black-walnut tree, and from beyond the smokehouse a hoot owl cried.

"It's so beautiful, beloved!" But he needed her to share it. Tomorrow he would beg her to come back.

In the morning, though, his resolution was shaken. The uneasiness got worse at milking, and when he drove a bale of hay down to the rear pasture, he felt sick with excitement.

The cattle lumbered up the path while he spread the precious hay. He pulled some over by the half-grown Dopey and had to speak sternly to Miranda, the whiteface starting toward the slow-witted one, and she turned back to find her food in the clumsy crowd.

Bonnie was not there! She must have dropped her calf, and now he would have to hunt for them instead of getting ready to go to town. It was always choosing between animals and people, but the cow who could not bring her baby to the herd was surely more needful than he. "You can see that, can't you, Lamie darling?"

He strode down the rocky hillside under the watchful gaze of the munching cattle. All the way down he watched the thicket along the river, but nothing moved. He stepped into the cool cavern of arching branches, where the way wound between entanglements of vines and deadfall immovably lodged in the underbrush. Taking for a marker the big oak that leaned out over the water with its giant roots exposed, he figured to search first to the left on the path that generations of cows and their young had pounded to a smooth hardness.

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He went a little way and, cupping his hands, called, "Baw! Baw!" But there was no answering bawl, only the quiet flow of the river and the muted buzzing of insects.

He walked on and stopped again to call and listen. There were buds on the dogwoods and violets—a few—beside the path, blooming. Then, in a carpet of dry leaves, he saw an early bluebell.

What pleasures are promised by the signs of the spring! Lamie would be glad —— No, here in the glade he had forgotten. She would not care. She would not even be at the house to hear about his seeing it or to worry if he found a dead cow or a stillborn calf.

Faintly a mooing came, and he hurried on, ducking under low branches, jumping over logs. And then he saw them up ahead, the cow and the calf together, Bonnie patiently trying to extract her hoof from a tangle of vines and the calf on wobbly legs, having breakfast.

Out of breath, overjoyed, he patted the cow. "You're all right, Bonnie! And what a fine calf! We'll call this one Bluebell!"

He hacked at the vines with his pocketknife until Bonnie pulled free. Trailing two or three leafy strands, she loped out of the woods and up the hill to the others, with the calf slowly following.

When he reached the truck on the crest, he stood catching his breath and looking at Bluebell. Each calf had the newness of miracle for him. He could remember each one of them as a newborn, awkwardly following its mother through the maze of meadows and woods to the gravel flats by the river, each one appropriately named by him, each one a product of his care, each one his own enrichment.

Beyond him, encircling, were the mountains. Pygmies they would be out West, with their tree-covered tops, but surrounding his hills and valley, rising straight up from the far bank of the river where it horseshoed around his farm, they were *mountains*, meaning to him all that the sea was to its lovers.

I am strong! I am free! he thought, and then the desolation lightninged home, and he fought it with his face and his fists and rebelled against it in his heart. So strong indeed!

"I am weak!" he shouted. "I am nothing!"

The soft brown eyes lifted, contemplating him, without consolation.

"Butter! Dopey! Springtime! Benson! Bonnie! Bluebell! *You* don't help *me!*"

He hurtled into the truck backing and turning it, grinding the gears angrily, taking the rocks in the ruts carelessly. That would have bumped and jostled Lamie terrible. It was good to hurt her finally.

He flung open the truck door and it rocked on its hinges. Instead of going around to the kitchen, he kicked open the front door and went into the living room, not scraping his boots or looking to see if he was tracking. His head brushed the light bulb that hung nakedly in the center of the room. It jerked crazily, and he grabbed it with both hands, wanting to crush it, wanting to do something in strength.

He saw that Lamie had laid a fire in the fireplace for him before she left, like a token of the faraway forgotten way she had cared about him.

Tears pressed at his eyes, stinging for release, but a man could not cry. Almost blindly he went into the kitchen and sat down at the table. Women cried from frustration, and children because they could not do what they wanted, but he was free to put an end to the emptiness. He could go after them and win them back.

He could if he would just stop thinking about the bare floor and the bare windows and the nearly bare shelves over the sink. He'd be going courting mighty empty-handed. It was all very well to say "darling" and "honey" to her in his thinking, but when he was with her, the sweet talk dried up in his throat. The drought had spread from the outside to the inside, and into Lamie and into him. He had to get out of the ugliness!

He stood up so quickly that the chair clattered backward to the floor. He would duck through the gap in the back fence and hurry past the blackberry brambles to where the old creek bed jogged dryly down to the river like the wide stone steps of a palace. There he was not poor: He was rich! King! King of the mountain!

Lamie had been calling him a child playing a child's game, struggling to stay up when everything —— What could push him off?

Not drought, not heat, not hunger, not tiredness. He could push them back again and again, and they would yield. It was only his loneliness that could make him give up, slide off.

As he stared about the kitchen he saw there was a lot he had daydreamed to do, but never done. How long would it take him to put off daydreaming? He could go ahead and tear down the old smokehouse and use the wood for the new bedroom and for making the old one into two, and to find the time for it he would do every chore faster, shutting out the beauty. That was what idled him, but he had figured it was important to appreciate it.

Lamie had been the same way before she got to scraping and scrubbing and working every minute. There was the time he had seen her lying motionless on the little slope back of the house. He had run to her, thinking she was hurt, but she had pulled up, half turned toward him, leaning on her arms with her legs stretching behind her.

"I just sneaked out for a minute," she explained, looking like a little girl in her jeans and red shirt. Her hair touched her shoulders, soft and fluffy. Her blue eyes were merry, twinkling, and she was a picture of—content, of joy close to the land like that. He sat down beside her and made a whistle from a long blade of grass, and kissed her in the hot sunlight.

She looked almost that way again the last Sunday he went in. She was fixed up prettier, and some of the care had eased off her face, and yet he could not tell whether she was happy. When he asked about her job, she said it was just fine, and he couldn't tell anything from that.

Up in the apartment the table had been set before they left for church—with a place for him. He wanted to say how nice it was of them wanting him to come, but if he sounded so humble, she might have to say something she did not mean. He tried to act easy and ask the kids questions about their new life, but he was afraid of their enthusiasm. And when he talked about the farm, about the snake eating eggs in the barn and the hideaway hen that came out with ten chicks, he did not want to sound as if he was building it up to win them to going back—which he did want to do, but he wanted more to be fair to Lamie.

He could see Larry sitting at the table, like a miniature man, erect and still, except for one foot swinging against the chair leg. He kept a pleasant smile twitching the corners of his mouth, and his eyes, wide and bright, always looked like he was sending an important message.

He wished he had talked to him alone. He should have gone in today. A father ought to —— He'd ought to get busy. He tightened the leaky faucet and then washed up all the dishes left in the sink and wiped the quart jars of sugar and salt and stuff. What a mess he made all by himself!

He swept out the living room and picked up his clothes in the bedroom. He made the bed over, neat this time and, smoothing his pillow next to Lamie's, he was nearly fooled into thinking he heard the car. No use wishing. When he had things the way they ought .o be for them, then he would go get them.

"We'll look for him down at the branch!" It was Cindy's voice! They had come home!

Lamie was coming into the kitchen with a grocery carton in her arms. She set it on the table before he could help her. She had on a new dress—starchy white with green leaves on it.

"The children went looking for you. You didn't come out."

"I—I just didn't hear the car."

"Cindy and Sue made a lunch to bring out here or have in the apartment if you came." The dress fit her pretty, and her hair was wavy around her face. Her hands were busy with the box, and she did not look at him.

"I'm awful glad you did. I'd planned on getting in to church, but Bonnie didn't come up for feeding."

"Find her?"

"Yes, but took some time. I'll whistle for the kids." There was no reason to have hoped they had come home to stay.

"They were so eager to see you."

Down the slope out of sight the children whooped and hollered in answer to his whistle. While he was out, Lamie had been taking a quick look around.

"Looks like you're getting along fine."

"Yeah," he said.

The children bounded in and swarmed on him, all three talking at once,"You haven't already eaten, have you?" . . . "Gee whiz, dad, three weeks!"... "Shucks! No dishes for us to do!" He took in all their affection and clamor, but Lamie watched them with a sad look on her face.

When they had eaten up the picnic lunch and the kids had run along to find Lightning, Lamie sighed. "If they get peppy all at once, that apartment is awful small. You could almost get all four rooms of it into this kitchen."

They laughed at the pitiful apartment, and then they were silent while she put things away. He longed to tell her of the change that had come over him, but it was beginning to seem like just another daydream on how noble he was, and a fear was growing in him that it might be too late. She might be holding off till the end to say it—that it was too late.

"I'm sure glad you came," he said, but it sounded stiff and formal. He wanted to reach out to her, but it was as if he were trying to bridge a distance that grew every minute, separating them by wider and wider space, turning into endless time. If only he could lift one hand, would she not turn to his embrace? He parted his lips twice to speak, but said nothing. His arms reached out—just as she turned away to the door.

"Children!" she called, and when they ran up to the steps, she told them quietly, "Let's help now. Water the chickens and gather the eggs."

She took the milk pail from the shelf. Handing it to him, she smiled hesitantly, "Shall I go with you?"

He uttered a husky-sounding yes and wanted to ask her didn't she need it back, the tender times, the overfullness in their eyes when they looked at each other? But, walking beside her to the barn, he said instead, "Didn't finish about Bonnie." And, on safe ground again, he told her easily about the morning and the melting mist, the smells and the sounds in the cavernous tunnel of trees, and she watched him intently.

When he was through milking, he set the pail outside the fence and let Gwendolyn's hungry calf out of the barn. The sun had disappeared beyond the hills and the topmost leaves in the trees behind him flickered like tiny flames. A streak of the sky was aquamarine, and a plume of white cloud had dipped its feathery edges in the paint for the red rose. There was something in it that a man had to mind—forgetting the deepening of his hungry fearing as night came on. He watched the changing sky, and then he almost shouted, "Do you see the sunset, Lamie?"

She looked down, shaking her head no, as she walked beside him, but then she looked back up at him, smiling. "Yes, it is beautiful, Clint."

The children had the kitchen light on, and he could see them putting the eggs in the refrigerator. It made a bright strip of sight and sound in the weathered gray of the house (*Continued on Page 70*)

"Not a creature was stirring all through the house. Then I tripped the burglar alarm and all hell broke loose."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The nearsighted MISTER MAGOO

MAGOO HEADQUARTERS
VOTE THE STRAIGHT ANTI-BULBSNATCHING TICK
Progress Is Our Most Important Product
GENERAL ELECTRIC
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MISTER MAGOO
MAGOO-THE STATES LIGHTS CANDIDATE
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SOFT-WHITE
IT'S EASY TO SEE THE BEST BULBS ARE G-E
IT'S FLATTERESCENT NEW G-E HOME-LINE
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KEEP SPARES ON HAND
DON'T GET CAUGHT NAPPING WITHOUT G-E NITE-LITES
Your Favorite Fun Candidate VOTE FOR MAGOO AND G-E BULBS TOO
SMALLER BRIGHTER WHITER
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FITS WHERE 100's NEVER WENT BEFORE
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BACK TO "NORMAL SEE" WITH MAGOO AND G-E BULBS
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EASIER ON THE EYES KINDER TO COMPLEXIONS
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SOFT-WHITE
NO HOT SPOT
NO HARSH GLARE
NO HARD SHADOWS
MAGOO'S CAMPAIGN PLEDGE - "NO ONE-WAY BULBS IN 3-WAY SOCKETS"
MAGOO UNFAIR TO GLOOM HOUNDS
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"My friends, I want to thank you for this public demonstration of support in my crusade against eyestrain. I stand firmly on a platform of General Electric Soft-White Bulbs for everyone!"

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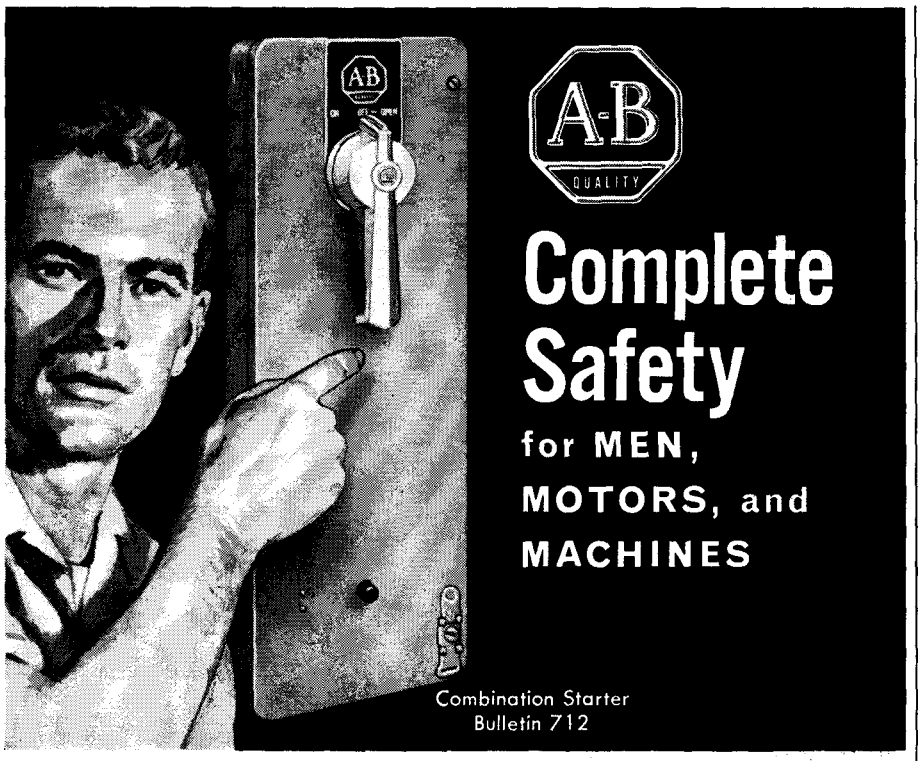

ALLEN-BRADLEY
Combination Starters

Allen-Bradley Bulletin 712 combination starters are favorites among "safety conscious" electrical men because the starter and disconnect switch are in a single cabinet, and the door cannot be opened unless the disconnect switch is OFF. All three contacts of the switch are *plainly* visible—you can see at a glance that the starter is OFF. Also, the hot incoming lines have an insulated shield to further protect against carelessness. Send for details on this *safety engineered* starter. Write Allen-Bradley Co., 1200 South Third Street, Milwaukee 4, Wisconsin. In Canada: Allen-Bradley Canada Ltd., Galt, Ontario.

Research finds new fast way to shrink hemorrhoids without surgery

Today there's a fast new way to shrink hemorrhoid tissues, stop pain and itching—all without surgery. The name of this medication: The PAZO Formula.

CLINICALLY TESTED BY DOCTORS. The PAZO Formula does *more* than just shrink hemorrhoid tissue. It also contains specific ingredients to relieve pain and itching promptly, fight infection, promote healing, lubricate membranes.

WORKS FAST. Soon after using The PAZO Formula, you sit, stand, walk, and enjoy active sports in *comfort*. This superior over-all medication brings symptomatic relief even to long-time pile sufferers.

AVAILABLE NOW in stainless ointment or suppositories—the easy to use form with an exact amount of medication for prompt relief.

The PAZO® Formula

Another Fine Product of Grove Laboratories

DON'T ADD ANTI-FREEZE
Until Radiator is Cleaned & Repaired
Have it checked at once where you see this sign.
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Why risk losing expensive Anti-Freeze? Be sure your radiator is in tip-top condition.
INLAND RADIATOR EQUIPMENT

NO MUSS . . . NO FUSS!
KRYLON SPRAY PAINT
DRY IN MINUTES!
IF YOU PRIZE IT . . . KRYLON-IZE IT!

(*Continued from Page 68*)

that was fast blending into silent shadowy trees.

As he went up the steps close behind her, his lips were soundlessly saying, *Lamie darling*.

"We'll have to go now, kids. You take the box, Larry. It's not heavy any more."

Sue said, "We left treats for you in the refrigerator, daddy, so don't forget to eat them."

"Much obliged," he said.

While Lamie backed the old car around, he went down to the gate and opened it for them. He waved as they went through, and he heard Larry's treble forthright voice asking, "What did he say?" And coming back over the crunching of the tires on the loose rocks, Cindy's protesting "Mother, didn't you even tell him?"

They went down the hill away from him, the headlights sweeping along the trees, and the red taillights bringing up the darkness again to follow. They were almost out of sight beyond the first bend when he called, "Wait!"

But it was not loud enough.

He began to run. He could be at the next gate before Larry closed it. But in the darkness he was bumping into stones and bushes and turns in the road he should have known were there. The branch water splashed him, and he stumbled up the rise from it. Then he could see the car again, the red lights seesawing as they jiggled over the bad spot.

On the straightaway where the road was carved in the side of the long ridge, he ran faster, and tripped and fell sprawling, scraping his elbow and his face. Getting to his knees, he screamed, "Wait!" with all his might, and then he was running again, his heart thundering in his ears.

Lamie got out of the car slowly, silhouetted in the tiny splatter of light. He called to her again, and she hurried toward him, becoming lost in the darkness between them.

"What's the matter, Clint?"

"Wait, Lamie!" he called, not so loud now, slowing up and panting. When he reached her, he held her by the shoulders so she would not move away from him, and he stood trying to catch his breath, and trembling.

She put her arms around him, and he kissed the sweet-smelling top of her head.

"What was it you were to tell me?"

"They want to come home, Clint."

"Lamie, oh, Lamie, come home!"

"No." Her voice caught, and then she was crying. "I figured you'd learn by missing me, but you have sunsets and bluebells. I don't mean anything to you! What use am I?"

"Lamie darling, darling. My arms have ached to hold you." Words poured out of him. A kind of dizzy gladness circled round his head. It was a goodness just to feel her arms around him, her face burrowing into his shoulder. "Didn't you know you were the important thing? Were you jealous of cows? Oh, Lamie! I thought it was shoes and ——"

"Shoes count, Clint, but—it's not just things—more things and better things. It's going on endlessly with never anything better—only worse each day than it was the day before, and going to be worse than that tomorrow." She paused, clinging to him, her fingers pressing hard into his shoulders. "But I would come back—to everything as it was—if only you needed me."

"I need you! I was ready to get down on my knees and beg you to come back! Only how could I tell you how lonely and empty it is for me when I thought you didn't want to be here? And I don't know how to just quit the cattle and move to town." That slipped out. It was what he had been afraid to say to her, lest she take him up on it.

But she said, "I love the farm, too, Clint. We can work it out somehow."

How easily her confidence came back! It was like the first day—but nothing had changed since the last day.

She wiped her eyes on his sleeve and went on, her voice growing stronger, "If I keep on working just till school's out, maybe your old rains will come, and the waiting and watching the skies will be over, and the prices will go high ——" She was speechmaking like him now, and he wanted to believe it just as much as she did.

He breathed the dry, dusty darkness. Even the smell of rain had vanished from the earth.

What would she say if she knew about Seabury? Her tears of gladness were rolling off her face into his hands. He kissed her lips and laid his throbbing cheek on the wetness of hers. Laughing and crying at the same time, she said, "The children will be so happy." She gave him a quick kiss and pulled away.

She knew he loved her, and for her it was enough, but there was a worry gnawing at him where the emptiness had been, like too much love could hurt as much as too little. He held her tight again. In the end, would he fall from the mountain?

"It will work out," she assured him. "It's almost June!" She started for the car, and then in a practical voice she said over her shoulder, "Get on home now and clean up your face. And light the fire. It's getting chilly."

The worst mistake a man can make on a golf course is to beat his boss.

HOMER PHILLIPS

He touched the gritty mixture of dirt and tears on his scraped jaw. It felt good having her care what he did. The half-moon edged into a gap in the trees, and they both saw it at the same time.

She called back, "It's a beautiful night for a walk!"

But she was going back to plate carrying in the crowded café that would be like a prison to him. She was going down from the beauty of the wild, free mountain—because he had pushed her off. As if there weren't room for both of them.

"Oh, Lamie!" He could not trust himself just to do it without telling her. She stopped to listen. Up the road he could see the kids in the car, bobbing about impatiently, peering into the darkness. He tried to sound casual. "Think I'll talk to Seabury tomorrow. He'd like some help with his roundup."

For a minute she stayed perfectly still, and then she was running back, flinging herself into his arms again. He swayed with the force of her and held her tight and let her look at him with her eyes all shining as if he were some big wonder worker, and he felt great and mighty—all the time knowing it was nothing much, working for someone else. It was only a part of withstanding.

"I'll need you home now," he told her.

"Oh, Clint! There never was a time going away from you when I wasn't hanging back—listening—hoping I could stay."

Across the hollow a car, a moving pin dot of light, silently threaded downward in and out of sight until it disappeared. But they were all here together, high, high on the mountain. There were things he should say, like vows and promises, but he heard himself saying, "You're beautiful, Lamie. I love you."

And she seemed to accept that.

THE END

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The Gorgeous Smuggler (Continued from Page 36)

"Here and there, darling. Tanganyika some of the time. Paris, New York, the Congo—places like that."

"Doing what?"

"Trying to make a fortune for us, darling."

"How?"

"Diamonds, of course."

"There's no 'of course' about it. What do you know about diamonds?"

"Nothing much, darling, except that I can buy them in Tanganyika for about a quarter of what I can sell them for in other places. I don't need to know anything else."

"It sounds as though they're stolen," I said severely.

"What a horrid thing to say!" said Mopsy tearfully. "They're just the stones the African mineworkers forget to turn in, that's all. Besides, I don't know exactly where they come from and I—well, I prefer not to know. It's more tactful not to ask too many questions. I'll show you some."

From a knotted scarf concealed beneath her clothing Mopsy produced about half a pint of uncut diamonds. She seemed quite unconcerned. "Do you realize," I asked her, "that if you're caught with these on you, you'll get about five years?"

"More likely seven, darling; but they're not going to catch me, which reminds me that I must be across the border before dawn. I've been driving for twelve hours. I'm tired and hungry and thirsty and I need a hot bath and all you do is bully me when," she added tearfully, "I'm doing it all for us."

While Mopsy was having a bath, I heated a can of soup on an oil stove. I spared her further cross-examination until this was inside her. "How did you get into this racket, Mopsy?" I then asked her.

"Through Jack."

"Who's Jack?"

"He's my—well, poor Jack thinks he's my fiancé. But he's not, of course, because you are, darling, aren't you?"

"Since when?" I demanded.

"Since now, darling. Or don't you want to marry me?"

"Mopsy," I replied, doing a slow burn, "I'll marry you tomorrow if you want me to, but I flatly refuse to be your fiancé. I've had enough of it. Let's have a definite date and no more vagueness. I can't stand it."

"Let's say July twenty-eighth, darling," she said sweetly. "That's the date we fixed before. Remember?"

I remembered. "O.K., July twenty-eighth it is. Where?"

"Let's get married in England, darling—from mother's house. She'd like that."

Mopsy's mother lives in the pretty little village of Belling-on-Thames, not far from Oxford. "Very well," I said in a businesslike way, "Belling Parish Church on July twenty-eighth. I'll have the banns put up and I'll be waiting for you, but let's have it clearly understood that I'm not your fiancé, and if you're not there on time ——"

"Don't make threats, darling," she said, dumping a can of beans into the soup saucepan. "I'll be there."

The fact that I believed her proves, if nothing else, how besotted I was. Then I wasted an hour trying to persuade her to give me the diamonds and get out of the racket. I undertook to cook up some story for the police about finding the diamonds under a bed, but it was no good. "It isn't the police I'm scared of, darling," she confessed. "Poor Jack and some of his friends are very cross with me, and they've threatened to do dreadful things to me if they catch me."

"Why?" I wanted to know.

"Well, you see, darling, a parcel of diamonds got—well, lost sort of, and they think I know where they are."

"Do you?"

"What is there to eat after the beans, darling?"

On my promise to wake her at two o'clock in the morning, Mopsy flung herself down, fully dressed, onto a divan in the lounge and, like a tired child, fell asleep instantly. There are moments when I am tempted to believe—and this was one of them—that Mopsy has a child's innocence and unawareness of the implications of the things she does. But there are other times when I decide that she just has no conscience. My critical faculties weren't working very well that (*Continued on Page 75*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"She always seems a little tense before a show."

The Way is Santa Fe

When you
sions and
take in e
esting new
pared an
manner o
fortable,
you go F
restful wa

Santa Fe

Deluxe Pullman
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Pullman
Daily between Los Ang
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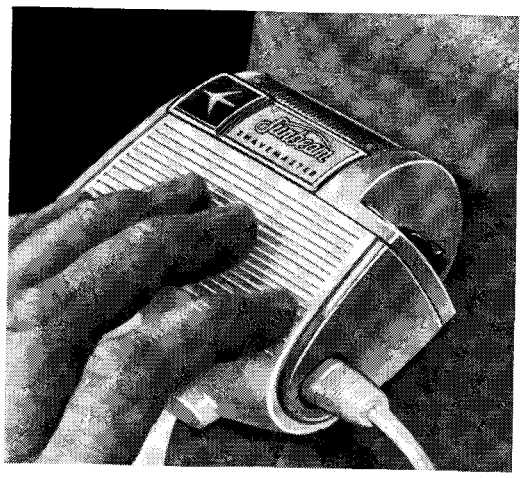
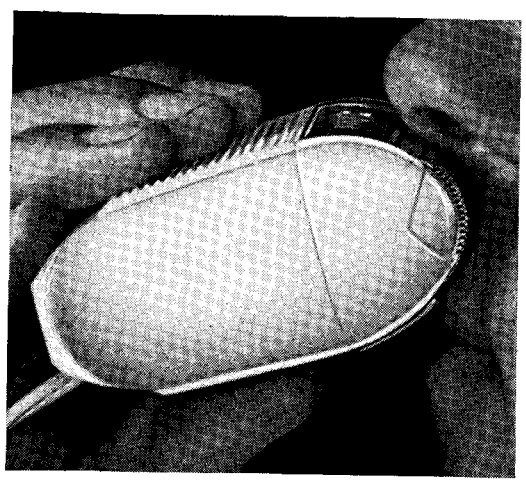


1. No matter how you hold it, it's shaving at the right angle —can't miss a whisker.



2. The rounded head really gets into all the tough spots.

3. New trimmer feature straightens sideburns, trims mustache.

4. Only blades can give you an electric shave so close, so fast, so comfortable.

Nothing shaves like a blade—

that's why Sunbeam puts 3 real blades in this great new Shavemaster shaver—to give you a closer, smoother, more comfortable shave than any electric ever could before

Up to now you've had to make a choice. If you wanted the comfort and convenience of an electric, you've had to settle for less than a really close shave.

But no more.

This new Sunbeam Shavemaster introduces a basic new design that delivers a comfortable and really close shave. So close, it has to be compared with the results you get from a straight razor or the sharpest safety blade.

The reason is the new Sunbeam shaves you with real blades. It uses no clippers, no rotaries. Three real blades, locked in place inside its rounded head, shave the bristles of your beard—however they may grow—cleanly, smoothly and unbelievably fast.

No electric could ever shave you so close, so comfortably before.

Moreover, you find this out with your very first experience. You don't have to learn to use this new shaver. You don't spend weeks getting the "hang" of it. Its rounded head fits into every contour of your face. And, no matter how you hold it, its quick-cutting blades shave at the right angle.

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The new Shavemaster has changed electric shaving. And this is more than *our* opinion. It is the conviction of every man who uses it.

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See it demonstrated on "What's My Line", "Naked City" and "The Untouchables"

Sunbeam Corporation, Chicago 50, Ill. Canada: Toronto 18. ®Sunbeam, Shavemaster

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DEL E. WEBB shows his prized collection of World Series bats to Employers Mutuals' Ben Kendall, tells him: "The two things I know something about are baseball and building."

The people who know Mr. Webb well say those words sound too casual for the facts. They don't express the devotion to baseball and building that made Del Webb a co-owner of the New York Yankees and the president of the Del E. Webb Construction Co.

Everyone who reads a newspaper can keep track of Mr. Webb's two big interests. The sport pages tell you how the Yanks are doing . . . and there's front-page punch in the reports of many of the Webb construction projects. Like the Test Stand at Edwards Air Force Base being built for the Air Force under the direction of the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers. There's news in the 11 story high complex with its heavily reinforced girder framework and its roots of concrete and steel anchored deep in the granite cliffs. There'll be more news when engineers use this Base for static power tests to check the performance of a space engine with an earth-shaking million and a half pound thrust. This IS news, one of the biggest engine testing jobs in America's rocket history.

But there's another story here you won't find in your newspapers: that's the day by day story of on-the-job safety. On all Webb projects, *safety is a job requirement.* This is a direct responsibility of Mr. R. G. Kenson, administrative assistant to Mr. Webb. Mr. Kenson says: "The effectiveness of the accident prevention program has weight equal to all other factors of efficient performance on the project. That's a big order. Our job superintendents need expert help in meeting that requirement. They get it. For years people from Employers Mutuals of Wausau have worked with us on many of our projects. They have the knowledge and the ability to help us make our jobs *safe* jobs. We like their way of working. They're good people to do business with."

★ ★ ★

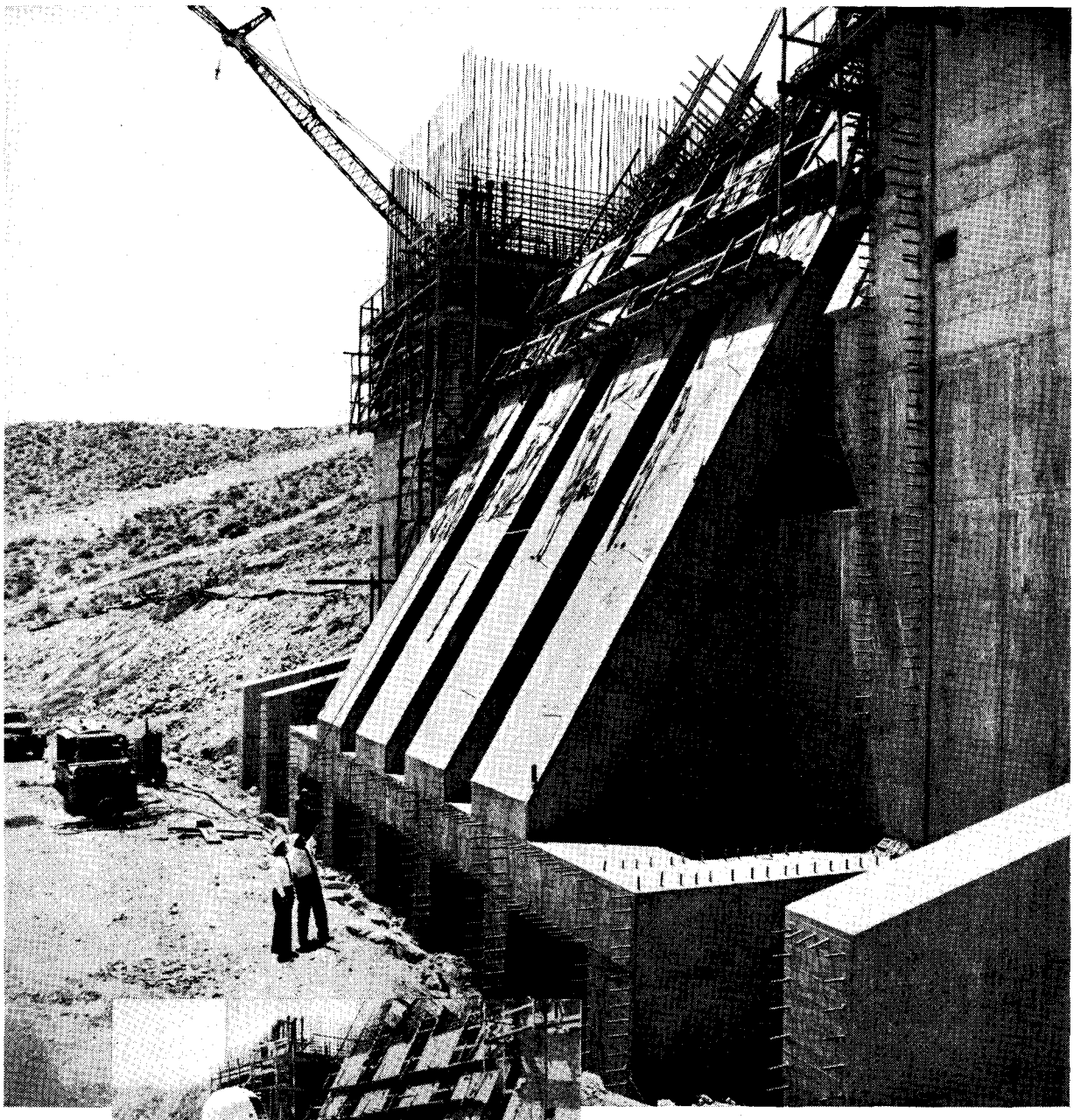
Employers Mutuals has offices all across the country. We write all forms of fire, group health and accident, and casualty insurance (including automobile). In the field of workmen's compensation we are one of the largest. We are proud of our reputation for fast claim service and our experience in preventing accidents. Consult your telephone directory for our nearest representative or write us in Wausau, Wisconsin.

SOME NEWS YOUR DAILY PAPER DOESN'T REPORT...

Wausau Story

at the nation's greatest rocket test stand being built now by the

DEL E. WEBB CONSTRUCTION CO. *at Edwards Air Force Base in Southern California*



Test stand, rooted deep in granite cliffs, allows engineers to study performance of space engines so powerful, scientists estimate, that they can put 16 tons into earth orbit or soft-land 2 tons on the surface of the moon.

Del E. Webb, with project superintendent Neil Drinkward and Employers Mutuals Safety Engineer Jack Mealey, inspects Test Stand construction site. Here, as on all Webb projects, *safety is a job requirement.* The Company has won several Employers Mutuals Awards for outstanding safety records.

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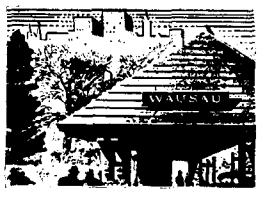

"Good people to do business with"

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(*Continued from Page 71*) evening as I sat beside her, watching while she smiled in her sleep. When I was certain that she was asleep—because this was no time to show weakness—I kissed her lightly on the brow and went out into the darkness.

It was a lovely night, full of animal sounds muffled by the bamboo forest. In the valley a bull elephant trumpeted to his cows and, as they went to join him, there came sounds like rifle shots as young trees snapped at their passing. But my confused thoughts were mostly of Mopsy. I was not sure that life with her would be a bed of roses, but without her I believed that it would be impossible. I found myself hoping that she would be caught with the diamonds—because I believed that when it came to the point, she would be able to talk the judge into giving her a light sentence. In imagination I saw myself meeting her at the prison gate on her release, much chastened and ready to settle down to domesticity.

Then a few drops of rain fell to add to my indecision. The temptation was to let enough rain fall to make the track impassable so that, whether she wanted to or not, Mopsy would have to stay at Gorilla Lookout for days or even weeks. But I dismissed the temptation because I knew that she would not forgive me for breaking my promise.

Mopsy came reluctantly out of the deep pit of sleep when I awakened her and explained the position. "July twenty-eighth at Belling Parish Church," I said as she started the car. "Don't trouble to come on the twenty-ninth because I won't be there."

"I'll be there, darling," she said, disappearing in a hailstorm of mud and gravel, for the rain was now falling heavily. I hoped she wouldn't encounter any elephants, rhinoceroses, gorillas or leopards; but if she did, they would have to take their chances. It's dangerous to stand between Mopsy and something she wants. I know.

As a measure of my devotion, I stood there in the rain, watching anxiously until I saw the probing beams of her headlights reach the main highway below. I suppose I ought to have been fearful for her, but I wasn't. The Mopsys of this world have a special providence looking after them. My only fear was that her nefarious project would succeed so well that I would become unnecessary to her. When you've been engaged to Mopsy as many times as I have, you become amazingly philosophical about things.

For the week which followed I was so isolated by mud that I might have been on another planet. Even with four-wheel traction on my car, I could not get out. I finished all my accounts, wrote checks for outstanding bills, made everything shipshape and waited for the rain to stop. It was March—with more than four months to kill before July twenty-eighth.

Then the rain lifted. With two fine days to dry the track, I would be able to leave. I went to bed under a clear starlit sky. Around midnight I was awakened by shouts and the barking of my dogs. At the door, mud up to the waist, was Randall, a young subinspector of police from Kitoro, about sixty miles away. He had come up on foot, his car being bogged near the turnoff.

"We've had an urgent call from Kampala," he told me. "A Belgian woman, a Baroness de Trellier, has got lost between Kitoro and the border. We know she came through Kitoro and we know she didn't reach the border. She came through the day the rains started and, as this is the only place she could have stopped, the D.C. at Kitoro thought she might have come here and been unable to get through the mud."

"Sorry I can't help you," I told him, "but I closed here two days before the rain started. A Belgian baroness might have been fun this last week. I've had nothing new to read. My radio battery went flat, and we've been in the clouds for nine days. If you care to stay here the night," I added, "I'll give you a lift out sometime tomorrow. I don't want to sound hardhearted, but if your Belgian baroness didn't reach shelter of some kind that night, she's had it long ago."

Randall and I had a couple of drinks together and turned in. The next morning I took a chance on the state of the track, and we left together. The twelve miles to the main highway took us nearly four hours. When I had towed Randall's car out of the mud I went in to Kitoro, the first stop on the way to civilization. I had spent eight months at a height of eight thousand feet and was about ready for a spell on the coast. My nerves were beginning to play tricks with me.

Just as I was leaving Kitoro two days later, Randall returned with the news that he had found the Belgian car, which had skidded over the side about fifteen miles nearer the border than my turnoff and had fallen nearly a thousand feet into dense jungle. The driver had, of course, been killed by the fall, Randall had reported, and her body devoured by hyenas. It was all very depressing.

I found the coast impossibly hot and muggy; so, cabling my London club to reserve me a room, I flew back home. England in April was lovely, and I soon forgot the months alone in the jungle.

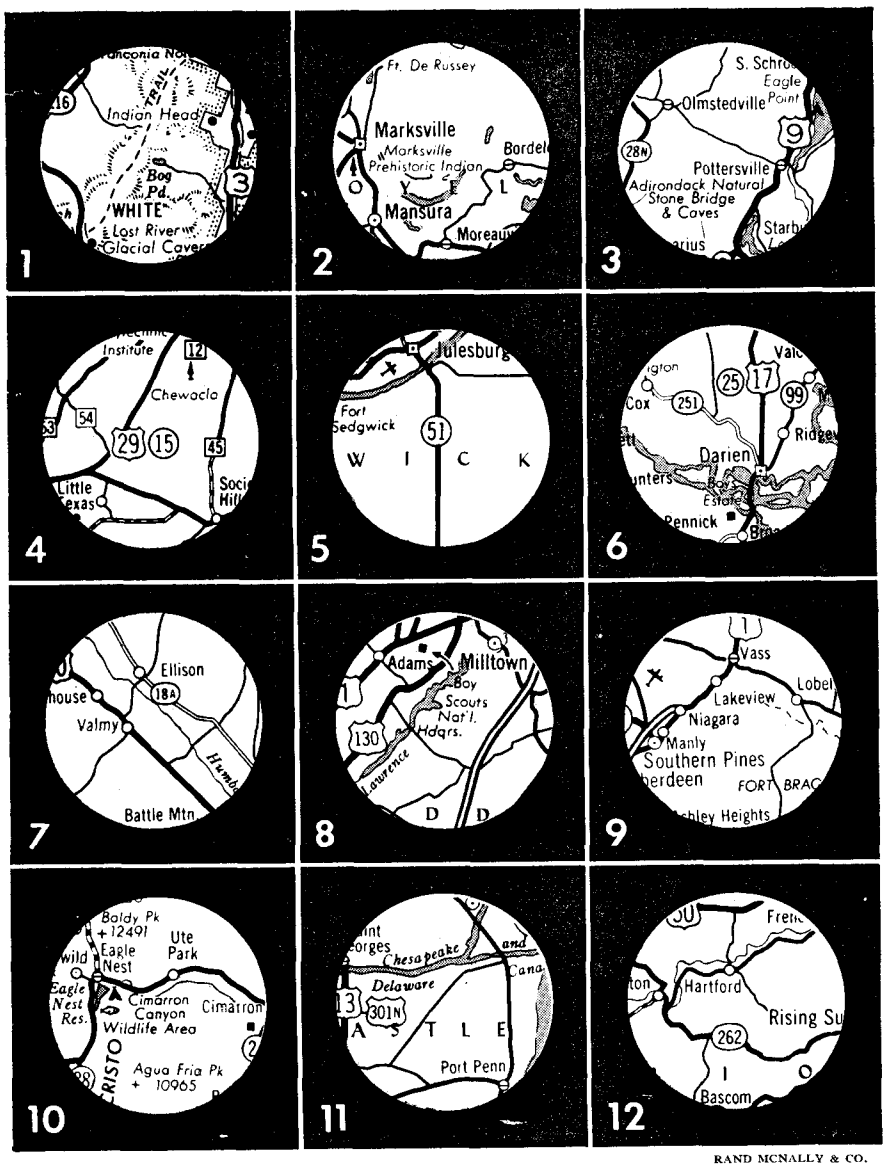
At my bank, where I had hoped to find a letter from Mopsy, the manager seemed unusually polite. He invited me into his private office, which hitherto I had entered only to hear him refuse me an increased overdraft. I don't think he went quite so far as to put a red carpet down for me, but he did everything else. "What do you want me to do with this?" he asked. "It shouldn't lie here idle." "This" was a draft for something over twelve thousand pounds in my favor, sent from Léopoldville in the Congo. "Does it say who from?" I asked, although I knew without asking.

"It's from M.O.P. Summers," he told me.

"Oh, that," I replied airily. "I wasn't expecting it just yet." To avoid awkward questions I left hastily.

Mopsy! She had evidently sold her stolen diamonds and was making me her accomplice by paying the money into my bank. If I refused to accept it, I would be tossing her to the wolves. While by accepting it, I was cutting off my last line of retreat. Weakly I decided to stall for time, which meant that I was going to accept it. I was in love with Mopsy, heaven help me!

On the chance that her mother might have some (*Continued on Page 79*)



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Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states?

Harley P. Cook

(*Answers on page 79*)

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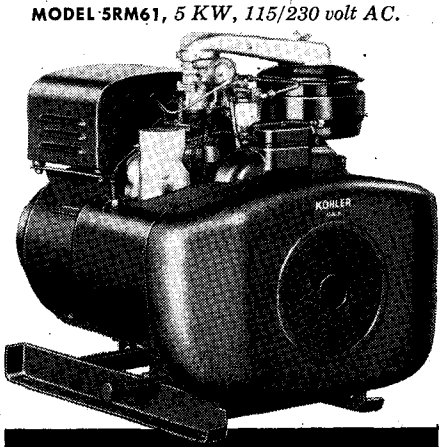

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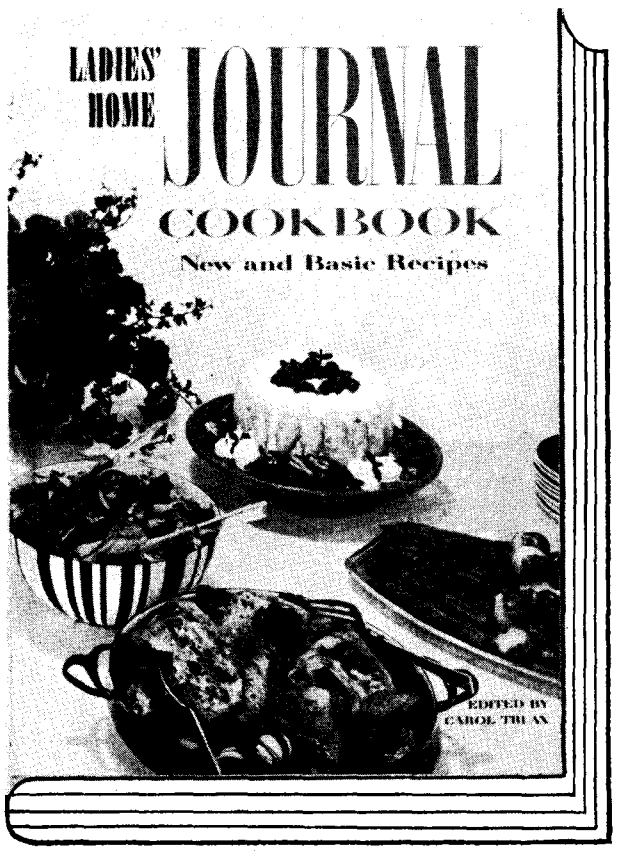

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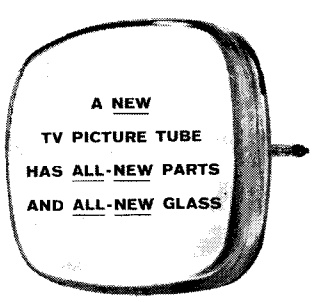

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(*Continued from Page 75*) news, I drove down to Belling-on-Thames. Here I learned that Mrs. Summers had received what she called "an enormous sum of money" from Léopoldville. "I'm so glad that Mopsy seems to be settling down," said she, giving me a horse laugh. "She seems to have developed quite a talent for business. It must be a great joy to you, dear boy."

What could I say to that?

That same evening, when I returned to London, there were two policemen waiting for me at the club. They always hunt in couples. An Inspector Venables of Scotland Yard was the spokesman, and he wasted no time coming to the point. He refused a drink—which was a bad sign. "I have been requested by the Uganda police," he began, "to ask you whether you would care to reconsider a statement made to Subinspector Randall concerning the late Baroness de Trellier."

"I made no statement to reconsider," I told Venables. "I had never heard of the woman and told him so."

"I think, Mr. Maitland, in the light of certain information in my possession, it is only fair to warn you that your attitude could create a very bad impression."

"I can't help what impression it creates," I retorted. "I can only repeat that until I was told that she was missing, I had never heard of the woman. That is the literal truth, and I cannot vary it or reconsider it."

"Then perhaps, Mr. Maitland," he said with the light of triumph in his eyes, "you might care to offer some credible explanation of the fact that the Baroness de Trellier, a woman of whom you have never heard, a complete stranger to you, left a will naming you as her sole legatee. Her estate, I may add, consists of a large sum in cash and securities. This, coupled with the further fact that at the time of her—accident, you were probably the only human being within many miles of the spot where it occurred, will surely suggest to a man of your intelligence that if you did after all know the lady, now is the time to say so."

"Listen, inspector," I said coldly, "I won't pretend to be such a dimwit as not to know what you're hinting at, but I wish I could convince you that what I have told you is the unadorned truth and that I have told you all I know—which, in effect, is nothing."

"We shall communicate the result of this interview to the Uganda police, Mr. Maitland," said Venables suavely, "and the next move, if any, must come from them. But in the meantime, I hope you won't be leaving London for any reason."

"Then I'm afraid I must disappoint you," I retorted, "because I intend to go wherever I please unless forcibly restrained. Next week, for example, I'm going down to the French Riviera; and unless someone makes a charge against me, I don't see how in blazes you can stop me."

I didn't go down to the French Riviera the next week, but I did fly over to Paris for the weekend. Very nearly a month passed without my hearing anything further. And then one day I had a phone call from Venables, who said that the Baron de Trellier was in London for a few days and had expressed a desire through the Belgian embassy to meet me. Was I willing to meet him?

"I don't want to, of course," I told Venables, "but in all the circumstances, I don't see how in decency I can refuse. All the same, I count on you to frisk him."

"I don't think that will be necessary," replied Venables.

A couple of hours later I received a courteously worded written invitation to lunch with Baron de Trellier on the following day at the Peregrine. Trust a Belgian to pick the best eating place in London. I sent back an acceptance by the messenger.

Meanwhile, with my mind on the following day's appointment, I tried to view things through the eyes of Baron de Trellier, who, it seemed reasonable to suppose, was curious to know why his late wife had made me her heir—so was I, for that matter. My private theory, after considerable thought, was that I probably had met the Baroness de Trellier at Gorilla Lookout. Something between four and five thousand people yearly stopped the night there. Although I tried to be polite and pleasant to them, very few had registered with me as individuals. The possibility was, therefore, that in return for some small service, greatly exaggerated in the mind of the recipient, who might have been lonely and unhappy at the time, she had made me her heir. People do leave money to strangers and for the strangest reasons. All the same, I did not relish the coming interview.

Despite my misgivings, Baron de Trellier turned out to be one of the most charming old boys I had ever met—tall, silver-haired and distinguished. I had already ascertained from the club reference library that he was a diplomat and in his seventy-first year. "Shall we talk now or later, Mr. Maitland?" he asked in faultless English when I joined him at his table. "But before we talk," he added, "I would like to say how much I appreciate your coming here to meet me. It is an embarrassing meeting—for both of us."

"It doesn't embarrass me in the least, Baron de Trellier," I said firmly, looking him square in the eye. "Unless your wife stayed for a night at Gorilla Lookout on the way to or from the Congo—and if she did, I do not remember it—I have never met her, never heard her name. I am here because, in all the circumstances, you are entitled to hear that from my own lips."

A full minute, maybe more, passed with the old diplomat's shrewd blue eyes boring into mine. Then, dropping his gaze, he said gently, "Against all probabilities, Mr. Maitland, I believe you are speaking the simple truth. If you had any guilty knowledge about my late wife, you would need to be a case-hardened villain to have accepted my invitation, and I do not think you are that. I know something of men, if not of women. For reasons which I have never fully understood, my wife left me a few hours after the wedding ceremony, and I have never seen her since.

"It was a bitter blow to my self-esteem," continued the old Belgian sadly. "Vanity, I have learned, is the Achilles' heel of most men. I am no exception. Then, soon after the tragedy, when I learned that she had bequeathed everything to a young and good-looking man—which is how the police described you to me—I am sure you will agree that my curiosity to meet you was pardonable."

(*Continued on Page 81*)

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 75

1. N.H.	2. La.	3. N.Y.
4. Ala.	5. Colo.	6. Ga.
7. Nev.	8. N.J.	9. N.C.
10. N. Mex.	11. Del.	12. Ind.

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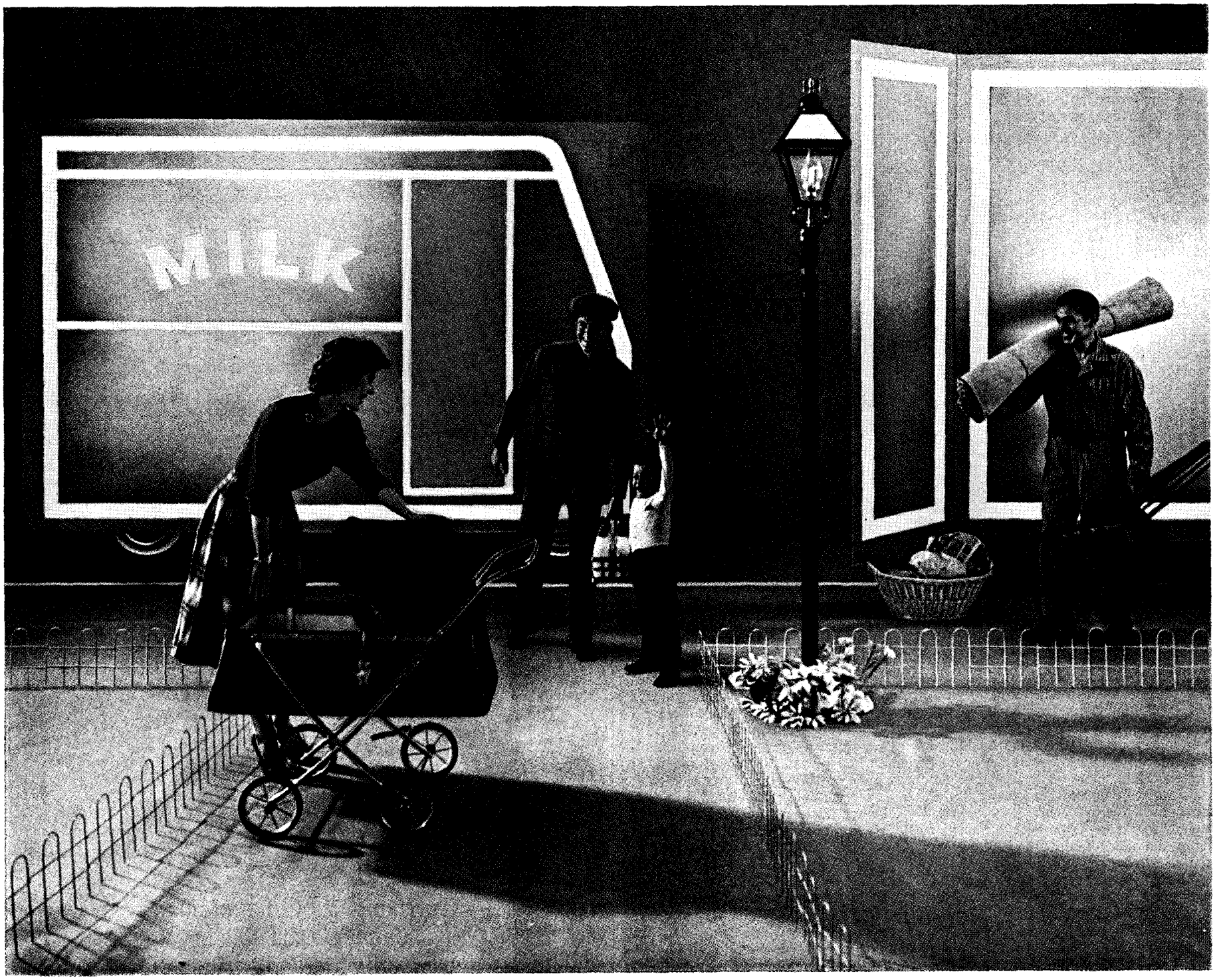

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(*Continued from Page 79*) "Of course, I agree, sir," I replied. "You would not have been human otherwise. I only wish I could shed some light on the matter. As to the legacy, I don't want it. If you will have your lawyers prepare the proper document, I will gladly sign it over to you."

"No, Mr. Maitland, I cannot permit that. Since her will was the expression of her wish, I must respect it."

Then we ordered lunch and talked of other things until the restaurant was empty and the staff impatient to get rid of us. It was a beautiful spring day, so we walked in the park—St. James's Park, where the waterfowl were nesting. And as we walked I felt the bonds of a strange affinity strengthening. I knew that I had made a friend.

As we strolled under the trees burgeoning into new life, I told Baron de Trellier of my own plans to marry in late July. I even showed him a snapshot of Mopsy poised on a diving board. He wished me happiness, adding, "A happy marriage is the greatest good fortune that can befall any man, Mr. Maitland. Never doubt it."

We parted at the gates of the park. The baron was flying to Brussels that night, and I realized sadly that in all probability we should never meet again.

On the day when I went down to Belling-on-Thames to have the banns posted, there was a card from Mopsy with a New York postmark. It informed me that New York was enjoying a spell of warm weather. I had lunch with her mother. "I don't quite know what to do about the wedding invitations, dear boy," she told me. "It would be most embarrassing for me if, after they had gone out, the dear child changed her mind."

"Embarrassing for *you!*" I yelled. "What about me?"

"There's no need to raise your voice," she said severely. "I am not deaf."

"Have you any reason to suppose that she will change her mind?" I asked.

"Well, as we both know, dear boy, Mopsy is just a wee bit careless and forgetful."

To this I was inclined to agree. The upshot of our talk was that the wedding invitations went out for the agreed date, including a few names at my request. For my own peace of mind I had to proceed on the assumption that Mopsy would arrive on time for her wedding, so I had the zircon removed from the engagement ring and the diamond put in its place, although it seemed somewhat small beside those which she had been handling so carelessly.

That July, I believe, was the longest month I have ever lived. The best thing that happened was a call from Inspector Venables to say that the Uganda police were no longer interested in me, having presumably failed to find any connection between me and the Baroness de Trellier.

Mopsy arrived home three days before the wedding. I received a frantic phone call from Belling-on-Thames demanding my immediate presence. As it was then after midnight and I had been awakened from a deep sleep, I asked whether it couldn't wait until morning. It couldn't, and the reason was too delicate to be discussed over the phone. At three o'clock in the morning I reached the house to find two sinister-looking characters sitting in a car outside. I had difficulty making anyone hear. Mopsy, who had evidently been in a deep sleep, shone a light on me before opening the door.

"Who are your little playmates?" I asked, jerking a thumb in the direction of the waiting car.

"I don't know; that's what worries me," replied Mopsy. "I wonder if you'd mind finding out who they are and what they want."

"I'll do better than that," I said. I then phoned the local police to say that two suspicious characters were parked outside the house, which was in a lonely situation, and would they do something about it. Five minutes later a police car arrived and, after a brief conversation, the men drove off.

When I pointed out to Mopsy that she could have achieved the same result by phoning the police herself instead of dragging me out of bed, she said, "I was scared, darling. You see, things are—well, sort of catching up on me if you know what I mean."

"What things?"

"I don't know, darling. That's what frightens me. Those two men followed me from the airport. But now that you're here, darling, I'm not scared any more. So I'll go back to bed if you don't mind."

"The hell you will! Anyway, not until you've made up a spare bed for me. I like my eight hours too."

"But there isn't another bed, darling," she wailed.

"Then you bunk in with your mother, and I'll have yours," I said firmly, "or else we'll both sit up together until morning—one or the other. Now seems as good a time as any to fill me in on what you've been up to. Since I'm marrying you, I may as well know the worst. I'm bound to find it out anyway, so come clean."

"Darling," said Mopsy reproachfully, maneuvering me onto the defensive, "have I ever questioned you about your past? It was always understood between us that neither of us would do that; but if you want to back out now, I shall understand. I trust you, darling, so you must trust me."

Not another word could I get out of her on the subject except that she was no longer in the diamond business. That was something. At Mopsy's suggestion we played stud poker until daylight. She won eight pounds off me and, what's more, insisted on being paid. But she didn't like the way I watched her when she was dealing.

Two years at Gorilla Lookout hadn't done much to improve my wardrobe; and Mopsy, when she had inspected the suit I proposed to get married in, insisted that I rent a morning coat and striped trousers. So after breakfast, during which Mrs. Summers became lachrymose, we drove to London. The small car I had rented was not fast enough to shake off the large black car which was on our tail there and back. We both pretended not to see it, but Mopsy was constantly making excuses to turn around. She had something on her mind. During lunch, which—although I couldn't afford it—we ate at the Peregrine, I was conscious of being watched by a man sitting alone on the far side of the restaurant. But I said nothing, not wishing to disturb the harmony of the meal by reviving any contentious matters. The past belonged to Mopsy, but the future belonged to me, and there was not long to wait. I even went so far as to pretend not to notice it when a waiter slipped a piece of paper into Mopsy's hand as we were leaving.

I did not see Mopsy on the morning of the twenty-eighth. Mrs. Summers had some superstition about the bride and groom not meeting before the ceremony. To prevent our being followed after the ceremony, I slipped ten shillings to the potboy at the White Hart with instructions to let the air out of the tires of the black car, which was garaged beside mine.

Hitherto I have not dwelled much on Mopsy's general appearance because I have had too many other things on my mind. She had the most candid blue eyes imaginable and, as befits her nickname, a great unruly mop of fair hair. In the conventional sense, I dare say she was no beauty; but a high color, dimpled cheeks and a turned-up nose conspired to make her so radiant and wholesome that beauty did not seem important. But when I saw her in her wedding gown, entering the church, my heart missed a couple of beats for the sheer loveliness of her.

On the bride's side of the church there were thirty or forty people, but on the groom's side only five—among them, I was glad to observe, Baron de Trellier, to whom I had sent an invitation as a matter of courtesy without seriously expecting him to accept. Beside him was the man who had been watching us in the restaurant who, on sight of Mopsy began shouting in a most unseemly way. I caught the word "diamonds" twice, suggesting that this was Jack, the ex-fiancé—an

"A likely story."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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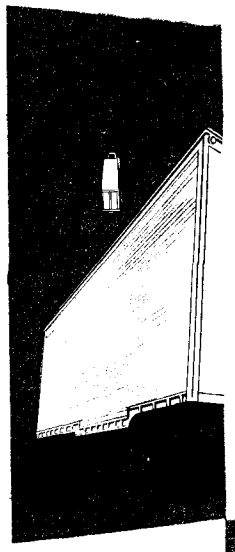

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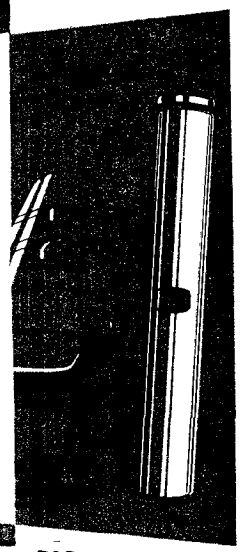

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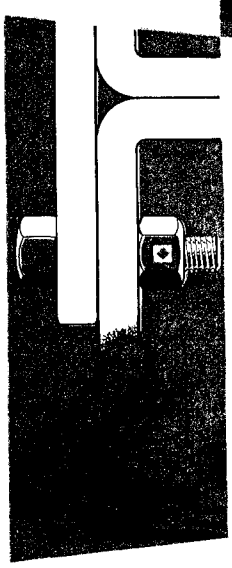

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unpleasant chap. A couple of husky Summers cousins ejected him. After that, everything went smoothly, and Mopsy and I became man and wife.

As we walked slowly from the vestry after signing the register, with the music of the *Bridal Chorus* ringing in our ears, I looked in vain for Baron de Trellier, who had disappeared; but a churchwarden handed me a long envelope which, he said, had been given to him "by the tall, elderly gentleman." This I stuffed into the tail pocket of my rented morning coat.

Mrs. Summers's house was too small for the reception, which was held in the ballroom of the White Hart. Here the man who had been ejected from the church again made a disturbance. "Send for the police and have him chucked out," I told my best man.

"No, don't do that," whispered Mopsy fiercely. "It might cause—well, complications."

But I had him ejected all the same.

After the reception, which otherwise went off smoothly, there was just time for me to change into ordinary clothes, drop the rented suit where it belonged, pick up Mopsy and get to the London airport in time for the plane.

A mile out of Belling I pulled the car off the road to open the envelope left by Baron de Trellier. "What's that?" asked Mopsy.

"I think it's a wedding present," I told her, "but we'll see."

Inside the envelope was a legal-looking document in French. Attached to it was a note which read:

A small formality which may have been overlooked. Good luck, long life and happiness to you both. E. de T.

The document on examination proved to be a decree of a Brussels court, dated two days previously, granting a divorce to the Baroness de Trellier—nee Mary Olive Penelope Summers—from Edouard Baron de Trellier. I passed it to Mopsy without comment.

"Why did you do it?" I asked at length, noting that she was weeping.

... ...

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Of propping such near
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Safe from any kind of stain,
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Then leave that cloud dyed
vin rosé,
And get the 'burgers under
way.

... ...

"Well, you see, darling," she sobbed, "by marrying him I got a diplomatic passport, which made things so easy at the frontiers—customs officers saluting and that kind of thing. Just what I needed in the diamond business."

"When you ran your car off the road that night, did you walk to the border?"

"No, darling, of course not. I had a scooter in the back of the station wagon. Poor Jack's friends and the customs people were looking for a Belgian baroness in a station wagon, not Mopsy on a scooter. I suppose I have been rather naughty, darling. Will you forgive me?"

"I suppose you realize," I went on remorselessly, "that had it not been for this divorce decree, of which you knew nothing, you could have been arrested for bigamy?"

"Now you're really talking nonsense," she bridled. "I didn't need a divorce to marry you."

"How do you work that out?" I asked.

"Because I'm dead, darling—legally dead and eaten by hyenas. If you don't believe me, I can show you my death certificate."

"Even so," I continued without pausing to work it all out, "was it strictly necessary to fix things so that I was practically charged with murdering you, which is what nearly happened when, after swearing blind that I'd never heard of you, the police confronted me with a will in which you'd left me everything?"

"But, darling," she protested indignantly, "what else could I do? I'm sure the bank in Nairobi would have thought it most peculiar if, days or weeks after I was dead, I'd begun writing checks on that account. Banks are very funny that way; and I had stacks of money put away there."

That did seem more reasonable, but I hadn't finished with her. "And how do you suppose I felt, with your husband practically giving you away and your fiancé trying to stop the ceremony?"

"I suppose it was rather naughty of Jack," she agreed. "But that's all over, and we never need refer to it again."

Tied to the back of the car was the usual assortment of tin kettles calculated to embarrass newlyweds, among them being an old shoe with a fine, supple rubber sole. Unhitching the rest, I kept this last. Then we drove on toward London in chilly silence. "You know, darling," said Mopsy a few miles farther on, "men don't realize what women give up when they marry."

"Such as?" I queried.

"Well, it was awful fun being the Baroness de Trellier, you know, and having customs men salute and wave me through instead of searching for diamonds."

It was at that point I gave up. I had no comeback.

"Where are we going for the honeymoon, darling?" she asked a little later. "Or is it a secret?"

"We're going to the Mountains of the Moon, my pet, to Gorilla Lookout. When we get there I'm going to leave the 'closed' sign up at the turnoff and send all the servants away on holiday. Then"—I demonstrated the suppleness of the rubber shoe I had kept—"when there's nobody within thirty miles to hear your yells, I'm going to beat some sense into you with this."

"You won't need to, darling," she said mistily, "because I've reformed."

I still wonder about that. I suppose it's what's called the glorious uncertainty of marriage.

Our Mom, Kate Crosby (Continued from Page 24)

from running with the tough kids, but we were expected to bring our friends home and we had to be home by dark, so we never got too thick with the riffraff. When Larry and Everett started to college, they were allowed to stay out until midnight on certain days, but at the stroke of twelve all doors were locked.

One night Everett didn't quite make it. It was about five after twelve when he tossed a handful of gravel at the folks' upstairs window. Ma raised the window. "Go sleep in the Williams's tent!" she said—and slammed the window down. Harry Williams, who lived down the street, was a pal of Everett. For some reason there was always a tent in their yard all summer. That's where Everett spent that night.

Ma had to be strict. For over thirty years she had growing boys on her hands, and the entire neighborhood depended on her as we did, and used her as I'm afraid we used her. In time of trouble it was Kate Crosby that people called first. One of her relatives was a nurse, and from her ma learned all she could about the care of the sick. During the influenza epidemic of World War I, when Larry and Everett were in the service and all the rest of us were sick in bed, the doctor called only once.

The poor overworked man took our temperature, felt of our pulses and put on his hat. "I'm wasting my time here, Mrs. Crosby," he said. "You're doing everything for them that I could do." And at the same time ma was doing it for half a dozen other households that had sick people.

I was about four when one night a call came from a house where there had been a sudden death. I don't know why ma took me along, because I was too small to help. All I remember is hearing a commotion at the front door. Someone was weeping bitterly. Then ma came running up the stairs. "Bob, get dressed at once!" she said.

Ma had a slim figure but a strong one, and she didn't know how to walk slowly. She pulled me along through the dark for several blocks. When we got there, the house was full of people paralyzed by shock and grief. The priest had been called, but we got there first. A woman threw herself into ma's arms, screaming, "Kate, oh, Kate!" Ma patted her back and said, "There now, he was a good man. But he's gone now, and here's what we must do ——"

She called the family doctor, who would have to sign the death certificate, and the undertaker. When I dozed off in a chair, she was on the phone again, saying, "You roast a chicken and see if those cousins will bake some beans. I'll bring fresh bread in the morning—I have to bake anyway." When she woke me up to go home, people were already bringing food for the next day. When I got up in the morning, I could smell her bread baking in the oven.

Looking back, it seems to me that ma just went from one emergency to another, but I don't think she ever fainted in her life, and it's hard to remember tears in her eyes. That's why people turned first to her. Kate Crosby could be firm without giving pain, and her mind seemed to leap from a problem to its solution without being overwhelmed by emotion. She knew what had to be done and did it, and in her busy helpfulness people found the greatest comfort of all.

When I was about six I went through a phase where I absolutely revered brother Ted, who was then the oldest one still at home. Ted loved to hunt, and I dreamed of the day when I'd be big enough to go with him. I hung around the sidewalk when he was out on a hunt, waiting for him to come home with his game. I went to his room with him while he changed clothes, cleaned his guns and put them away. Besides a rifle or shotgun, he carried a .45 pistol. He always unloaded the guns before coming back to town and, as he changed, he let me handle them to teach me respect for firearms.

One day he forgot and left a cartridge in the .45. I had been told never to pull the trigger, but this time I did. Twice, nothing happened. The third time, the gun went off with a roar. Ted was straightening up after untying his shoe, and the bullet hit the window less than a foot from his head. He stared at me with a look I'll never forget. I was too terrified even to put the gun down.

Downstairs ma heard the shot and my scream—and then only silence. Up the steps she came at a run. She flashed through the door just as Ted came out of his daze and reached for the gun. Having kids of my own now, I can imagine the terror she had felt, and then her gratitude. But none of it showed on her white face. "What are you going to do now, Ted?" was all she said.

"I think," said Ted, "that I'll take him over to the church and say a few prayers." Ma turned and went out. She knew that we had both learned a lesson.

But she was not always so easily put off. We were all warned never to swim in McGoldrick's millpond on the river. The water was deep and cold and usually full of saw logs. Nevertheless, several generations of boys swam there, stark naked, playing on the logs, sunbathing on sand bars and hitting the water when the passenger trains passed. One day Ted and Bing went in and stayed too long. They got gloriously sunburned and were so sick that they went to bed immediately after dinner. This was so unlike them that ma went up to see what was the matter.

Ted and Bing slept together. "We got a little sunburned, ma, playing in the sprinklers on Buck Williams's lawn," they said piteously. Ma snatched off the covers, and there they lay, ruby-red all over—including the parts that their trunks would have covered had they been playing on somebody's lawn. "Ha!" ma said and went out. After their sunburns healed, Ted and Bing caught it good—partly for swimming in the millpond, partly for lying and partly, I think, for just having the gall to think they could fool her.

I was always a strong brat, and Bing's way of caring for me was to take me with him and teach me to do whatever he did. This included swimming in the millpond. One day when I was about eight or nine, a cord of wood was delivered to the house. I was told to split it and stack it in the basement. Instead I sneaked off and tagged after Bing to McGoldrick's millpond.

I was a good swimmer for my age, but that day I came up from a dive, hit a sawlog with my head, knocked myself cold, and would have drowned had not Bing fished me out. I forget how ma heard about it or how she punished Bing. But I'll never forget how she handled me. She had threatened once or twice to put me on a leash if I ran away again. This time she did, tying the leash to the clothesline, so I could move around. But not to play! The clothesline gave me just room enough to stack the wood in the basement.

(*Continued on Page 84*)

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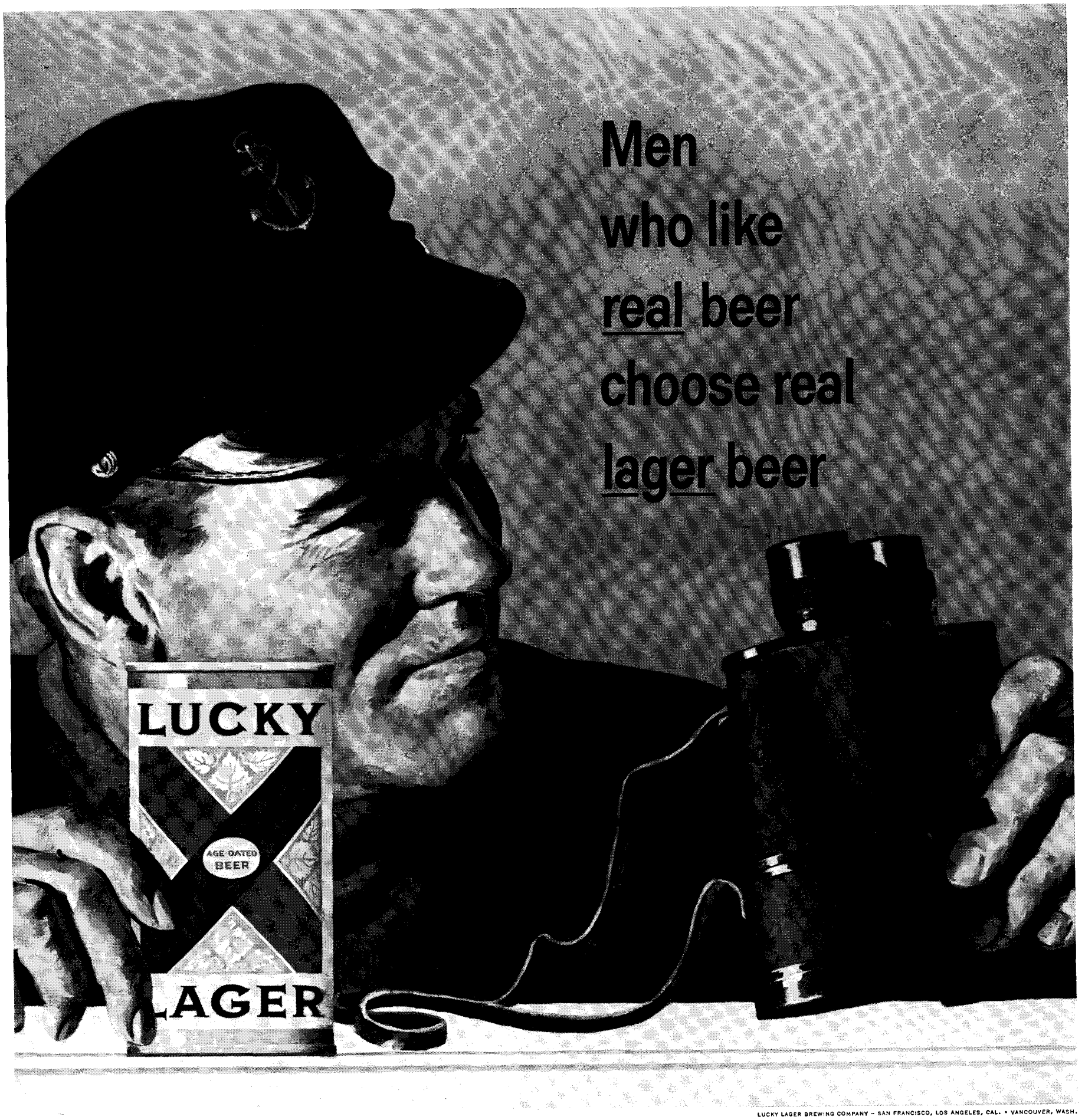

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(*Continued from Page 82*) Bing was about fifteen when a city pool opened in our neighborhood, with a big swimming meet. Bing had become an expert swimmer, but it wasn't something he could admit at home. When ma said she wanted him to enter, all Bing could say was, "Aw, ma, I can't swim well enough!" Ma said, "Then you will practice!" She relieved him of his household duties and at least once led him by the ear to the pool to practice. The older Crosby boys complained of favoritism, but Bing won seven medals.

Complaints of favoritism never bothered ma. Ted was a boy when "wireless" came in. He and a pal built sets, learned the Morse code and sent each other messages across town. So long as he'd practice code, Ted didn't have to scrub floors or wash dishes. When Larry and Everett complained, ma said, "What are you two doing with your time? Learn something useful, and I'll give you all the time you want to work at it!"

Our whole family loved sports, but Larry, Everett and Ted had so many jobs around the house that they couldn't go out for sports as intensively as Bing and I. Even today they refer to us, scathingly, as "these two athletes." Bing was a natural ball player, perfectly co-ordinated, fast on his feet, and with a cocky, aggressive personality that I think would have carried him far in the professional game.

I learned the catcher's position when I was about seven, thanks to Bing. He had to take care of me, and I guess he thought he might as well get some use out of me. At first I retrieved lost balls, but when nobody else would play catcher, Bing volunteered me. I knew better than to cry. Ma would have walloped him, but I never threatened to tell her. While she was at it, she would have whacked me one or two for being a ninny.

I took my lumps until I became a pretty fair catcher, and although I'm sure ma knew what was going on, she never said a word. Later I made an American Legion team. Once I took a foul tip squarely in the mouth. It stunned me and knocked out four front teeth, and I was taken home bleeding like a stuck pig. Ma asked no questions, blamed no one. We were on a streetcar headed for the dentist's office in three minutes flat. The next day I was back behind the plate again. That was the way ma reared us.

With so many of us, with money so scarce and work so plentiful, there was bound to be friction. That was all right with ma, who didn't expect normal boys to grow up without a few fights. But woe betide the kid who complained to an outsider! "It's a dirty bird that fouls its own nest," she said. Her sense of dignity was tremendous. It was the dignity of the poor, summed up best in the word "decency." So long as the Crosbys were decent people, we could hold our heads up anywhere.

Once, I remember, dad went to a ball game and stopped in for a drink with "the boys" afterward. Dad wasn't a hard drinker, but one of ma's brothers had what was called "a problem." Dad didn't get home until late that night, feeling no pain. As he walked in, ma walked out with her hat on, and she didn't get back until daylight. Where she spent the night, I still don't know—probably drinking tea with Maggie Nesbitt. I was pretty small, and it impressed me terribly. Larry, Everett and Ted say it used to happen about once a year, when they were small.

When the older boys were in school, they had to work at part-time jobs to help pay the bills. They brought their money home to ma, who gave them what she thought they needed. I remember Ted's complaining that he still had to wear knickers, when all of the boys in his class had long pants.

"If you're man enough to wear pants," said ma, "you're man enough to earn them." That's the way we all got our long pants.

Family finances had improved by the time I came along, but we still shared the household work and we still ate plain, simple food—and what's more, liked it. Once I made the mistake of muttering, "Aw, cabbage again?" I had cabbage for breakfast, lunch and dinner for a whole week.

"Had enough cabbage for a while?" ma said then.

"Well, I guess so, ma," I said, "but say, I sure do like it!"

She was strict, but when my brothers and sisters and I get to talking over old times, what we remember is not ma's strictness, but the sound of her voice, singing. We had a piano, and dad played mandolin and guitar. We all brought our friends home—where else would we take them? Ma cooked us huge dinners of mulligan stew, hot bread and bread pudding—and by the way, her bread pudding is still Bing's favorite dessert. After the table was cleared, she joined in the singing with us.

Dad was a patsy for music. One payday he came home with a phonograph, the old, hand-wound kind, and a stack of records. On his face as he came in was that nothing's-too-good-for-my-wife look; on ma's, that here-we-go-again expression. But this time dad meant to have his way. Ma somehow kept the payments up, and the phonograph stayed. From it Bing acquired that sure sense of timing and that confident, old-pro ease of delivery that he had even before he left home.

When the time came for us to go, ma not only didn't hold us back—she gave us a shove. In World War I there was no talk about how Larry and Everett might escape the draft. "You get in there and do your duty!" said ma. Even Ted got in for a while, although he was pretty young. When World War II came along, I was the only one of draft age, and I had a growing family and some back income taxes to pay off. I talked it over with mother, as we now call her.

"I don't kid myself that I'll be much help in winning this war," I said, "because I'll get morale duty of some kind, that's all. But it seems to me there ought to be a Crosby in this deal somewhere." Ma nodded serenely.

"Whatever they give you to do, that's your duty," she said, "and if you don't go, you'll always regret it. Your family will make out!"

I spent almost two years in the Marine Corps, all but two weeks of it overseas. My wife, June, got a job in a doctor's office, Uncle Sam waited for his taxes because there was nothing else he could do; and when I came back, ma said, "Harry says he heard that you did a fine job out there. I knew you would!" I wouldn't have traded that for a trunkful of medals.

Ma had a bottomless teapot where she saved her household money, and as each of us left home she presented us with a stake. When Bing left, it was to be just a summer job, to earn money to continue his law course at Gonzaga University. He and Al Rinker, Mildred Bailey's brother, a neighbor kid, had bought an old Ford to drive to Seattle, where they hoped to get jobs in a ship's orchestra. Bing had played drums around Spokane for a couple of years, and once ma heard he was playing in a club that had a bad reputation. One night, while the band was in the middle of a number, ma walked in. She had Bing by the ear before he realized she was there.

"Out!" she said, and Bing grabbed his drums and left. So he had a right to expect trouble when he got ready to go to Seattle, but ma not only kissed him good-by—she had eight dollars for him from her teapot. The job didn't materialize, the boys went broke and Bing had to sell his drums to get to Los Angeles. The next thing we knew, he and Al had teamed up with Harry Barris to form the Rhythm Boys, and were working for Paul Whiteman.

"He's gone to the doctor. His face hurts when he snarls."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I already had a job when I left, singing with Anson Weeks for a fantastic seventy-five dollars a week. He didn't know whether I could sing or not, but by then Bing was the hottest thing in show business, and I was his brother. The day I left, ma reached into her teapot for a ten-dollar bill. Dad's present was a budget that he had worked out for me in his neat bookkeeper's hand—so much for food, so much for transportation, hotels, clothes, even shoeshines.

A few weeks later he wrote me, saying, "It's not the same with all of you gone. Your mother won't even let me keep a bottle in the kitchen. I have to hide it in the garage." A few days later came one from ma: "I think your father has lost his mind in this empty house. He drives in and out of the garage eight or ten times a day." This was her way of letting me know that she knew he was taking a nip now and then, and that she had everything under control.

For the first time in their lives they had no kids to worry about, no money problems. When dad retired, Bing bought them a house in the San Fernando Valley. You could have put dad down in the middle of Death Valley, and he'd have found friends someway, and something to interest him. But I realize now that it was lonely for ma for a while. She didn't know how to slow down.

Then she discovered horse racing. At first she just made "think-bets," but life had always been pretty real for Kate Crosby, and pretending wasn't enough. She bought all the tip sheets, studied forms and records, and could get more mileage out of a two-dollar bet than anyone I have ever seen. She had to have some kind of challenge, and I'll say this for her—she picked a dandy.

I stayed with them whenever I was on the Coast. I was betting the ponies myself then, and not two-dollar bets, either. One day I got a tip on a long shot and phoned a $100 bet to my bookie. One of his clerks took it, so I didn't get to talk to him. The horse came in, and at the bookie's odds of fifteen to one, I had $1500 coming. Imagine how I felt when he came around and handed me seventy-five dollars. "Sorry, kid," he said, "but your mother says five bucks is your limit—and what she says goes!"

After dad died, ma insisted on keeping the house. She objected when Bing wanted to hire a driver for her. She went over to Eagle Rock every week to play bridge with some friends her own age—"the girls," she calls them. She still plays with them today, by the way. She was afraid "the girls" would think she was putting on airs. It took Bing, Larry, Everett, Catherine and myself to persuade her that a hired driver was not an unbecoming affectation.

Less than a year later Dixie, Bing's first wife, died, and Bing asked ma to live with him. At first she wouldn't even discuss it. She finally agreed only when Bing pleaded that he needed her help with his four growing boys, but even then she wouldn't sell her furniture. "They'll grow up someday, and I'll want my own home again," she said. When Bing married Kathryn Grant, mother immediately started apartment hunting. "No house is big enough for a bride and a mother-in-law," she declared flatly.

That's where my new sister-in-law proved herself a real solid citizen as far as I'm concerned. Kathryn appealed for mother's help in understanding not only her new husband but the whole Crosby tribe. "She says she needs me!" mother said to me skeptically a few days before the wedding. In my own mind, I'm sure that mother stayed only because she didn't want Kathryn blamed for her leaving. (*Continued on Page 86*)

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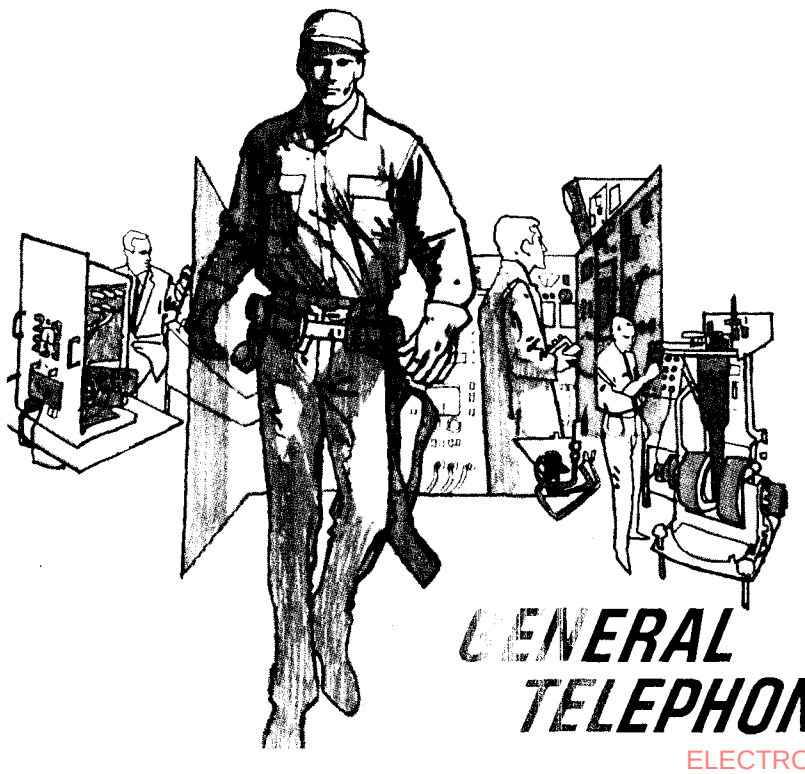
Zeroing in on the future



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(*Continued from Page 84*) When Bing and Kathryn's son was born, mother again got ready to leave. They asked her to stay on to help with the baby. About the time mother again started talking about a home of her own, Kathryn had a girl. I went over to see her recently, and she was telling me about Bing's two babies.

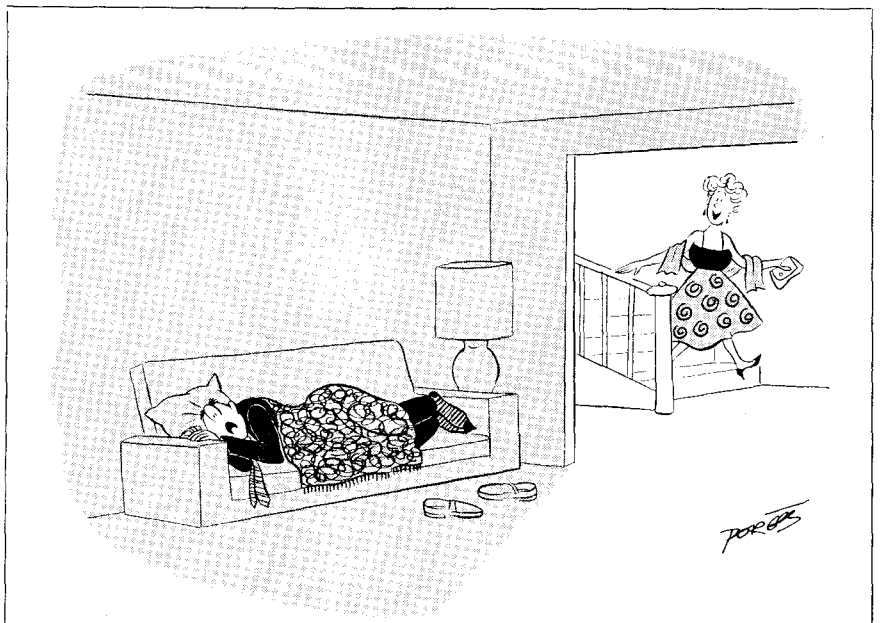
"Isn't it wonderful that I've had all this experience with babies?" she said, with that wise, quizzical smile of hers. "Now I can really feel wanted!"

There were two nurses in the house, and everything money could buy to make babies safe, well and happy. Nobody was kidding Kate Crosby! But if it made us any happier for her to pretend she was needed—well, she'd go along with the gag. When I told Kathryn about this, she threw up her hands in despair. "I don't care how many nurses and doctors are here," she said, "when I have to be away from home, my last waking thought at night is, *Well, everything will be all right—mother's there!*"

But mother still has her furniture in storage.

Come to think of it, she's even more remarkable as a mother-in-law than as a mother. Few people know that Dixie left a good part of her money to her mother-in-law. Mother keeps track of her twenty-four grandchildren and twenty-one great-grandchildren. There always seems to be one needing an operation or college-tuition money. The bookkeeping must be a big job, because whenever mother writes a check for one kid, she methodically sends one to all of the others too.

We've had a few divorces, although not many, considering how many Crosbys there are. Because of her religion, these have hurt mother. When I first brought June to meet mother and dad, in the Valley house, we were both scared stiff. I had been married before, and June knew what she was getting into. Yet all mother said to me was, "Bob, I can't live my children's lives for them. Just be sure that this is what you want to do."



"I'm ready, dear."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

A couple of years ago when June and I were having our troubles, I tried to keep it from mother. In the newspapers she learned of our separation and sent for me immediately. As I have said, when mother calls, we come. But she wouldn't let me talk about June.

"Let's hear what June has to say about her side. I won't listen to one side, but if you both want to talk about it, I'll listen," she said. After we were back together again and could talk it over, June and I discovered a strange thing: all the time I had felt that mother was a bit unfair to me—that she had favored June; and all the time, June had felt that she favored me! The truth, I think, was that she disapproved of both of us and did her best to make us feel ashamed.

By the time I was born, Larry was a grown man and away from home. By the time he got back for a visit, Everett was gone, and then Ted. At mother's last birthday anniversary we decided it was high time that we all get together with her, for the first time in our lives. I never did get a count on how many of us crowded into Bing's house that day. There were seven of us, plus in-laws, plus grandchildren and great-grandchildren and *their* in-laws.

But what I remember best about that party is the sight of my sisters disposing of their cigarettes before going in to see mother. Now, Catherine and Mary Rose are both grandmothers, but mother has just never learned to approve of women smoking. Mother knows that they smoke, and they know she knows, but that's the way it is.

Likewise, no one took a drink at mother's party. Mother knows that most of us take a drink now and then. Still, we know how she feels, and in her very narrowness we see an integrity that the world can well use today. You can adapt too easily to changing times. You can be too pliable. It's a good thing, we think, for a few strong people to cling to the old ways.

That was the day we ganged up to make mother tell us her age. This is something she has always felt was just none of our business. I think it's a matter of principle with her to keep at least one small barrier between the generations.

We delegated Bing to do it—after all, he's dad's namesake and could always come closest to twisting mother around his finger, as dad used to. Bing sat down beside her and began a long, innocent conversation about old times. "Let's see, which is this—your eighty-seventh or eighty-eighth birthday, mother?" he said finally.

Mother didn't bat an eye. "Well, let's see," she said with a frown. "I was three years younger than your father, wasn't I? Or was it four? I was a bit younger than my sister, too, and she —— Come to think of it, I was always a bit younger than most of the girls my same age!"

We gave up. We still don't know her age. But whatever it is, I'm sure of one thing—Kate Crosby will always be a bit younger than everybody her own age.

THE END

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Our New Generation of Rockets

(Continued from Page 29)

6300 mis downrange. Once it has been demonstrated that the missile can "blow and go" from its simple hole in the ground, it will be fired from a still basically simple platform—a railroad flatcar specially designed as a launching pad.

The Polaris holds out the promise that we can deploy missiles that are invulnerable to nuclear attack in all the waters that ring the Soviet world. The anticipated success of the silo Minuteman holds out the equally bright prospect that we can bury long-range weapons in hard sites which only a direct hit by a multimegaton warhead could destroy. The mobile Minuteman, riding on trains that wander over 10,000 miles of track would, the Air Force believes, be about as hard to target as a submarine. Any cowpuncher, sheepherd or Soviet agent could see them park briefly along a siding, poking skyward and ready to shoot, or moving to a new location at forty miles per hour. But to be sure of making a kill, the Soviets would have to blanket one third of the United States with high-yield missiles.

The Minuteman will carry a less-powerful explosive than the huge Atlas or the gigantic Titan. Its range will be no greater than theirs and its guidance system, though smaller and lighter, will probably be no more accurate. The great breakthrough it achieves is not technological—although the development of the powerful solid fuels is a milestone in missilry—but economic. It is a missile we can afford to buy, not just in dozens or in hundreds, but in thousands, if need be. Man's war machines, from the stone-hurling catapult to the B-58 bomber, have grown progressively more complex and more costly. Minuteman, for the first time, reverses that trend. A squadron of forty Minutemen buried in hard sites, armed and ready to fire, according to Air Force figures, would cost about one fifth to one seventh as much as an equal number of Atlas or Titan missiles.

The Air Force, therefore, is naturally convinced that its simple, inexpensive, ever-ready Minuteman should be the backbone of our future deterrent force—at least until we can put a manned bomber into the upper atmosphere or a weapons-carrying satellite into orbit in outer space. The Navy is equally sure that the Polaris-carrying submarine, which costs some $120,000,000 with its weapons aboard, should assume the main deterrent role. The Navy now has fourteen in the works—finished, building or planned—and is asking for a total of forty-five, which would carry 720 missiles, each capable of destroying a city.

In hearings before committees of Congress the battle between the two services has already begun and it will grow hotter and hotter in the months to come. Each service admits that the other has developed a magnificent weapons system, and each agrees that both should be employed in a varied "weapons mix" that the Soviet would find impossible to destroy. But, like two temperamental chefs arguing over a recipe, they disagree violently as to which ingredient should predominate. The Navy, obviously, feels that the greater share of defense dollars spent on missiles should go into the Polaris-carrying submarine. The Air Force points out that for the money spent on 720 submarine-borne missiles, we could have more than 4000 Minutemen, buried in their hard sites or roving about on trains. The Navy counters that it is not the number of missiles we have to start with that is important. It's the number we would have left following a surprise attack that constitutes a deterrent force. And a Polaris submarine, moving in any direction at a speed in excess of twenty knots in an undersea domain would be certain to survive.

The Air Force answers that Minuteman also would be hard to kill. It would take twenty to forty Soviet missiles to knock out one Minuteman in a site hardened to withstand blast pressures of several hundred pounds per square inch. This means that, if we had 1000 Minutemen in the ground, the Soviets would have to expend 20,000 to 40,000 big missiles in the effort to knock them out. The Navy answers that Soviet missiles inevitably will achieve greater accuracy and that no site can be hardened to the degree that it could resist a direct hit by a multimegaton projectile. Also, the Navy points out, even though twenty or forty Soviet missiles might not destroy a buried Minuteman, the blast, fire-storm and fallout from such a lethal concentration would kill every living thing for miles around. To plant asparagus beds of Minutemen all over the place, even widely dispersed in thinly populated areas, would force the Soviet to concentrate its attack on the continental land mass. The Polaris at sea, on the other hand, would draw fire away from the land by forcing the Soviet to concentrate its attack on a weapon cruising far from our shores.

The Air Force agrees that no military man in his right mind would try to hit a moving, hidden submarine with a ballistic missile. They would attack submarines with submarines, mines or surface fleets—and this would free their entire arsenal of ballistic weapons for use against land targets. By concentrating Minutemen in desert country, where few people live, we would draw enemy fire away from the heavily populated centers, for the Minutemen would have to be destroyed before the Soviets themselves could hope to survive.

The Air Force also argues that we cannot assume that the Soviets will not someday make some scientific breakthrough that will enable them to find and destroy our subs. If that should happen and we had all, or even the greater part of our deterrent power concentrated in the Polaris, we would then be sorely crippled, for by destroying forty-five submarines they could wipe out 720 missiles. One thousand buried Minutemen, on the other hand, would represent 1000 separate targets.

The arguments are endless, and in the months to come they will be presented with fiery conviction by an array of generals and admirals, each of whom believes that in his own service's concept lies the salvation of the country. Whether Congress finally favors the Polaris or the Minuteman, the significant fact is that the development of the solid-fueled rocket engine is good news for the United States and bad news for her enemies.

The story of the solid fuels goes back nearly thirty-five years, to a laboratory in Chicago, where a chemist, Dr. J. C. Patrick, was mixing a compound of salt and sulphur-based chemicals together in a search for a cheaper form of antifreeze. He got, instead, a thick, gluey, foul-smelling substance, a form of synthetic rubber, whose only virtue seemed to be that it did not deteriorate under extremes of heat and cold and was resistant to nearly every solvent.

This suggested that it might have some industrial use as a sealant or as tubing that could handle solvent chemicals. With this in mind, Doctor Patrick, and his associate, Nathan Mnookin, formed a small company to market the stuff, which they called Thiokol, meaning in Greek, "sulphur-glue."

Unfortunately, a few years after the struggling company was formed, a much bigger chemical company discovered a more versatile synthetic, and Thiokol's sales fell off. The war years brought an upsurge in sales of Thiokol's product for use in oil and gasoline hoses, but the end of the war found the company still struggling.

By this time, though, things were happening which would make Thiokol one of the spectacular growth companies of the missile age. Back in 1943 the company laboratories had produced a chemical cousin of its original product, a liquid polysulfide polymer which fused into a solvent-resistant solid at ordinary temperature. Nobody seemed much interested in the new product, except some airplane companies which used it to seal fuel tanks—until 1946, when Joseph W. Crosby, a brusque, hard-charging man who had become Thiokol's president two years before, noticed that the Jet Propulsion Laboratory at California Institute of Technology was buying the liquid polymer in five- and ten-gallon lots.

From his office in Trenton, New Jersey, Crosby flew to California to find out why. What he discovered startled him. J.P.L. was mixing the liquid polymer with certain other chemicals, adding powdered aluminum to it, and using it experimentally as a solid rocket fuel. It worked fine.

Mr. Crosby left J.P.L. at a gallop. He called on the companies which were making rocket engines for the military. Busy with their own formulas, they weren't interested. The answer was obvious to Crosby. His own company would go into the rocket-engine business. He went to the Army. It needed rocket engines, but had only $250,000 to spare Mr. Crosby to help him get started. He took it and in 1951, after warming up on smaller engines, turned out the biggest solid type built up to that time—5000 pounds of fuel, cured and bonded in one case, to power the Army's high-altitude research rocket called the Hermes.

The idea of a solid-fuel rocket was not new. The Chinese used them as weapons 700 years ago. Tamerlane fired them in his conquest of India in the fourteenth century. The Hindus, in turn, shot bamboo rockets in the eighteenth century. And the British used them against us in the War of 1812, a fact reported by Francis Scott Key, whose *Star-Spangled Banner* took note of "rockets' red glare." The United States used solid rockets in the Mexican War. But the development of the rifled cannon, with its pinpoint accuracy, caused the rocket to wane. It wasn't until World War II that the solid-fuel rocket revived in the form of small missiles which could be produced cheaply and in great numbers. These gave lots of firepower but were extremely inaccurate except at point-blank range and had a bad habit of burning through their cases and exploding.

The liquid-fueled rocket has a much shorter history. It got its start in the United States in 1926 when a rocket enthusiast named Robert Hutchings Goddard mixed oxygen and gasoline to power a crude device which flew at a speed of sixty miles an hour. Years later Adolph Hitler assigned to a team of brilliant young German scientists the task of

NEXT WEEK

THE CASE FOR
THE REPUBLICANS
By Senator Hugh Scott
TO BE FOLLOWED BY:
THE CASE FOR THE DEMOCRATS

I CALL ON LERNER AND LOEWE,
THE "MY FAIR LADY" TEAM
By Pete Martin

BERNARD BARUCH'S OWN STORY:
THE ROOSEVELT YEARS

SUBURBIA'S CODDLED KIDS:
WHAT WILL THEY BE LIKE
WHEN THEY GROW UP?
By Peter Wyden

PASS RECEIVERS:
THE FANCY DANS
OF PRO FOOTBALL
By Harry T. Paxton

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developing such rockets into weapons which could strike at England, and they came up with the terrifying V-2. After the war many of these German scientists and some captured V-2 rocket engines were brought to this country. Thereafter our rocket research concentrated on the development of the huge and complex liquid-fuel engines which were to power the Jupiter, the Thor, the Atlas and the Titan.

All along, however, there were a few men here and there who believed that the propulsion system of the future could be a solid-fuel engine. One of them was Dr. Harold Ritchey, a Thiokol vice president, who developed the Hermes booster. Another true believer was a young Air Force colonel named Edward N. Hall—now a civilian and a vice president of United Aircraft Corporation. In a sense, Hall was the Air Force's version of the Navy's Admiral Rickover—brilliant, impatient, dedicated to an idea, and completely careless of whose toes he stepped on as he plunged ahead. Hall had been the program director on the Thor, and was thoroughly familiar with liquid engines. He was also convinced that the solid-fuel engine, by reason of its greater simplicity and cheapness, would make a better military weapon once a few technical problems were solved.

The Air Force at this time was pouring all its missile resources into the liquid-fuel engine. In 1955, however, Gen. Bernard A. Schriever, head of the Air Force Ballistic Missile Division, ordered Hall to find out all there was to know about the state of the solid-propellant art and come up with a "feasibility study." In other words, could a solid-propellant rocket engine be built which could carry a high-yield warhead 6000 miles or more and drop it accurately on a target?

There were, Hall found, many bugs to be worked out. The classic solid-fuel rocket was a tube of steel, closed at one end, open at the other. The propellant charge, or "grain," was cast separately and inserted in the case, where it was held in place by supporting ribs that added weight and reduced the thrust-to-weight ratio. The rocket burned like a cigarette, from the back end, and the case had to be of heavy, heat-resistant steel; for at the burning end it was in contact with fierce heat. No solid rocket had been built with a swinging thrust chamber, or nozzle, that could respond to a control system to guide the rocket in flight. Nor could a solid-rocket nozzle be cooled by circulating fuel through it, as were the thrust chambers of the liquid rockets. So some material had to be found that could withstand the terrific heat of the burning gases. There also had to be precise speed control. A rocket, to reach a target a quarter of the way around the world, had to reach a terminal speed in the neighborhood of 23,000 feet per second. If it were going a few feet per second too fast, it would overshoot its target by a mile. Thus, there had to be a way instantaneously to terminate the thrust once the exact speed was reached—a fairly simple matter in a liquid-fuel rocket whose fuel flow could be shut off by a throttle.

There were other control problems. A liquid-fuel engine lifts off its pad lazily, gathering speed smoothly. A solid rocket leaves the pad like a bullet, going from zero to full thrust in a quarter of a second. Could a sensitive control system be built rugged enough to withstand such tremendous acceleration? And could a nose cone be devised that could survive not only the friction heat of re-entry into the earth's atmosphere from an altitude of 700 miles but the equally fierce heat generated as the missile flashed up through the atmosphere at 14,000 feet per second?

In conferences with J.P.L., Thiokol, Aerojet and Hercules, who knew about fuels, Autonetics, who made guidance systems, and Avco, who built nose cones, Colonel Hall learned that none of these problems was insurmountable. One great breakthrough had already been made. Liquid polymer could be poured as a liquid and cured, in the case, to a resilient solid that bonded to the shell. This shell did not have to be heavy, or particularly heat-resistant. The fuel could be poured around a mandrel that, when withdrawn, left a star-shaped hole in the center. This burning surface could be ignited instantaneously along its full length, and, as the rocket burned from the center outward, no heat would reach the casing wall until the instant of burn-out. The other problems proved to be equally susceptible to solution, and Minuteman, at least as an idea, was born.

In 1958, with the Air Force Ballistic Missile Division spurring the project on, Thiokol set to work on the first-stage engine, Aerojet on the second stage, Hercules and Aerojet on the third. Autonetics built the powerful but delicate guidance system, and Avco set to work on the nose cone. Boeing Airplane Company, traditionally a builder of big bombers, took over the task of testing and assembling the completed missile, and building the ground-support equipment.

The Minuteman, as it is now conceived, is about as near to an instrument of automatic and instantaneous retaliation as we can get until we find a way to put in orbit a satellite that can shoot at the flash of a Soviet missile firing up on its launching pad. It is also expected to be the most reliable missile in our arsenal. At Autonetics psychologists have been employed to instill into the minds of the workmen the absolute necessity of doing a flawless job. Workmen are trained not to conceal any error they might have made in the construction process, but to report it, no matter how slight or trivial it might seem.

"There is no such thing as a 'parts failure' in missilery," said Col. Samuel C. Phillips, the Ballistic Missile Division's program director on Minutemen. "Every time a part fails, you can be sure that somewhere along the line a man has goofed."

Much of the missile's dependability derives from the ruggedness and simplicity of its propulsion system. When it was decided that the Minuteman should be fired from buried silos, the slide-rule theorists predicted that the missile's own noise and heat might destroy it in the hole. To Thornton Arnold Wilson Jr., who ramrods the missile-testing program for Boeing, the quickest, cheapest way to find out if this was so was to dig a simple hole, put a missile in it, and pull the trigger. This was done. A missile carrying a "cut grain," a partial charge that would reach full thrust in the hole but would burn out a few hundred feet above the earth, was tethered to a 2000-foot yoke of nylon rope. It shot out of the hole in a gush of flame, its guidance system struggling to hold it straight against the tug of the rope. It rose undamaged either by acoustic vibration or by heat, and the silo, as soon as it cooled, was ready to use again.

Eighteen full-scale test firings, costing about $1,000,000 each, had been planned. By the time the eighth shot was over, the scientists had all the answers they needed. Further silo tests were canceled, and the milestone date at which the missile was supposed to become operational was pushed up by a year.

By the summer of 1962, therefore, Minuteman should be ready, and the Strategic Air Command will take it over as a fully operational weapon. The first three squadrons, totaling 150 missiles, will go into the ground in the vicinity of Malmstrom Air Base near Great Falls, Montana, and the Air Force is now busy acquiring land near other bases in the West.

There will be nothing dramatic about a Minuteman site. Over an area of several hundred square miles will be scattered ten-foot-high wire fences, each enclosing some two acres of ground. In the center of each fenced area will be a twenty-ton concrete slab, set flush with the earth. Beneath this slab, with target information already cranked into its electronic brain, the missile will sit in its hole, sealed in a casing of plastic which will burn off as the missile is fired. Simple heating and cooling devices will keep the temperature in the hole within a range of 60 to 100 degrees, and humidity will be controlled. A few miles away, in a concrete capsule buried deep in the earth, two men will watch a control board. They are linked with a red telephone back at SAC's buried headquarters near Omaha, and by the pushing of a button, they can fire missiles in salvo if the coded word to shoot should come. Nobody wille near the missile itself. Sensing devices vl flash a warning to the launch center if avthing touches the fence, or if there is annovement within the fenced area or in e silo, and roving patrols will move by ep or helicopter to investigate.

Though the missile can be launed in seconds, every precaution will beaken to prevent an inadvertent firing. N one man, out of boredom, drunkenns or insanity, can shoot. The order fire must come from SAC, and the oded signal, changed every day, itself is nded to activate the weapon. Two or ore launch centers must receive the ded order, or neither can fire. Thus, founen must agree that the order to fire au-thentic. Even then, one man cnot shoot, for the two men in the lach center must perform certain simplects simultaneously before the missile wil re.

The Air Force has not yet annoued how many Minutemen it thinks it ill need. The number may run intohe thousands, for the Air Force's conce is of a "counterforce," hardened or mcle enough to survive an initial attack d strong enough to retaliate against evy military capability the Soviets may p-sess. The Navy view, as expressed y Adm. Arleigh Burke, Chief of Naval C erations, in a speech before the Chamr of Commerce in Charleston, South C olina, is that "in general nuclear w missile forces can no longer attempt destroy their enemy's counterpart wit out destroying the corporate body of t enemy state itself. . . ." This means killi people, and people live in cities, ar there is only a limited number of ci targets. Therefore, the Navy holds, ther is a limit to the retaliatory power we wi need.

Around this divergence of opinion other arguments will swirl as Congress holds hearings on the military budget. The Navy still believes that the nuclear aircraft carrier has a place in our arsenal—and the first one soon will be at sea. The Air Force believes as strongly that the manned B-70, flying at hypersonic speeds at the edge of the atmosphere, is essential to our safety. The Air Force also sees in the missile engine the vehicle which in time will launch manned reconnaissance satellites into space, or will put manned bombing platforms into orbit. The X-15 rocket plane and the Dyna-Soar are moves in these directions.

To prepare for that time when we do move into aerospace, when all of our old concepts of the separate roles and missions of the three services will have become obsolete, we should now reorganize the Department of Defense, the Air Force argues—beginning by putting all the strategic weapons, including SAC's bombers and missiles, and the Navy's Polaris, under one command. The idea has a certain appeal, for to put our warning system and our retaliatory power into outer space obviously would require the combined genius, valor and resources of all the services. The Navy, however, sees in this argument an Air Force effort to assume an ever-dominant role in our national defense.

The calmest observers of this gathering storm are the men who make the solid rocket fuels. Dr. Harold Ritchey of Thiokol is confident that whenever the services have need for it, he can build a solid rocket that could develop 10,000-000 pounds of thrust and put a thirty-ton space platform into orbit.

"It makes no difference how far they want to shoot or how high they want to fly," he said, bouncing a chunk of Minuteman propellant harmlessly on his desk. "We can build the engine that will put them there." THE END

"This is the little intimate restaurant I was telling you about."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Dynanite Joe of Navy (Continued from Page 27)

tracking sations caught Bellino looping into the Amy end zone on a sixteen-yard caper. H achieved re-entry only two minutes ad thirty-eight seconds later, on a forty-si-yard burst. The third time he did it wit a one-yard dive.

In becming the first Annapolis man to score thre touchdowns in a single contest in sixty Army-Navy games since 1890, Bellino ot only spurred his team to a tremendus 43–12 win but also gave himself a hed start for All-American consideration uring his final season this year.

His fats against Army were a sadly fulfilledprophecy for Dale Hall, West Point's ead coach. One year before, with the 195 Army-Navy game coming up, Hall hd been an Army assistant in charge f scouting Navy. He told the New York fotball writers that Bellino, then the Anapolis equivalent of a college sophoiore, was the man Army had to fear.

"Hehas the potential to be the best runnein America," Hall said. "Bellino is the explosive type. You have the feeling he is oing to cut loose and go." Bellino was Navy's best rusher against Army in 1958,nd scored the Middies' only touchdowr but the Cadets won, 22–6. It wasn until 1959 that he created the utter devaation Hall had feared.

Bdino is a stumpy dervish of a halfback–five feet, nine inches and 185 pouds—who does not propose to be stoped by anything in front, and in seven yea of school and college football has nevr been caught by anything from behin. His Navy career has not, however, bee without problems.

Then Bellino first reported to the Anapolis varsity in 1958 there were no foball stockings large enough to fit the bigest legs Navy coaches ever saw on a 18-pounder. With the help of Navy qartermasters, this difficulty was solved, bt the coaches were left with a more vexig worry—how to keep their prize in stool. Joe was flirting with disaster in sme of his academic subjects and, worse for Navy, a half dozen major-league baseball teams were flirting with him.

The baseball interest began when Joe was a catcher with the plebes. He had a .310 batting average, and seven of his thirteen hits were home runs. In his sophomore year, when he batted .428 in twenty-two games and led the Eastern Collegiate League in stolen bases, Bellino was told by the Annapolis sports publicist, John Cox, that fifteen major-league clubs—never previously interested in Naval Academy baseball—had written to ask for the Navy schedule.

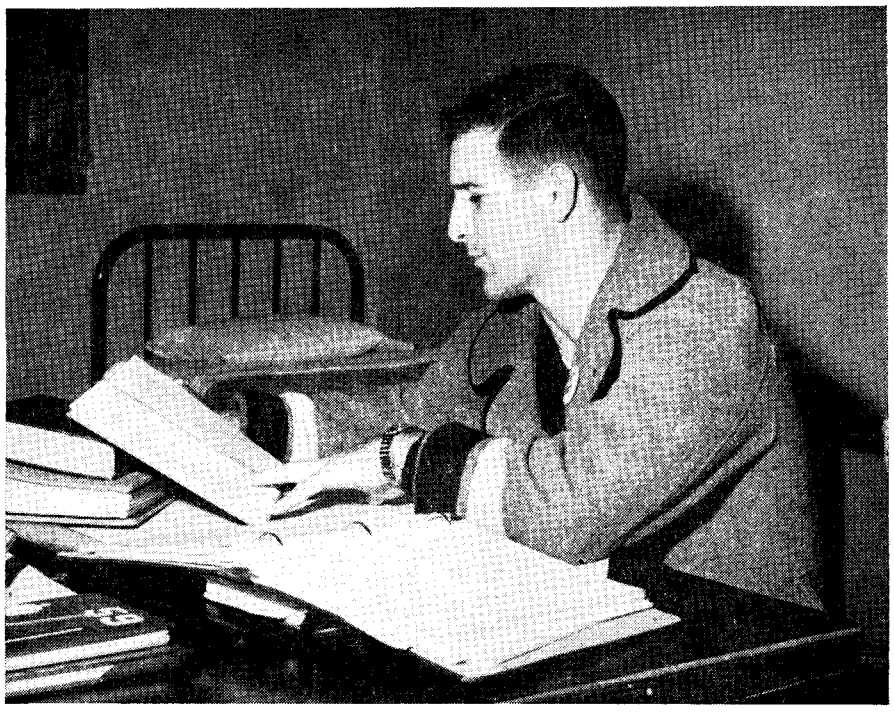
Reports were that the baseball bonus offers ranged up to $75,000. "No, they weren't that high," Bellino says. "A lot of the scouts talked about big money, but they didn't name a figure. The Phillies and Braves and Pittsburgh talked to me the most. I told them that I was Navy-minded."

As for the scholastic threat to his football future, this was sufficiently serious for Eddie Erdelatz, the Navy head coach when Bellino arrived, to shoo Joe away from spring practice. "Stay out of this until fall and put in some more study time. A flunking halfback is no good to me," Erdelatz told him.

To his intimates Erdelatz said, "Ordinarily I don't count on sophomores, but I'm counting on this one." He knew Bellino's record with the plebes—ten touchdowns scored, and an average of 11.4 yards gained on ninety-one carries—and he had the testimony of the plebe coach, "This may be the finest football player Navy ever had."

If that be true, it will be no surprise to the citizens of Winchester, Massachusetts. They knew Joe Bellino as the best football, baseball and basketball player in the history of the local high school. So did the fifty-two colleges which offered him athletic scholarships.

Joe was the third of four Bellino boys to play football for Winchester High. When Joe first put in his appearance, Coach Henry Knowlton jumped for joy.



Midshipman Joe Bellino, Navy's "human missile," in Army gray after last year's Army-Navy game. By tradition, the losers give their bathrobes to the winners.

"I was dreaming of the day when I would get a big Bellino," Knowlton explained not long ago.

Big? Joe was then only 160 pounds.

"I know," said the coach, "but the other Bellinos—Sammy, Tony and later Mike—began at 119 pounds. Joe looked big to me and, best of all, he was a Bellino. I knew how they could go.

"It always was impossible to anticipate Joe. I could have told Army as much. One day I told Joe he was carrying the ball in the wrong arm when he was trying to reverse his field. He said, 'Sorry, coach, but when I start running I don't know which way I'm gonna go.'"

That was the schoolboy Bellino. Navy coaches and opponents now testify that no matter how helter-skelter Joe's course may appear at times, his maneuvers are based on cold calculation of how to make the best use of his running room. "It helps," adds Bellino's present head coach at Navy, Wayne Hardin, "to have Joe's rare ability to stay on his feet. If he's blessed with a sixth sense, it's a sense of balance. He stays on his feet when he has no right to."

With six minutes left to play against the University of Maryland last November, Navy was bogged down in an unsatisfying 14–14 tie. Then Maryland fell into the error of booting a punt directly at safety-man Bellino on the Navy forty-one. Joe was hemmed in as he started up the sideline. In front of the Navy bench he could hear Coach Hardin screaming, "Run it out of bounds!"

Hardin had solid reasons for this order. He saw no chance for a long punt return, and was eager for a dead ball that would permit him to send offensive quarterback Joe Tranchini back into the game without drawing—under last year's rules—a critical five-yard penalty for a time out. Bellino willfully disobeyed. He danced away from a pinch of tacklers on the sideline, skipped back toward mid-field and went fifty-nine yards for the winning touchdown.

"I heard coach," Bellino said later, "but I thought I could find daylight and we wouldn't need a quarterback if I did, except to hold for the extra point."

Hardin was forgiving. "When I saw Bellino going all the way on that play, I suddenly remembered what his high-school coach told me about Joe," Hardin said.

When Annapolis first began wooing Bellino at Winchester High, it employed one tactic the recruiters for civilian colleges could not match. Figuratively Navy sent two aircraft carriers for Bellino. A year before he was graduated from high school, Navy's talent scouts introduced Joe to the good life aboard the carrier *Tarawa*, which just happened to put in at the Navy Yard in Charlestown, Massachusetts. The next year, at graduation time, the carrier *Antietam* was at Charlestown, and the Annapolis folks had Joe aboard again, along with Frank Dattilo, the Winchester end.

This was heady stuff for these two sons of Winchester's "Little Italy." Bellino's father labors in a Winchester gelatin factory, where he has to contend with frequent lay-offs. Dattilo's dad works with shovel and rake on the city-owned parks. None of the other Bellinos or Dattilos had a ghost of a chance of going to college, but football opened the way for Joe and Frank.

ellino (No. 27) is favored for an All-American crown at the end of this season—if his bad knee remains strong and Navy plays well.

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Reconnoitering the Boston area around then was Notre Dame's Terry Brennan. He made a big pitch for Bellino as a fine Catholic boy who would like Notre Dame on full scholarship. Brennan failed. So did recruiters from Northwestern, Dartmouth, Penn, Boston College, Boston University, Clemson, Penn State, Colgate and Indiana, to cite some of the fifty-two who tried.

The most frustrated of all the Bellino-minded schools—in the light of subsequent events—may be West Point, which sent its football and air-pilot hero, Doc Blanchard, to recruit Joe. West Point was aflutter when Bellino accepted an invitation to visit the Military Academy after his high-school graduation. Army coaches and brass gave Joe the full treatment during his three days on the Hudson Plain, but he departed uncommitted. Later he said, "West Point seemed sort of cold and gray. Anyway, I was thinking Navy."

Harvard's since-fired coach, Lloyd Jordan, could challenge West Point in the frustration department and win some votes as the most-tortured loser. Jordan lived in Winchester. From his picture window he could gaze out on occasion and see Joe Bellino behind a lawn mower, performing his weekly chore of cutting the Jordan grass. This was harrowing; the strict Ivy League code forbade Jordan to talk off-campus to any football prospect.

Actually the cards were stacked against every school bidding for Bellino except Annapolis. Navy never fully realized the luck it was playing in. It sent its most effective Boston bird dogs, Annapolis graduate Elliot Rose and the present Massachusetts Attorney General Edward McCormack, to turn their persuasive powers on Bellino. This was wonderfully unnecessary, for Navy already had on its side the Italian doctor who in 1939 delivered into the Bellino household the bouncing boy named Joe. This was Dr. William D. Barone, the greatest influence in steering Joe toward Annapolis—not quite from birth, but as soon as it was discovered that Joe could handle a football.

Although Doctor Barone's own service experience had been with the Air Force as a flight surgeon in World War II, he was Annapolis-minded for Bellino. He says, "It could have been vicarious. Perhaps I never got rid of the small-boy appeal Annapolis had for me. Perhaps I took advantage of my friendship with the family. But it was my ambition for Joe."

Doctor Barone's influence is apparent to all visitors to the Bellino household at 43 Swanton Street in Winchester. Papa Michael Bellino, who emigrated from Sicily at sixteen, calls the family doctor, "Mucha good boy."

At the time this writer visited the family, Michael Bellino was waiting out one of his periodic layoffs from the gelatin factory. He was tending the little garden that is endemic to all the wooden frame houses in The Plains, Winchester's neat Italian section.

It was obvious that the rugged Navy halfback did not get his size from his father, a frail 120-pounder. "No, from me," said Mrs. Sarah Bellino when the point was brought up. Mamma Bellino, who more nearly approaches Joe's 185 pounds, coyly said to Doctor Barone, "Shall I show him Joe's legs?" Doctor Barone said, "Go ahead, Sarah." She drew up her skirt discreetly to reveal the sturdy Joe Bellino-type calves and said, "Look, Joe's legs."

Joe's trophies threaten to dislodge the family from its living room. Mamma has on display the plaques, the cups, the citations and the letters Joe has won on playgrounds, in high school and at the Naval Academy. "A very good swimmer is my Joe, too," said Mamma Bellino. "Sometimes he dive."

Those who listen to Winchester folks talking about Joe Bellino could get the impression that he spent his boyhood breaking windows. "Joe put one through there," they say, pointing to the home-economics-classroom window that looks out on the baseball field at Winchester High. They are talking about a home run with a 450-foot carry that Bellino hit to this spot when he was a fifteen-year-old junior. "And he put one through there too." This time it's the greenhouse window, even farther distant, on the school wing that borders right field.

When Bellino made all the other recruiters unhappy in 1956 by announcing that he was ready for the Naval Academy, there was a rub. He lacked sufficient credits in math—later to be his favorite subject—and there was doubt he could cope immediately with other rough courses. So Annapolis prescribed a year for Joe at Columbian Prep School in Washington, D.C.

Navy alumni financed this extra schooling, which was then standard procedure in bringing football prospects up to the service-academy marks. The Eastern

... ...

One Way Out

I never contradict my wife;
I'm a peaceable human being,
But I do manage to voice my views—
By different shades of agreeing.

Leonard K. Schiff

... ...

College Athletic Conference since has given the fishy eye to such outright subsidies, and Navy has abandoned the practice.

Columbian, a fine prep school, was ragtag in football. Its annual game with the Navy plebes was staged mostly to give Navy coaches a preview of some of their incoming talent. Columbian had never in all history beaten the plebes. In 1956, though, the game promised excitement because Columbian had Joe Bellino and also Frank Dattilo, the end from Winchester.

Down from Winchester to watch the boys perform came twenty townspeople, including Papa Dattilo, Doctor Barone, two of Joe's brothers and his best girl, Anny Tansey. They all had reason to shudder when the two squads came on the field. The plebes suited up sixty-two players, Columbian had only seventeen in uniform.

Joe failed to score with the opening kickoff, but that was virtually his last failure of the day. In the first quarter he outfooted the plebes with a twelve-yard touchdown run around right end. Doctor Barone said, "Look, it's Winchester's old sweep right." In the second quarter Bellino bedazzled the plebes with an eighty-five-yard touchdown romp. In the third quarter, behind Dattilo's blocking, he raced thirty-two yards for a third touchdown. Final score: Columbian Prep 34, Navy Plebes 33.

As a member of the Navy Plebe team himself in 1957, Bellino was just as sensational. In game after game he broke away for lengthy scoring dashes. Varsity coach Eddie Erdelatz decided to test the plebe hotshots by sending a fourth unit of his varsity against them in a regulation game. The plebes won, 14–7. Bellino contributed both plebe touchdowns, one on an eighty-five-yard run from a straight handoff.

Around this time the Navy varsity had been upset by North Carolina and held to a tie by Duke, and Capt. Slade Cutter, then the athletic director, was bemoaning the lack of a climax runner. "We've only got one man who can go all the way," he said, "and it's our luck that he's playing for the plebes."

Off the football field Joe Bellino was merely one of 1100 plebes in the brigade of Midshipmen, and subject to the standard quota of "bracing up"—Navy's euphemistic substitute for the forbidden word "hazing." Joe had to jump to the commands of the upperclassmen no less than the most inconspicuous of the plebes.

"When I got to the varsity, learning those signals was a breeze compared to learning that blue book all the plebes have to memorize," Bellino said recently. "I've forgotten the signals, but I'll never forget those plebe routines. Ever heard them? O.K., I'm a plebe and you're an upperclassman. Now you say, 'Why didn't you say sir?'"

"Why didn't you say sir?"

"Sir, sir is a subservient word surviving from the surly days in old Serbia when certain serfs, too ignorant to remember their lords' names, yet too servile to blaspheme them, circumvented the situation by surrogating the subservient word, sir, by which I now belatedly address a certain senior classmen, who correctly surmised that I was syrupy enough to say sir after every word I said, sir."

Bellino illustrated again. "Now ask me what time it is. If you are an upperclassman, I say, 'Sir, I am greatly embarrassed and deeply humiliated that due to unforeseen circumstances beyond my control, the inner workings and hidden mechanisms of my chronometer are in such inaccord with the great sidereal movement with which time is generally reckoned that I cannot with any degree of accuracy state the correct time, sir. But without fear of being too greatly in error, I will state that it is about eight minutes and twenty-four seconds and two ticks past four bells.'"

As a sophomore in 1958 Bellino was disappointed not to find his picture in the Navy football brochure. Annapolis protocol, you know; only upperclassmen get their portraits in the booklet. "I didn't know that," Joe says now. "I just thought they didn't like me."

Bellino's sophomore year of football at Navy was a personal disappointment to him. He suffered a twisted knee while throwing a block against William and Mary in the first game, and was hampered the rest of the season. "For most of the year I couldn't cut on it, and if I can't cut I'm dead," he says. "But I saw some action."

The action Bellino saw was less modestly described in the Navy report on the 1958 season: "As a sophomore, Bellino led the Middies in scoring, with five touchdowns and five two-point conversions. He carried 63 times for a 4.2 average. . . . Joe was also the team's leading pass-catcher, with 19 for a gain of 240 yards and two touchdowns."

Others who saw some action were the 57,773 fans in Baltimore Memorial Stadium when Navy played Notre Dame. Joe gave it to them. He took a handoff in the first quarter—after an Irish kickoff—from teammate Dick Dagampat on the Navy eighteen-yard line, and roared off for eighty-two yards and a touchdown. In the third quarter he caught a pass from Tranchini for forty-six yards and another touchdown. But Bellino's work wasn't enough that day. The Irish thumped Navy, 40–20.

Even before Bellino made the varsity, the Naval Academy's physical-education department knew that Joe was very special. They tested and charted him—along with the rest of the 3800 in the brigade—and found him to be a remarkable athletic specimen.

Joe romped through exercises he had never known before. He was marked for dips on the parallel bars, chin-ups, gymnastics, water ability, wall climbing, rope climbing, agility routines and applied strength. Only two midshipmen in the entire corps outranked him, and neither played football or baseball. On the summer cruise after his sophomore year, Joe got off the boat in Portugal, ran in a track meet for the first time in his life and won the 100 meters from experienced sprinters in 10.9.

Wayne Hardin took over from Erdelatz as Navy's head coach in 1959 and immediately installed Bellino as the No. 1 left halfback. This was gratifying to Joe, who remembered that when he came up from the plebes the year before he was ranked No. 7 at left halfback. But that had been merely a matter of form. After one week of practice Erdelatz jumped him to the top spot.

Up to the time of last season's Army game, things were even more frustrating for Bellino than they had been in 1958. He twisted his knee again against Boston College, reinjured it in the Southern Methodist game, didn't play in the defeat by Syracuse, saw little duty against Notre Dame and carried only seven times when Navy was held to an upset 22–22 tie by Penn.

In the Boston College game, however, Bellino gave the home folks a show before getting hurt. Winchester High had played its own game in the morning, so that local citizens could watch Joe in Boston that afternoon. The first thing he did was to dash to the Boston College six to set up a touchdown. On his next carry he went all the way, scrambling fifty yards with a pitchout.

Boston College coach Mike Holovak called this "the greatest do-it-yourself run I ever saw." Bellino swept to the right, got rid of two tacklers, reversed his field twice and confused his own blockers, then threaded the last forty yards without benefit of blocking. Unfortunately he pulled up lame.

Navy coaches were gentle with Joe thereafter, saving him for the big one against Army. Backfield coach Steve Belichick, who played pro football with the Detroit Lions, said of Joe before the game, "Bellino is the kind that makes good coaches look like great coaches. He possesses qualities you don't teach a player—great sense of timing, exceptional balance and, yes, peripheral vision. Also a great change of pace. His speed springs him. You couldn't ask for a back with more tools. He's strong enough to pick up short yardage—he can hit a tackler harder than a tackler hits him—and I defy any man to stop him in an open field. He has those big legs, but he can dance. He is also a good pass receiver. He could be a good kicker, too, and better on defense if he took the same pride in it."

Bellino remembers that three days before the Army game coach Hardin told him sternly, "I want sixty minutes of football from you on Saturday." This was tantamount to giving a small boy the key to a candy store.

"Ever since I was in high school, I dreamed that someday a Navy coach would let me play sixty minutes against Army, and now coach Hardin was making it an order," Bellino relates. "I had some other dreams too. I dreamed that first touchdown against Army weeks before the game. I dreamed that I would

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get the ball on a handoff and cut around Bob Anderson, and I knew I could outrun him. That's what I did, with a hip fake, but I had to outrun Joe Caldwell, the safety man too. That wasn't in the dream, but it came out all right."

This was a mere sixteen-yard touchdown play. When Navy next got the ball, Joe traveled forty-six yards. He started through Army's right side, then slanted wide to the right. There he again faked past Anderson and outran Caldwell to score.

Bellino's third touchdown was a one-yarder, but he set it up with a forty-two-yard carry on a pass interception. This made him the only Navy man ever to score three times in one game against Army. A quartet of Army backs have done the same—Prince in 1903, Doc Blanchard in 1945, Gil Stephenson in 1949 and Pat Uebel in 1953.

In the third quarter a record-breaking fourth touchdown was Joe's for the taking. In three plays Bellino bumped the ball from the Army eleven to the one, and back in the huddle quarterback Joe Tranchini was calling Bellino's signal again. If Hollywood scenarists had scripted what happened thereafter, it would have been scorned as pure cornball. Navy got the touchdown, but our good, kind, manly hero would seek no more glory for himself, and tapped another for the honor.

Tranchini told about it in the days following the game. "I was sending Joe at 'em again from the one-yard line and called his signal, but the play never got off. Army jumped offside, and we had to go back in another huddle. This time Bellino said, 'I've had my big day. How about giving it to Ronnie? He hasn't scored yet.' I said, 'Sure,' and Ronnie Brandquist got the ball and a touchdown against Army. As Joe said, Ronnie had been playing a great game."

One person in Winchester who has not been vastly impressed by Joe's football glory is his little brother Mike. Mike is a high-school junior who plays football but has no college-gridiron ambitions. Baseball is the real game to him. His coaches say he is a better ballplayer than Joe.

Mike, who once pitched Winchester's Little Leaguers into the national semi-finals at Williamsport, Pennsylvania, declares, "I'm not going to be stupid like Joe. I'm going to take that $75,000 baseball bonus."

Although Joe has turned down the major-league scouts, he has continued to star for the Annapolis nine. In the Army-Navy baseball game last spring he followed up his football fireworks by exploding for three singles and a double to lead the Middies to a 9-1 triumph.

In his studies at Annapolis Bellino is now well past the struggling stage. In all-round officer potential, he rated sixty-third in the entire class of 830 seniors. Various branches of the naval service have been trying to land him after graduation—Naval Aviation, the Marines, Marine Aviation and the submariners.

Submarine service appeals most to Bellino. Last summer he was group captain of fifty midshipmen at the New London, Connecticut, sub base. They took off on an undersea cruise that ended just in time for him to get back to Annapolis for early football practice. If his knee stays strong all season, and likewise the Navy squad, it will be hard for All-America selectors to pass up Bellino this year.

Joe's personal forecast, made with tongue in cheek, was that he hoped to be Navy's No. 1 left halfback again. Bellino sometimes plays the pixy. At the annual awards dinner of the Washington Touchdown Club last winter, he received a massive trophy as the outstanding service-school player. Bellino spoke the customary thanks with a twist. "I want to thank the Touchdown Club," he said, "and I want to thank the Navy coaches and my great Navy teammates. And I also want to thank the Army football team." Then he smiled, very slowly.

The Future of Man

(Continued from Page 33)

The oldest example, and the most familiar, concerns the change that comes over a population of organisms when it undergoes an evolution. How should we classify the environment stimuli that cause organisms to evolve? The Lamarckian theory, the theory that acquired characteristics can be inherited, is, in its most general form, an instructive theory of evolution. It declares that the environment can somehow issue genetical instructions to living organisms—instructions which, duly assimilated, can be passed on from one generation to the next. The blacksmith who is usually called upon to testify on these occasions gets mightily strong arms from forging; somehow this affects the cells that manufacture his spermatozoa, so that his children start life specially well able to develop strong arms. I have no time to explain our tremendous psychological inducement to believe in an instructive or Lamarckian theory of evolution, though in a somewhat more sophisticated form than this. I shall only say that every analysis of what has appeared to be a Lamarckian style of heredity has shown it to be non-Lamarckian. So far as we know, the relationship between organism and environment in the evolutionary process is an elective relationship. The environment does not imprint genetical instructions upon living things.

Another example: bacteriologists have known for years that if bacteria are forced to live upon some new unfamiliar kind of foodstuff or are exposed to the action of an antibacterial drug, they acquire the ability to make use of that new food, or to make the drug harmless to them by breaking it down. The treatment was at one time referred to as the "training" of bacteria—with the clear implication that the new food or drug taught the bacteria to manufacture the new ferments upon which their new behavior depends. But it turns out that the process of training belies its name: it is not instructive. A bacterium can synthesize only those ferments which it is genetically entitled to synthesize. The process of training merely brings out or exploits or develops an innate potentiality of the bacterial population, a potentiality underwritten or subsidized by the particular genetic make-up of one of its members.

The same argument probably applies to what goes on when animals develop. At one time there was great argument between the preformationists and those who believed in epigenesis. The preformationists declared that all development was an unfolding of something already there; the older extremists, whom we now laugh at, believed that a sperm was simply a miniature man. The doctrine of epigenesis, in an equally extreme form, declared that all organisms begin in a homogeneous state, with no apparent or actual structure; and that the embryo is molded into its adult form solely by stimuli impinging upon it from outside. The truth lies somewhere between these two extreme conceptions. The genetic instructions are preformed, in the sense that they are already there, but their fulfillment is epigenetic—an interpretation that comes close to an elective theory of embryonic development. The environment brings out potentialities present in the embryo in a way which (as with the buttons on a jukebox) is exact and discriminating and specific; but it does not instruct the developing embryo in the manufacture of its particular ferments or proteins or whatever else it is made of. Those instructions are already embodied in the embryo, and the environment causes them to be carried out.

Until a year or two ago we all felt sure that one kind of behavior indulged in by higher organisms did, indeed, depend upon the environment as a teacher or instructor. The entry or injection of a foreign substance into the tissues of an animal brings about an immunological reaction. The organism manufactures a specific protein, an "antibody," which reacts upon the foreign substance, often in such a way as to prevent its doing harm. The relationship between a foreign substance and the particular antibody it evokes is exquisitely discriminating and specific; one human being can manufacture hundreds—conceivably thousands—of distinguishable antibodies, even against substances which have only recently been invented, like some of the synthetic chemicals used in industry or in the home. Is the reaction instructive or elective?—*surely*, we all felt, instructive. The organism learns from the chemical pattern of the invading substance just how a particular antibody should be assembled in an appropriate and distinctive way. Self-evident though this interpretation seems, many students of the matter are beginning to doubt it. They hold that the process of forming antibodies is probably elective in character. The information which directs the synthesis of particular antibodies is part of the inbuilt genetical information of the cells that make them; the intruding foreign substance exploits that information and brings it out. It is the jukebox over again.

So in spite of all will to believe otherwise, and for all that it seems to go against common sense, the picture we are forming of the organism is a jukebox picture—a jukebox containing genetical instructions inscribed upon chromosomes and nucleic acids in much the same kind of way as musical instructions are inscribed upon record-player records. But what a triumph it would be if an organism could accept information from the environment—if the environment could be made to act in an instructive, not merely an elective, way! A few hundred million years ago a knowing visitor from another universe might have said, "It's a splendid idea, and I see the point of it perfectly:

The Perfect Squelch

Ten-year-old Roger, moving into a new neighborhood, soon established himself as a ferocious little bully. Unless given his own way, he pummeled, kicked and bit. Within a short time no other children would play with him. Roger's mother ignored the other mothers' complaints over the way her son battered their children, but she soon realized that her boy was a social outcast.

Commenting to the mother of one of Roger's victims, she remarked: "Children in this neighborhood must be awful little snobs. Roger had friends where we lived before, but he doesn't have a single one here. I can't understand it."

"Well," said the other mother, "it's just that the children around here seem to bruise so easily."

Joe Ryan

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it would solve—or could solve—the problems of adaptation and make it possible for organisms to evolve in a much more efficient way than by natural selection. But it's far too difficult; it simply can't be done."

But it has been done. There is in fact just one organ which can accept instruction from the environment—the brain. The evolution of a brain was a feat of fantastic difficulty—the most spectacular enterprise since the origin of life itself. Yet the brain began, I suppose, as a device for responding to elective stimuli. For instinctive behavior is behavior in which the environment acts electively. If male sex hormones are deliberately injected into a hen, the hen will start behaving in malelike ways. The potentiality for behaving in a malelike manner must therefore have been present in the female; and by pressing (or, as students of behavior usually say, "releasing") the right button the environment can bring it out. But the higher parts of the brain respond to instructive stimuli: we learn.

Now let me carry the argument forward. It was a splendid idea to evolve into the possession of an organ that can respond to instructive stimuli, but the idea does not go far enough. If that were the whole story, we human beings might indeed live more successfully than other animals; but when we died, a new generation would have to start again from scratch.

Let us return for a moment to genetical instructions. A child at conception receives certain genetical instructions from its parents about how its growth and development are to proceed. Among these instructions there must be some which provide for the issue of further instructions; I mean, a child grows up in such a way that it, too, can eventually have children, and convey genetical instructions to them in turn. We are dealing here with a very special system of communication—a hereditary system. There are many examples of systems of this kind. A chain letter is perhaps the simplest. We receive a letter from a correspondent who asks us to write to a third party, asking him in turn to write a letter of the same kind to a fourth, and so on—a hereditary system. The most complicated example is provided by the human brain itself; for it does indeed act as intermediary in a hereditary system of its own. We do more than learn: we teach and hand on; tradition accumulates; we record information and wisdom in books.

Just as hereditary system is a special kind of system of communication—one in which the instructions provide for the issue of further instructions—so there is a specially important kind of hereditary system: one in which the instructions passed on from one individual to another change in some systematic way in the course of time. A hereditary system with this property may be said to be conducting or undergoing an evolution. Genetic systems of heredity often transact evolutionary changes; so also does the hereditary system that is mediated through the brain.

At this point I think it is most important to distinguish between four stages in the evolution of a brain. The nervous system began, perhaps, as an organ which responded only to elective stimuli from the environment; the animal that possessed it reacted instinctively or by rote, if at all. There then arose a brain which could begin to accept instructive stimuli from the outside world; the brain in this sense has dim and hesitant beginnings going far back in geological time. The third stage, entirely distinguishable, was the evolution of a nongenetical system of heredity, founded upon the fact that the most complicated brains can do more than merely receive instructions; in one way or another they make it possible for the instructions to be handed on. The existence of this system of heredity—of tradition, in its most general sense—is a defining characteristic of human beings, and it has been important for, perhaps, 500,000 years. In the fourth stage, not clearly distinguishable from the third, there came about a systematic change in the nature of the instructions passed on from generation to generation—an evolution, therefore, and one which has been going at a great pace in the past 200 years. I shall borrow two words used for a slightly different purpose by the great demographer Alfred Lotka to distinguish between the two systems of heredity enjoyed by man: *endosomatic* or internal heredity for the ordinary or genetical heredity we have in common with other animals; and *exosomatic* or external heredity for the nongenetic heredity that is peculiarly our own—the heredity that is mediated through tradition, by which I mean the transfer of information through nongenetic channels from one generation to the next.

I am, of course, saying something utterly obvious: society changes; we pass on knowledge and skills and understanding from one person to another and from one generation to the next; a man can indeed influence posterity by other than genetic means. But I wanted to put the matter in a way which shows that we must not distinguish a strictly biological evolution from a social, cultural or technological evolution. Both are biological evolutions. The distinction between them is that the one is genetical and the other is not.

What, then, is to be inferred from all this? What lessons are to be learned from the similarities and correspondence between the two systems of biological heredity possessed by human beings? The answer is important, and I shall now try to justify it. The answer, I believe, is that almost no lessons can be learned.

It is true that a number of amusing (but in one respect highly dangerous) parallels can be drawn between our two forms of heredity and evolution. Just as biologists speak in a kind of shorthand about the "evolution" of hearts or ears or legs—it is too clumsy and long-winded to say every time that these organs participate in evolution, or are outward expressions of the course of evolution—so we can speak of the evolution of bicycles or radios or aircraft with the same qualification in mind: they do not really evolve, but they are appendages, exosomatic organs if you like, that evolve with us. And there are many correspondences between the two kinds of evolution. Both are gradual if we take the long view, and both are often progressive. In both styles of evolution we can witness an adaptive radiation, a deployment into different environment: There are radios not only for the home but for use in motorcars or for carrying about. Some great dynasties die out—airships, for example, in common with the dinosaurs they were so often likened to; others become fixed and stable; toothbrushes retained the same design and constitution for more than a hundred years. And, no matter what the cause of it, we can see in our exosomatic appendages something equivalent to vestigial organs. How else should we describe those functionless buttons on the cuffs of men's coats?

All this sounds harmless enough—why should I have called it dangerous? The danger is that by calling attention to the similarities, which are not profound, we may forget the differences between our two styles of heredity and evolution; and the differences between them are indeed profound. In their hunger for synthesis and systematization, the evolutionary philosophers of the nineteenth century and some of their modern counterparts have missed the point: they thought that great lessons were to be learned from similarities between Darwinian and social evolution; but it is from the differences that all the great lessons are to be learned.

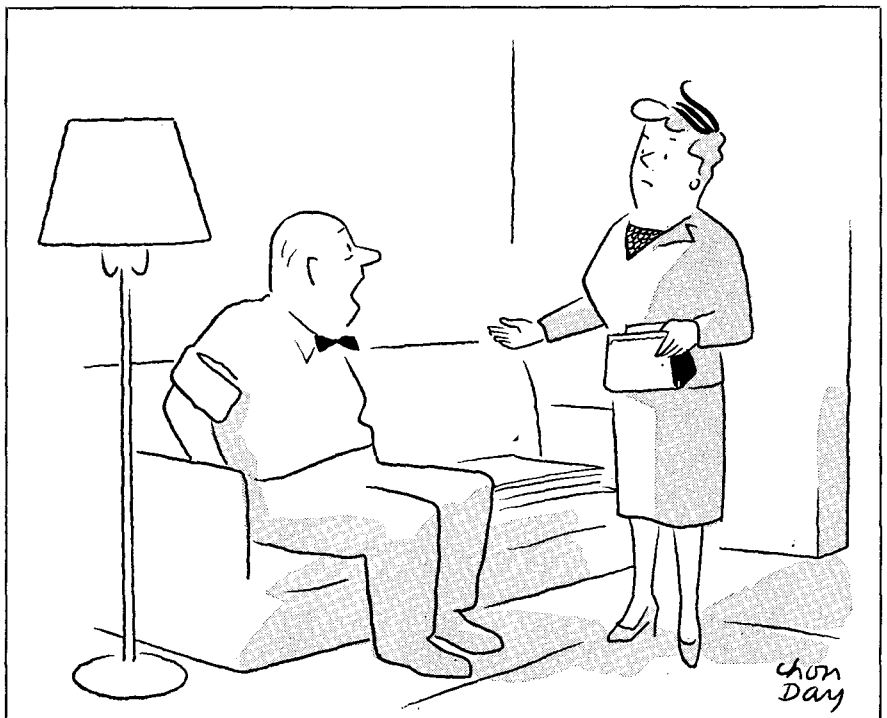
For one thing, our newer style of evolution is Lamarckian in nature. The environment cannot imprint genetical information upon us, but it can and does imprint nongenetical information which we can and do pass on. Acquired characteristics are indeed inherited. The blacksmith was under an illusion if he supposed that his habits of life could impress themselves upon the genetic make-up of his children; but there is no doubting his ability to teach his children his trade, so that they can grow up to be as stalwart and skillful as himself. It is because this newer evolution is so obviously Lamarckian in character that we are under psychological pressure to believe that genetical evolution must be so too. But although one or two biologists are still feebly trying to graft a Lamarckian or instructive interpretation upon ordinary genetical evolution, they are not nearly so foolish or dangerous as those who have attempted to graft a Darwinian or purely elective interpretation upon the newer, nongenetical, evolution of mankind.

The conception I have just outlined is, I think, a liberating conception. It means that we can jettison all reasoning based upon the idea that changes in society happen in the style and under the pressure of ordinary genetic evolution; abandon any idea that the direction of social change is governed by laws other than laws which have at some time been the subject of human decisions or acts of mind; that competition between one man and another is a necessary part of the texture of society; that societies are organisms which grow and must inevitably die; that division of labor within a society is akin to what we can see in colonies of insects; that the laws of genetics have an overriding authority; that social evolution has a direction forcibly imposed upon it by agencies beyond man's control—all these are biological judgments, but bad judgments based upon a bad biology. I advocate a "humane" solution of the problems of eugenics. I have not claimed, and do not now claim, that humaneness is an attitude of mind enforced or authorized by some deep inner law of exosomatic heredity. There are technical reasons for supposing that no such laws can exist. I am not warning you against quack biology in order to set myself up as rival peddler of patent medicines. What I do say is that our policies and intentions are not to be based upon the supposition that nature knows best; that we are at the mercy of natural laws and flout them at our peril.

It is a profound truth—realized in the nineteenth century by only a handful of astute biologists and by philosophers hardly at all (indeed, most of those who held any views on the matter held a contrary opinion)—a profound truth that nature does not know best; that genetical evolution, if we choose to look at it liverishly instead of with fatuous good humor, is a story of waste, makeshiftness, compromise and blunder.

I could give a dozen illustrations of this judgment, but shall content myself with one. I referred to the immunological defenses of the body, the reactions that are set in train by the invasion of the tissues by foreign substances. Reactions of this kind are more than important—they are essential. We can be sure of this because some unfortunate children almost completely lack the biochemical aptitude for making antibodies, the defensive substances upon which so much of resistance to infectious disease depends. Until a few years ago these children died, because only antibiotics like penicillin can keep them alive; for that reason, and because the chemical methods of identifying it have only recently been discovered, the disease I am referring to (agammaglobulinemia) was only recognized in 1952. The existence of this disease confirms us in our belief that the immunological defenses are vitally important; but this does not mean that they are a wonder of adaptation, as they are so often supposed to be. Our immunological defenses are also an important source of injury, even of mortal injury.

For example: vertebrate animals evolved into the possession of immunological defenses long before the coming of mammals. Mammals are viviparous: the young are nourished for some time within the body of the mother; and this (in some ways) admirable device raised for the first



"You hit me at a bad time . . . 1960."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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time in evolution the possibility that a mother might react immunologically upon her unborn children—might treat them as foreign bodies or as foreign grafts. The hemolytic disease that occurs in about one newborn child in 150 is an error of judgment of just this kind; it is, in effect, an immunological repudiation by the mother of her unborn child. Thus the existence of immunological reactions has not been fully reconciled with viviparity; and this is a blunder.

But this is only a fraction of the tale of woe. Anaphylactic shock, allergy and hypersensitivity are all aberrations or miscarriages of the immunological process. Some infectious diseases may be dangerous to us not because the body fails to defend itself against them but—paradoxically—because it does defend itself; in a sense, the remedy is the disease. And within the past few years a new class of diseases has been identified, diseases which have it in common that the body can sometimes react upon its own constituents as if they were foreign to itself. Some diseases of the thyroid gland and some inflammatory diseases of nervous tissue belong to this category. I say nothing about the accidents that used to occur in blood transfusions—immunological accidents; nor about the barriers—immunological barriers—that prevent our grafting skin from one person to another, useful though it would so often be; for transfusion and grafting are artificial processes. All I am concerned to show is that natural devices and dispositions are highly fallible. The immunological defenses are dedicated to the proposition that anything foreign must be harmful; and this formula is ground out in a totally undiscriminating fashion with results that are sometimes irritating, sometimes harmful, and sometimes mortally harmful. It is far better to have immunological defenses than not to have them; but this does not mean that we are to marvel at them as evidences of a high and wise design.

We can, then, improve upon nature; but the possibility of our doing so depends, very obviously, upon our continuing to explore into nature and to enlarge our knowledge and understanding of what is going on. If I were to argue the scientists' case, the case that exploration is a wise and sensible thing to do, I should try to convince you of it by particular reasoning and particular examples, each one of which could be discussed and weighed—some, perhaps, to be found faulty. I should not say: Man is driven onward by an exploratory instinct and can fulfill himself and his destiny only by the ceaseless quest for Truth. As a matter of fact, animals do have what might be loosely called an inquisitiveness, an exploratory instinct; but even if it were highly developed and extremely powerful, it would still not be binding upon us. We should not be driven to explore.

Contrariwise, if someone were to plead the virtues of an intellectually pastoral existence, not merely quiet but acquiescent, and with no more than a pensive regret for not understanding what could have been understood, then I believe I could listen to his arguments and, if they were good ones, might even be convinced. But if he were to say that this course of action or inaction was the life that was authorized by Nature; that this was the life Nature provided for and intended us to lead, then I should tell him that he had no proper conception of Nature. People who brandish naturalistic principles at us are usually up to mischief. Think only of what we have suffered from a belief in the existence and overriding authority of a fighting instinct; from the doctrines of racial superiority and the metaphysics of blood and soil; from the belief that warfare between men or classes of men or nations represents a fulfillment of historical laws. These are all excuses of one kind or another, and pretty thin excuses. The inference we can draw from an analytical study of the differences between ourselves and other animals is surely this: that the bells which toll for mankind are—most of them, anyway—like the bells on Alpine cattle; they are attached to our own necks, and it must be our fault if they do not make a cheerful and harmonious sound. THE END

For readers who wish to pursue the subject further, the following books are recommended:

Medawar, P. B.
The Uniqueness of the Individual
Basic Books
$4.00

Dunn, L. C.
Heredity and Evolution in Human Populations
Harvard University Press
$3.50

Huxley, J. S.
Evolution: The Modern Synthesis
Harper
$7.50

Smith, J. Maynard
The Theory of Evolution
Penguin
$ .85

Stern, Curt
Principles of Human Genetics
Freeman
$6.50

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Drowning Victim (Continued from Page 31)

"Guess my imagination is working overtime," he said, trying to manage a smile.

"Man, you're seeing things!" replied the boy, staring at him a little uneasily. "Wasn't it enough to have that poor kid drown here a week ago? We don't want any more."

Glen nodded, unable to speak.

"Well, see you," said the boy. He disappeared into the shower room, snapping the rubber band attached to the nose clips.

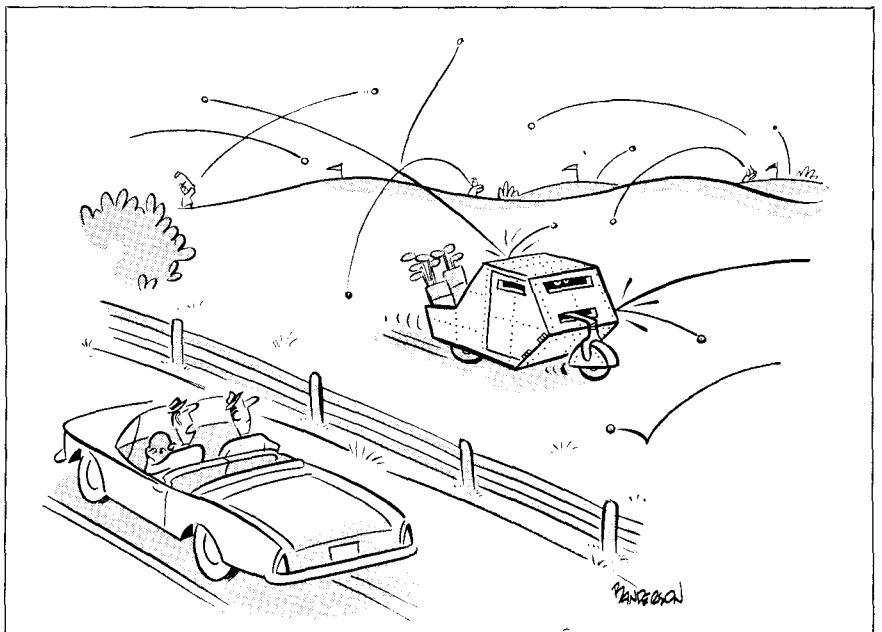
Taking a deep breath, the lifeguard tried to steady himself. He moved quickly over to the wall to switch out the lights above the pool, then walked back to the lighted office at the other end of the natatorium. He had a stocky, smoothly muscled build; his features were plain, but the appealing quality of the face lay in the dark, intense eyes that reflected a childlike sensitivity as well as a conscientiousness that gave him much of the time a look of worried concentration. Now the face had an almost haggard appearance that seemed strange for a robust young man of twenty-two.

He stepped inside the small office and, still in his wet bathing trunks, sat down at the metal desk to look over the attendance sheet. But the figures dimmed and the sheet was transfigured into the surface of the pool. Like an echo in the white-tiled natatorium he heard the boy's words once more: "*Wasn't it enough to have that poor kid drown here a week ago?*" A week ago. It seemed to Glen an eternity ago, so many times had he relived the experience. And yet for that very reason it also seemed as if it had just happened. Tonight—his first appearance at the pool in a week—he had nearly relived the experience in fact as well as in imagination. But a week ago when he had plunged into the water the body had been there.

He closed his eyes, shuddering as he saw himself leaning above the twelve-year-old boy stretched out on the side of the pool, breathing into the child's mouth. The boys in the five-to-five-thirty afternoon instruction class had stood about, watching in frightened silence. Even now Glen could feel that silence, hearing as he did then only the click of the minute hand on the wall clock and the dying lap of the waves against the gutters. He had worked over the boy till tears blinded his eyes, till his heart seemed ready to burst from the strain. One of the boys finally slipped away to tell the neighborhood club's director, Mr. Spears, and at last a rescue squad from a nearby firehouse had come—and a doctor, who pronounced the boy dead.

As he recalled all this once more, the young lifeguard's body grew cold, and he felt himself shivering so violently he had to clutch at the edge of the desk to steady himself. He didn't hear the door open, and he jumped when he felt a hand resting on his shoulder.

"Steady, Glen. Take it easy." It was the voice of Mr. Spears. "How did it go tonight?"



"Public golf course."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"All right, thank you." He tried to stiffen the tone of his voice. "Everything went off fairly well."

"Glad to hear it." The director leaned against the green metal locker in which Glen hung his clothes and studied the young man. "I think it was a good idea to have you stay away for a week. Gave you a chance to get some perspective on the matter. I hope by now you're convinced no one blames you." Mr. Spears was a small, muscular man in his early forties; he had a resonant voice and an animated, confident way of looking at a person.

"I—I honestly don't know, Mr. Spears. I still think I ought to—to give up my job here. I really do." His voice almost pleaded.

"Nonsense, Glen. We've gone into all that before. It was a terrible thing. But it's almost certain that nothing could have saved the boy. His own doctor said he must have suffered a heart attack from going in swimming too soon after having scarlet fever. Submerged without a sound and was probably dead in a few seconds. It couldn't have been any different."

Couldn't have been any different? The words echoed in Glen's ears. "Maybe," he blurted out, "if I'd been more alert—if I'd done a better job of resuscitation ——"

"There are all kinds of 'ifs,' Glen. But I wouldn't ask you to stay if I didn't have confidence in you."

Glen shook his head in gloomy wonderment. "I don't understand how ——"

"Look," said Mr. Spears, "you're an intelligent, conscientious young man. You're taking your master's degree in physical education at the university, and you want to make a career of children's recreation and education. We simply couldn't find a better man for the job—particularly for the five-to-nine shift. So

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try to get your confidence back and everything will be all right. O.K.?"

"Yes, Mr. Spears, I'll try." Glen sighed and stared out over the pool. Suddenly he caught sight of the lighted wall clock. He jumped to his feet. "I'm going to call on the Weldons tonight, Mr. Spears. I'll have to hurry and get dressed."

"Didn't you talk with Mr. Weldon at the inquest?"

"Yes, but—well, I just feel that wasn't enough. I've decided I ought to call on the family."

"A fine idea, Glen. It won't be easy, but I'm sure it will be rewarding."

"I—I hope so." Mr. Spears clasped a reassuring hand on his shoulder and left.

Outside the night air was dry and frosty, and the contrast with the steamy warmth of the pool made Glen catch his breath. He pulled the fur collar of his jacket up around his ears and buttoned it to the top. It was mid-February and the cold, bright glaze of winter seemed everywhere. A light snow sparkled on the roofs and walks of the suburbs, and the stars in the black sky were fragments of ice reflecting fire. Glen drew a deep breath and felt his lungs constrict from the icy air. He decided to walk the six or seven blocks to the Weldons', feeling it would give him more time to think and prepare himself.

His path led him across a small park. In the center was a frozen pond where a few boys still skated. Two park lights at either side of the pond cast on the ice overlapping circles, within which the boys skimmed about like birds flying back and forth in a cage. Often after leaving the pool Glen had walked around the park before driving back to his room to study. He liked to walk. It was his way of relaxing from the arduous routine of his job and his long hours of study.

He passed by one end of the pond, where the large galvanized pipe lay that took care of the overflow. Now icicles hung over the opening, and tufts of snow were frozen to the sides. Finally he left the park and walked up the street on which the Weldons lived. Peering closely at the house numbers, he finally spotted the right address and went up the steps toward a medium-sized, gray-stone house. As if in a dream he raised his hand to press the bell, struggling to put together some words to say.

The door was opened by a short, round-faced woman, whose expression Glen felt might ordinarily be quite cheery and lively; now the face was blank and the eyes seemed barely to focus on him. "Yes?"

"I—I'm Glen Thatcher." The woman only looked at him without expression. "I'm the lifeguard at the pool." She gave a start, and panic crossed her face. She glanced over her shoulder, as if seeking help. Then she turned back to him. When she spoke, it was in a low, almost breathless tone.

"Oh. Yes, yes. Come in." She stepped back, and Glen entered the small hallway.

"John," the woman called. Then, gaining more control of herself, she said, "Let me take your coat."

"No—no, thank you. I'll only stay a minute. I just ——"

As he spoke she moved into the living room, drawing him after her. Her husband was just rising from the chair.

"John," said the woman, "this is Mr. Thatcher from the pool. He's—he's come to ——" Words failed her and she stood looking at her husband and twisting a button on the front of her dress.

Mr. Weldon blinked a few times and stopped in front of Glen. "Oh, yes," he said. "We've met. Well, have a chair."

Glen dropped awkwardly into a straight-backed chair near the entrance. After staring at him curiously, Mr. Weldon walked back to his own chair. There was no open hostility or resentment in the man's face, only a reflective gaze edged with a trace of irony.

"A cold night," observed Mr. Weldon. "We're due for a thaw soon."

"Yes—it's a cold night. It sure is." Glen took a deep breath and turned to look at Mrs. Weldon, who was still standing, and then at her husband. He leaned forward. "Look—I've just come to—to say I did everything I possibly could." He clenched his hands. "What I feel is nothing to what you must feel, but I don't know how I could be any more sorry or miserable than I am about—about Tommy."

"Oh, we're not blaming you," said the woman quickly and with a sudden swelling of emotion in her voice.

"No," said the man slowly, "no need to worry on that account."

That's not it. That's not it at all, thought Glen desperately. He hadn't come for reassurances or to excuse himself. There was a silence, and it seemed to freeze the room, till Glen found it difficult to breathe. He was just on the verge of giving up and getting out of there somehow, when Mr. Weldon spoke.

"I guess," he began, still with that trace of irony beneath the calm, somber expression, "that you've had quite a lot of experience with this—this lifeguarding business?"

"Well," said Glen, "I have a water-safety instructor's certificate, and I—I've done some work with swimming groups at the Y.M.C.A. Not really a lot, but ——"

"You're a student, too, I understand?"

"Yes, sir. I'm working on my master's degree at the university."

"Quite a strenuous schedule?"

"Yes, sir, it is."

"And I suspect your studies keep you pretty well preoccupied?"

All at once Glen was shocked by the pattern in the man's questions—and their implications. It was like a blow. He wanted to say something in his defense.

"I've got to go now!" he blurted out suddenly. "I just wanted to let you know that—that ——"

Suddenly a new voice spoke up. "Well, I think someone ought to say what a fine thing it was for Mr. Thatcher to come here." Glen looked around. A girl was standing beside Mrs. Weldon. She was so small he thought at first she was a child. But her face was that of a young woman—nearly his own age, he judged.

"This is our daughter, Sheila," said the mother, her arm around the girl's waist. Glen mumbled some words of greeting.

"We're grateful that you came," said the girl. "It was ——"

"I wanted to come!" The words burst from him, and then he stumbled toward the door. Pausing in the open doorway, he was aware only of the girl standing near him with her hand outstretched. He took it and was so confused and so grateful that, instead of shaking the hand, he suddenly bowed low over it. Then he fled down the steps.

Walking back to the neighborhood boys' club to pick up his car, Glen felt so shattered that afterward he scarcely remembered having walked the distance at all. Before he reached his car he had determined to tell Mr. Spears the next night that he would have to resign—and this time he would not be talked out of it! The events of the night had so wrecked his confidence that he was ready not only to give up his job but his professional career as well. He had become deathly afraid of ever having to face another emergency.

The next night Mr. Spears didn't appear at the (*Continued on Page 97*)

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(*Continued from Page 95*) neighborhood club, and Glen didn't want to resign to the assistant. So he said nothing to anyone about his decision. The four-hour stretch at the pool seemed endless. Several times he was once more on the verge of making wild plunges into the water. He had to fight to restrain himself, knowing that he must be mistaken. How *could* it be possible? he thought. Hadn't he kept counting the boys every few minutes, and had he even taken his eyes from the water? At such moments reason told him there was no body lying on the bottom; yet he was gripped by a tormenting impulse to plunge in and make certain. The dilemma was frightening. And it was fear that restrained him from making the dive as much as it was fear that impelled him; for he sensed that if he gave way to any more such wild plunges as the night before, he would lose all control over himself.

When at last the ordeal was over and he walked up into the lobby, a young girl rose from one of the straight-backed chairs and came toward him. She had a petite, almost childlike figure, but the quietly attractive face was that of a mature young woman. Long brown hair rippled at her shoulders. For a moment Glen stared at her, puzzled. Then, with a start, he recognized her.

"Hello," she began uncertainly. She twisted a button on her tan polo coat, reminding Glen suddenly of her mother's similar habit. "I—I felt I had to come. I just wanted to tell you that mother and dad aren't really bitter toward you. I hated to see you leave feeling your visit was a failure. I'm sure that's what you must have felt."

"Well, I ——" Glen floundered, not knowing quite what to say.

"We've suffered in our family," said the girl quietly, "and I know what it is, and I know if I can relieve someone else's suffering, even just a little, then I must try to do it."

He looked at her and knew she meant it—deeply. That she in her own loss should try to comfort him was something he would not forget.

"You're very kind," he said at last, "but I'm afraid your father ——"

"Dad's not himself now. Tommy's death just seemed to bury him. But I know in his heart he doesn't blame you."

"I appreciated what you said last night. I didn't deserve it, though. I made a fool of myself. I didn't say to your parents what I really wanted to say, I guess."

"I know," she said. She stared over his shoulder into space. "At times like this we mutter words and sound like foolish puppets when we long to move the gods." There was a silence. Mr. Spears' assistant began flicking the lights as a signal that it was closing time, and several boys on their way out uttered some admiring whistles in the direction of the girl.

"Look," said Glen, "there's a little restaurant near here. Would—would you care to have some coffee and a sandwich with me?"

The girl nodded. "I'd like to."

The coffee had long been drunk and the sandwiches eaten; but the young couple were caught in the flight of their talk like two birds soaring on a current of air. Although Glen did most of the actual talking, the look of interest on the girl's face was so intent as to be almost audible at times. He had a need to talk, and she understood this.

The torrent of words sketched mostly his recent years—the decision not to enter the feed-and-grain business which his father operated in the northern part of the state, but instead to go to a small college nearby, where he was the first in his family to receive a college degree; and even more important, the decision to go on to graduate work in physical education and enter on a professional career.

But as he came to the present, the words slowed and faltered. It was as if he had forgotten for a few wonderful minutes that there was a present. "Everything was going so well until ——"

"Yes," said the girl, and her gray eyes focused steadily on him. "Go on. I want to hear."

His face expressed almost horror at the idea of describing the experience to the dead boy's sister. But there was something compelling in her tone and in her eyes. He felt ashamed before her strength. He began to talk and, having got beyond the initial shock, he realized almost immediately that he wanted to talk about it.

When he finished there was a pause.

"Tommy." The girl spoke the name, and for a moment was silent. Then she said, "He was so bursting with energy—so much earnestness tied to so much merriness. That smile—life seemed to shoot from it like sparks." She looked away. "He shouldn't have gone to the pool that soon after his sickness, but he was so determined to be a good swimmer. And we really thought he must be fully recovered." She stopped and gave a helpless little shrug.

Glen wanted to touch her then, to hold her and comfort her; but he felt he had no right to. "I was just getting to know him," he said. "I'd already started to give him special instruction, and I never had to tell him something twice. So alert and so darned eager ——"

"Please—" The girl raised her hand just a little. She looked at him calmly, but he saw a faint quiver about the lips. She turned the conversation in another direction. "And now," she said, her voice quiet, searching, "you've lost your confidence. You're afraid. Afraid you'll have to dive in and make a rescue all over again." There was a pause.

"Yes," answered Glen at last, "I'm afraid. The first real emergency—and I failed. What if something like that happened again? No"—he shook his head

• •

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By Catherine Cameron Thaxter

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Shall ever bless that highland lass
Who granted me this dour mien.
For though it's never launched a ship
Nor budged one dory from the shore,
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Of salesmen at my kitchen door.

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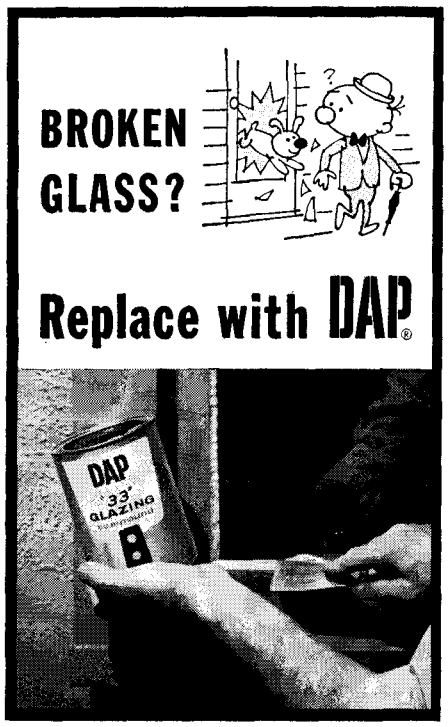

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desperately—"I'm going to quit the job tomorrow night. As much for the sake of those in my care as for myself." He fell silent beneath the girl's steady gaze, feeling that somehow he hadn't justified to her his fear or his decision to quit.

"Don't quit," she said suddenly. She leaned forward a little and touched his hand, speaking with a quiet urgency. "'O friend, never strike sail to a fear! Come into port greatly or sail with God the seas.'"

He stared at her, puzzled; and then automatically, almost as if hypnotized, he repeated the phrase, "'Never strike sail to a fear!'"

She nodded, slowly withdrawing her hand. "A nice thought. Not mine, though. Emerson's. I use it sometimes as a private little rallying cry. It helps." She held his gaze in hers. "What do you think?"

There was a pause. Glen was thinking not so much about her words as about the girl who spoke them. He did not dare tell her what he really thought—or felt. "Yes," he said, "it's a good thought—and it does help." He felt his words were a painfully poor substitute for the urge he had to take that small figure into his arms.

"Promise me you won't quit," she repeated at last. "You can't live with fear—and you can't leave it behind. You've got to take a stand." The clear gray eyes held his own in an expression of compelling sympathy and understanding—and of a strange tenacity.

"All right," he said, "I promise." He smiled, and it seemed to him that he smiled for the first time in years.

"That," said the girl, "is our first sign of hope."

Glen drew a deep breath. "You've done me a lot of good. It's strange that you should be the one to cheer me up. I—I'd like to see you again."

She, too, managed a smile, though her own sorrow hung over it like a veil. She gave her head a little backward shake till the soft brown hair rippled across her shoulders. "And I hope you will. In the daytime I'm a hard-working secretary. But at night—well, you'll probably find me at home hunched over a book. The serious type, you know. Like you." This time their smiles appeared at the same time—each with its own sadness, its own hesitancy, but each reaching toward the other.

Then Sheila stood up. "Now I think we had better leave before the man begins stacking us on the tables along with the chairs."

For Glen the interlude with Sheila had been a light breaking through the darkness of his anxiety. Yet it had not altogether dispelled the darkness, and his succeeding hours of duty at the pool returned him to his nightmare. The glassy jade surface of the water became like an evil mirror throwing back at him the image of some nonexistent figure shifting in blurred whiteness beneath the surface. The evil mirror seemed to hold his gaze eternally, freezing him in a paralysis of watching, waiting. In his room the pages of the textbooks blurred into a watery surface; in the classroom at the university he stared into the mirror and was certain the students sitting beside him knew he had let a child die.

Nearly a week had passed since the night he'd had his talk with Sheila. When he knew at last that it was hopeless to continue on at the pool and that now he would have to quit his job in spite of his promise, he could not bring himself to call her. How could he face her? The question tormented him. He wanted with all his heart to see her again, but his weakness was a barrier between them. The sail was struck. Now she would not, he felt, want to see him. It was over. Trying his best to rationalize, he decided it was all for the good. He wanted to leave behind everything that reminded him of the drowning.

On the night his decision became final he walked slowly down the steps and at the same time drew a deep breath, giving way out of pure weariness to the illusion of relief. He had determined that he would not return the following night to see Mr. Spears, but instead would write a note of resignation and leave it with Mr. Spears' secretary sometime the next day. There would be no difficulty, he knew, in finding someone to replace him.

Instead of getting into his car immediately, he headed almost unconsciously toward the park a few blocks away, where he had often walked before returning to his studies. It was a balmy night. The first real thaw of winter had come, bringing with it a slight mist that made even grayer the few patches of remaining snow. Tiny streams of melted snow ran down the gutters of the streets, sending off faint gleams from the diffused glare of the street lights. In the air was the merest suggestion of moist earth that nudged the outlying streets of the city with its touch of spring.

But of this Glen was hardly aware. He walked almost as in a daze. Before long the feeling of relief had vanished. He suddenly felt himself grow hot with shame. Frantically he unbuttoned his topcoat, throwing it open till it almost fell from his stocky shoulders. He thrust a hand to his head, disheveling the brown, curly hair. Uncertainty and despair brought tears to his eyes so that he shut them, plunging blindly across the street to the park, hardly knowing where he was. When he stumbled on the opposite curb, he opened his eyes and walked over to lean against one of the trees bordering the park. He stared straight ahead, unable to focus his thoughts. It was several minutes before the scene in front of him penetrated his consciousness.

Two boys were skating on the pond, some distance from where he stood. With the help of two park lights at either side of the pond he could see they were playing some kind of game. But at first, because of the slight mist and his own distraction, he couldn't make out what it was. Finally he moved a few steps forward to get a better view, forcing his attention to focus on the scene. Then he understood the "game."

At the deep end of the pond, where the overflow water ran into a large galvanized pipe that carried it underground; the ice had melted so that there was a space of open water. The boys would start skating at the middle of the pond and race toward the open end at full speed, swerving off to one side just before they reached the dangerously thin ice bordering open water. It was a risky game, and they were enjoying it immensely, laughing and daring each other to come closer on the next try.

Glen could see in an instant what would almost certainly happen if they kept it up. He looked around. How was it no policeman had chased them off? Surely, he thought, one would come along soon. He knew quite well what the result would be if he tried to play policeman. They would laugh at him. And even if he went out onto the ice, they would skate mocking circles around him. The police they would obey.

But what if a policeman didn't come in time? thought Glen. What if the thing happened he felt sure would happen? Suddenly he turned and started back toward the car. Suffocating with fear and shame, he tried not to name the thing he was doing. His head throbbed, and there was a tightening metal band about his throat. Why, he reasoned desperately, should he be the one? What could he do? He could go back and watch and wait till something happened, but why should he get involved at all? What if he had to make another drowning rescue and what if —— He shook his head in despair. There was no use trying to hide it from himself. This time he'd struck sail with a vengeance!

The thought suddenly evoked an image: out of the mist a vague, tiny figure seemed to appear somewhere ahead, quietly watching him. He stopped. The soft gray eyes were not reproving, only sad and thoughtful. He looked down at the ground. The swirling mist became a vast lake and he in the center, drowning. He wanted to cry out for help. But who would hear him? He lifted his head. Without surprise he noticed the image had vanished. No one.

"Hold it, Irene. My oil well came in!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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All at once he found himself drawing in a long, deep breath, as if his lungs were starved for air. He didn't fully realize even then where the sudden strength for the decision had come or why. But it did come, seeming to seize him in a fury of determination. He swung around and strode back to the park, not yet knowing quite what he was going to do. When he had returned to the place a little beyond where he'd first turned away, something happened that made him stop and catch his breath.

One of the boys coming down the pond at full speed suddenly tripped on the rough, honeycombed ice as he neared the danger spot. He pitched forward, skidding along in a sprawled position, till all at once the ice near the open water gave way and the body slipped beneath the surface. Lighted dimly by the park lights and seen through the faint mist, the scene had an eerie, dreamlike quality.

It all happened so fast that the boy's companion remained rooted at the center of the pond, staring at the place where his friend had disappeared. But before he could move or cry for help Glen was already running. He was about a hundred and fifty yards away, but the ground was soggy from the thaw, and he slipped to his knees several times. Never once did he take his eyes from the spot where the boy had gone under. Weighted down by skates and heavy clothes, the child had not reappeared on the surface.

Finally Glen was at the edge of the pond. He threw off his topcoat, kicked away his shoes and waded in. Gasping from the shock of icy water, he half swam, half walked till he was almost up to his chin. At that point he judged he must be above the boy and he made an awkward surface dive. He plunged downward into absolute blackness, feeling for an instant as if he were no longer part of any world he knew. No one who has never groped blindly in dark depths for a body can know the terror of it. But for Glen there was a terror even greater—that he would fail. Grasping at the mud and the soft, slippery sticks and snags, he pulled himself along.

Suddenly he clutched the body. Giving a powerful thrust with his legs against the bottom and pulling with his free hand, Glen reached the surface. As he waded ashore he realized with a frightened shock that the boy was not breathing.

Once on the bank he tore away some of the outer garments and wrapped the child in his topcoat. Then with the boy lying flat on the ground, head tilted back, Glen leaned over him. Feeling in the mouth for any obstruction, he then pinched the nostrils shut and placed his mouth over the boy's mouth and breathed into him. After several breaths he turned his head with his ear close to the boy's mouth, listening for the return rush of air. There was none. Was it going to be the same thing all over again? he wondered desperately. He felt beads of sweat burn through the cold wetness of his body, and his eyes closed in an unspoken prayer. Once more he breathed into the child, slowly, steadily. Then he listened again. A sudden shiver shook the thin figure, and a brief rush of air escaped the lips—and then another. Glen wanted to shout.

But, restraining his relief and excitement, he waited to see if the breathing would continue. It did. Once there was a choking sound, and Glen turned the boy on his side till the vomiting was over. Then he began to chafe the thin, pallid arms. The boy's eyes opened and the breathing became more regular.

The boy's companion, standing motionless beside Glen, suddenly seemed released from the paralysis in which shock and fear had numbed him. "I know where he lives, mister," he blurted out. "I know where he lives. Just a few blocks from here. I'll show you."

"All right," said Glen. "Take your skates off and let's get him back as fast as we can."

Returning through the darkened streets of the neighborhood with the one small, shivering figure bundled in his arms and the other at his side showing him the way, Glen strode along, conscious of a growing strength within. But he knew the strength did not arise just because circumstances had allowed him to save a life where once before he could not. Things were not as simple as that. The strength had come before the rescue. And it had come in a mysterious way. It was as if—as if someone had breathed life back into him also.

Then he knew. Quietly and deeply he knew. Someone had. As surely as he had breathed life back into the boy, so had she—by her words, by her presence—somehow done the same for him. And at the moment he had felt as if he himself were drowning. As he walked up the steps to the boy's house he realized she had never been far from his thoughts during that week. All at once he found himself wondering hopefully if she was still awake—"hunched over a book."

The boy at his side suddenly interrupted his thoughts. "Gosh, mister," he burst out, as if expressing an idea he'd kept pent up during the walk back, "that was great! I'll bet they give you a reward or something!"

"That part's already been taken care of," replied Glen. He smiled at the boy's puzzled look. "Hurry and ring the bell," he said. THE END

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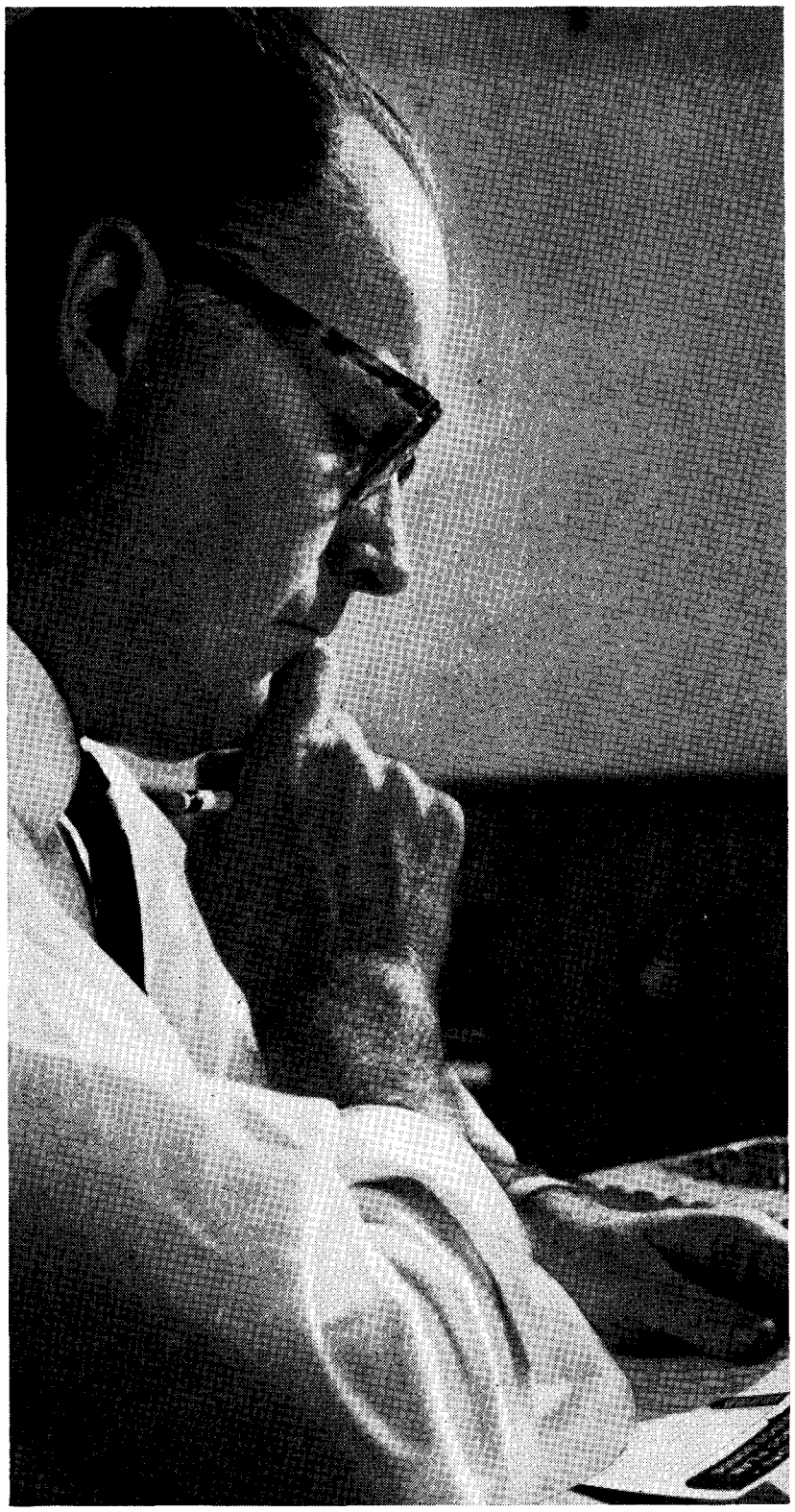

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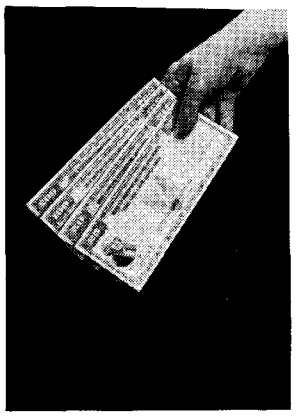

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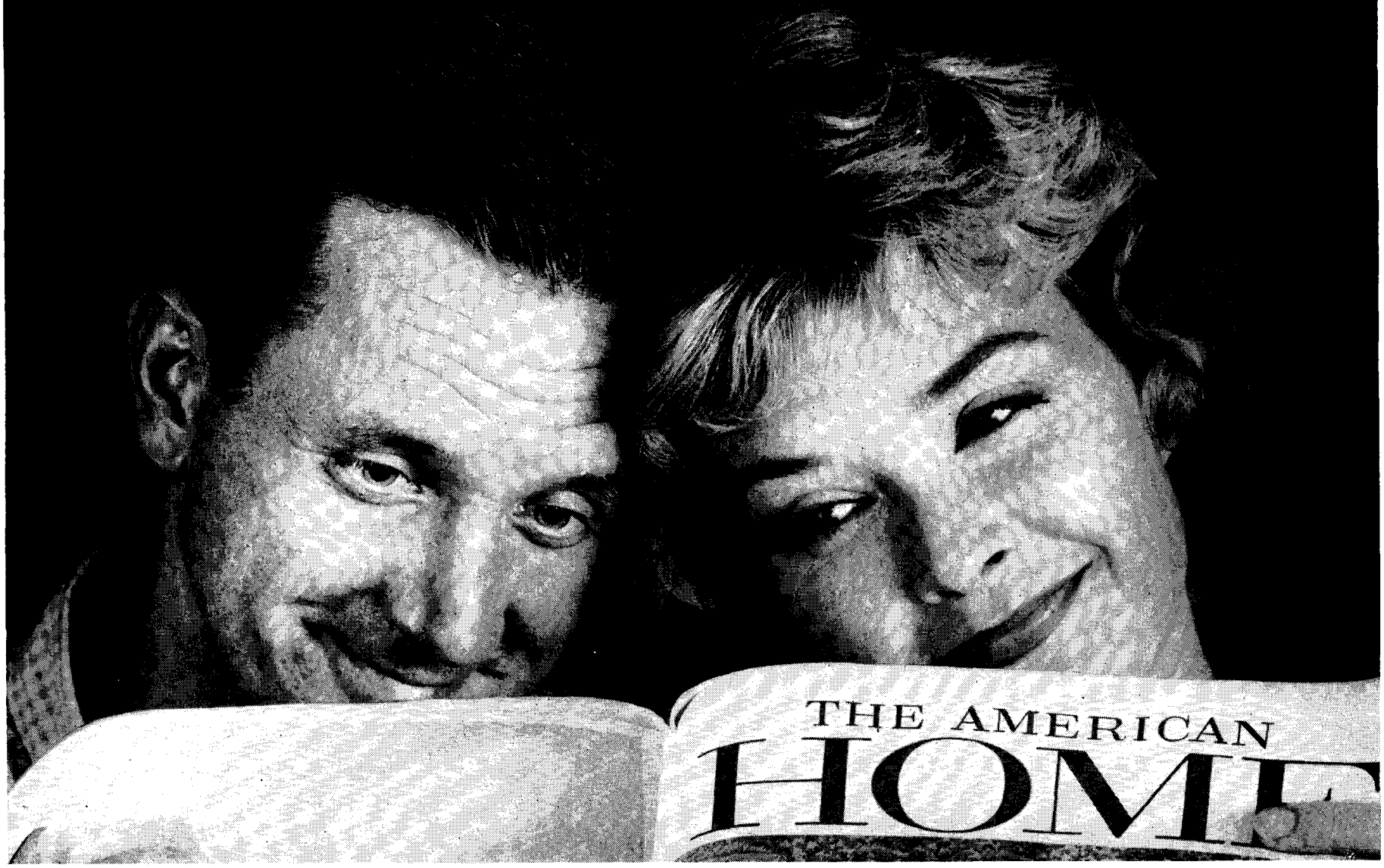

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Alibi for Murder (Continued from Page 42)

Saul said heatedly, "You can take your badge. I resign. But I'm going to get this killer, with or without your help." He went out and slammed the door behind him. He got into his own car and headed for Pangulch.

Chief Ahern sighed. He picked up his phone. "Get me Jeffries. . . . Lieutenant Jeffries? I'm taking you off the Garth and Harris cases. Saul Milstein is in charge of them again. And I want the word out that the department is standing behind him with everything we've got."

Lieutenant Jeffries said, "Bartholomew Garth called today to ask me a few questions about the police budget for next year. It comes up in the next council meeting. Do you think it's wise ——"

Chief Ahern said coldly, "I'm a cop, not a diplomat. You have your orders. It's Saul's case."

Heather read the letter again for the twentieth time that day. She kept it in the pocket of her apron, which she had put on to do the dishes. She jumped as Bartholomew suddenly appeared in the doorway, smiling.

"I'll wipe." Bartholomew cheerfully picked up a dish towel.

Heather stared at him. She could not help it. All the time she had had so much to do, with Old Garth and all, he had never raised a finger. And now he wanted to help with a few dishes!

She said quite clearly, "I couldn't think of it. I can't stay here at all, even long enough for you to get somebody else, unless I am needed and do my own work."

He put down the towel, smiling. He said tenderly, "You always were a conscientious little thing. The man you marry will always be made comfortable and well looked after."

Her mind was on the note again.

Meet me tonight in the woods in the park. Midnight. I need your help. RICK.

She shivered. She had never been very brave. As a child she had always feared the dark. To go along into the deserted park at that hour, to meet a man who was wanted for two murders! And yet, frightened as she was, she knew she would go, must go.

Bartholomew said solicitously, "You are c old. That's the second time you've shivered. Take my coat."

She said more sharply than she intended, "Oh, for heaven's sake, Bartholomew. I don't want your coat. I'm busy. Why don't you go—wherever it is you always go in the evening?"

Bartholomew looked momentarily taken aback. He said sadly, "I'm sorry if I'm bothering you. It's been so many years since I spent an evening without Old Garth."

Heather was instantly remorseful. She put her small hand on his arm, warm and soft. "I'm sorry, Bartholomew. Of course you would be lonely. I wasn't angry at you. It was—myself, I guess."

"Why should you be angry at anything—so sweet and pretty?" Bartholomew moved closer to her. He caught her tightly against him and kissed her.

She pulled away violently. "Bartholomew! I don't care how lonely you are, you must see I can't stay in your house if you ——"

He let her go, smiling tenderly. "You're right, my dear. Perhaps it would be better if you stayed at the hotel for a few weeks. Until we can — make things more formal."

She stared at him. "The hotel? What do you mean, make things more formal?"

"Darling, it's a little soon after my father's death yet, but we've known each other a long time now and ——"

Heather backed away from him. "Don't," she said. "Bartholomew, you're just lonely. It isn't me. I'm not a girl men look at. You know that. You never did. You always looked at glamorous girls like Felice."

Bartholomew said, "My dear, you can be as glamorous as Felice ever was. With your eyes and that blue-black hair and your figure, you'll be sensational when I get you properly dressed, get you a good hairdresser and teach you how to put on make-up."

She continued to back away. She looked close to tears. *Poor little thing*, he thought, *she just can't believe her good luck.*

He said patiently, "I've never been a snob, Heather. I don't demand that my wife have money or social position. I have enough of both. My wife will automatically be the social leader of Gadsden. And don't worry. I'll spend my money—really live, travel."

Heather said desperately, "Bartholomew, you're just lonely. You can't mean this!"

"But I do mean it, darling, incredible as it probably seems to you. Every word. I'm going to marry you."

She spoke quietly, as if to a child. "I'm sorry, Bartholomew. I wouldn't have had this happen for the world. I never dreamed —— You're just lonely. It isn't really me."

He snapped, "Stop saying that. It's you I'm marrying, isn't it?"

She shook her head, her huge eyes fixed on him sadly. "I'm sorry. I couldn't possibly marry you."

"You—couldn't possibly ——"

He sat down in a kitchen chair. He could not believe her words. He stared at her. "You must realize what I could give you?"

"You couldn't give me the one thing I really want, Bartholomew. Love."

"Love! Of course, I can give you love. Why else do you think I ——"

"You don't love me. Not really. And I don't love you."

He said impatiently, "You talk like a schoolgirl. How long do you think that sort of love lasts? I promise you that you will come to love me."

Heather shook her head. "There's—someone else."

"There couldn't be. I've never seen him. Who is it?"

Heather was silent. She finished drying the dishes and put the towel in the laundry. She took off her apron. "I'll pack my bag, Bartholomew. I'll leave in a little while. Please believe I'm sorry."

Bartholomew sat alone in the empty kitchen. He heard the sound of Heather's heels going up the uncarpeted stairs. For the first time in his life Bartholomew felt alone. Utterly alone. It was not a feeling he was used to, or one he liked. The vast house seemed to echo emptiness. He would almost have been glad of the roar of Old Garth's voice.

Almost, but not quite. He drew himself up proudly. Heather was an ungrateful little nobody, not worth the thought and honor he had done her. She had been right in one thing certainly. It was not she he cared about. It was that he was lonely.

Still, the wound smarted. A penniless girl, unnoticed by anyone until he took an interest in her, calmly refusing the brilliant future of being Mrs. Bartholomew Garth!

Naturally she had been lying about there being another man. There had never been any signs of one. Except, of course, she had received that special delivery today and she had put a letter she had been reading into her apron pocket when he came into the kitchen.

He found her apron. In her haste, she had left the note. He read it now, once, twice, incredulously. Furiously he crumpled it into a ball and threw it across the immaculate kitchen floor. Rick Donelli! She preferred that penniless no-account to Bartholomew Garth!

Bartholomew felt his anger grow, his righteous indignation. Never before had he offered a woman his name, the chance to share his life. He had offered them to this penniless, nameless orphan, and she was going off to meet Rick Donelli!

All right. Let her meet him. I'll meet them both. In the park, a lovers' suicide pact. That will end it once and for all.

Bartholomew was tired again. Very tired. Tired of all the killing and the bloodshed. All he had wanted was what was rightfully his, his inheritance. He had it now; he could live the life he had always wanted to, if only people would let him alone. If Felice had just minded her own business, if that music teacher had just not wrapped himself in that quilt —— But, he told himself firmly, in a little while it would all be finished. Finally and forever. He could put it all behind him then and forget it. Midnight in the park ——

He went into the study and fortified himself with the last of Old Garth's brandy. Tonight it did not help. He sat cold and unfeeling, waiting, simply waiting for midnight.

Saul Milstein said, "I want some good lights. I want some good skin divers. That lake is cold, I know, but I've got to have that briefcase. Tonight. Now."

The chief of police of Pangulch looked bewildered. He was an elderly man named Owens, within a year of retirement age. "I guess I can get you the divers, all right, for a price."

"The briefcase was thrown in the lake by a man standing on Long's Knoll. There isn't any current there; it can't have drifted far."

"But the air and the water are cold. Wait until morning."

"Now," said Saul. "Right now!"

Chief Owens sighed. "All right. I'll do my best."

"Never mind your best. Get that briefcase. Now I want to round up the tourists in the Mountain House. All the ones that were there Wednesday."

"A lot of them go to bed pretty early. I can't wake them up."

"You can or I can," said Saul. "That's all the choice you have. Make it fast. I'm in a hurry."

"All right. I'll try—I'll round 'em up."

It was a motley assemblage that gathered a few minutes later in the lounge of the hotel. Sunburned men and women in slacks, children in pajamas. All had one thing in common—curiosity.

Saul looked them over in silence, his sharp eyes missing little. He made a brief speech about regretting the necessity of bothering them, but they and perhaps only they had information he needed.

"I want someone who saw a man, three days ago—Wednesday—between ten and twelve in the morning. He's about six feet tall, holds himself with military straightness, brown hair, brown eyes. He might have had on a brown suit and been carrying a briefcase."

The desk clerk was small and wizened, but had a shrill voice. "Do you mean Mr. Bartholomew Garth, the man whose old father was murdered? I was on duty that day. I saw him come in and go out. He checked in at ten-fifteen and Johnny Farrer checked him out when he left at twelve-forty-five. I'm positive I didn't see him otherwise. He's quite a distinguished-looking man, and I would have remembered him. Everyone who goes out has to go through the lobby. Both stairs open there. There is no other way out."

"You might have missed him. You must have been pretty busy, checking people in and out."

"Not that busy. It's my job to watch, you know. In case people try to get away without paying. The police questioned me immediately afterward, when my recollection was absolutely fresh. I'm sure I didn't miss him."

"Could you be sure if he were wearing something else?"

"How could he have been? He only had a briefcase. It was too small to contain clothing."

"Suppose he put on a hat, covered his hair and face, dark glasses?"

The clerk shook his head stubbornly. "I would still have known Mr. Garth. He couldn't have changed his clothes, after all."

Saul sighed and stood for a minute looking at the group in front of him. He thought tiredly, *They'll never remember anything now, not with that clerk sounding so positive. Even if one of them did, people on vacations don't volunteer anything that will make them spend time and be delayed by serving as witnesses. It's the way good citizens always say they didn't see an auto accident.*

He stood there, as discouraged as he had ever been in his life and as frustrated. Rick could never have killed Antek. There was only Bartholomew Garth. It had to be Bartholomew. He got out of that hotel room somehow. But Rick would go to the gas chamber, and Antek's murderer would go free, if Saul could not prove how.

Thirty years on the police force and I can't catch my best friend's killer, even when I know who he is!

Aloud, Saul said, "Listen, I know this man was on the streets during those hours. I don't know what he was wearing or why the clerk didn't recognize him. But believe me, it can happen. We have a fugitive in our city that the whole police force hasn't been able to catch up with in three days, and just today he went down the streets (*Continued on Page 104*)

Children's Nap Time

By Margaret Grahame Collins

This is the drowsy hour we
share together,
Close in the circle of the
afternoon.
Wind in the Willows murmurs
in the stillness;
Speed, Bonny Boat repeats
its gentle tune.

The rocking chair's slow
rhythm echoes softly
Green-water ripples of the
old lullaby.
Sleeping children drift on
a shadowy river
Or skim dream shallops
over the sea to Skye.

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(*Continued from Page 102*) in broad daylight without being stopped ——"

The thought hit then, like lightning. Rick wasn't stopped because he was dressed like a tourist, and nobody pays any attention to tourists. Bartholomew didn't put clothes on; he took them off. He wore shorts, covered his hair.

He said sharply to the clerk, "Suppose Bartholomew Garth had been in swimming trunks? Would you have noticed him then?"

The clerk was shrilly defensive. "I'm supposed to especially watch people who might be leaving in street clothes, or carrying anything. But I think I would have known Mr. Garth, even in bathing costume. He is so very pale, you know. Most of our guests have been out in the sun a lot."

"Suppose he wasn't pale," said Saul, in growing excitement. *That bottle Johnny Farrer saw on the desk wasn't liquor!* "I have a witness who says that after the news of his father's death, he particularly noticed that Mr. Garth's color was higher than it had been earlier. I have another witness who saw him stop and wash his face repeatedly on the way home. Suppose he was washing off some suntan lotion that he applied? Would you have recognized him with his skin darkened, his hair covered, dark glasses and a hat—if he went out the door at the far end of the lobby?"

The clerk said stiffly, "I can't say it isn't possible, if he was disguised. I can only say positively I did not see him as I know him."

"All right," said Saul recklessly. "Now we have him on the street in suntan make-up and swimming trunks and dark glasses. Some sort of hat that he could have carried in his briefcase. Who saw him then?"

The tourists stared back at him impassively.

"One of you must remember. A tall man. He would have had to get a car to get to Gadsden somehow." *Only he didn't have time*, he remembered with discouragement. "He has a broken little finger on his left hand."

A red-haired boy with glasses spoke. "I saw him."

A large woman beside him moved quickly. "You keep still, Junior Van Doorn. You did not. He's always making up stories. Anything to get attention."

"I did so see him, mamma. You did too. On the excursion boat. He was the man who gave me the money to get him an ice-cream bar and then threw it away. You remember."

His mother said, "But he had a blond mustache. Still, his hair was brown. I noticed after he lost his cap. I sat next to that man in the launch coming ashore at Gadsden. I don't remember his finger, but I'm sure I'd know him again, especially if I heard him speak."

That's why Bartholomew had time to get there! He went across the lake instead of around it! Saul spoke with a casualness he was far from feeling. "Any of the rest of you remember him? He took the excursion boat to Gadsden? At what time?"

"Eleven o'clock. Back at twelve-thirty. He went ashore at the beach at Gadsden."

"Only he didn't stay at the beach," said the red-haired boy with glasses. "I looked and looked all over the beach—in the water and everywhere and he wasn't there. He came back just in time for the last boat."

"He had on red-striped shorts," said Junior's mother.

"And no camera," said the boy. "And he spent the whole trip coming back in the washroom and ran off the boat before anyone else."

"I remember him now," an elderly man spoke quietly. "I had been feeling the motion of the boat and I was anxious to get back to my room and lie down. But he pushed me aside and ran down the gangplank first, getting off. Of course, I didn't see his finger."

"I did," said a thin middle-aged blonde. "I was in the launch coming back, too, and I remember now that I noticed his finger and wondered why it was never properly set."

"There was some sort of stain on his trunks on the way back," said the boy. "He said he had a hot dog and it was catchup."

"You're sure?" Saul looked at the boy's mother.

She nodded. "Junior mentioned it to him. It was sort of brown."

"Junior," said Saul, "you're the answer to a cop's prayers. You and your mother. And all you other people, of course. If you will just give my sergeant your names and please not check out before morning, when we can take your formal statements."

"We're staying all summer," said the boy. "My father says he has to have that much peace from me each year. Will we get to go into court? I'm going to be an attorney, you know, and ——"

"Oh, shut up, Junior," said his mother tiredly.

Saul had enough now. He had finally broken Bartholomew's alibi. He did not need to wait, even for the evidence of the briefcase. He dared not wait, with Rick Donelli determined to kill Bartholomew. He started for Gadsden, running his siren full blast.

Before he got there, the word came over his police radio that the divers had found the briefcase off Long's Knoll. A bottle of suntan coloring, a transistor tape recorder, some red-striped bathing trunks, a blond mustache ——

"Do you mean you made them go down in that cold water in the middle of the night for that junk?" Chief Owens asked indignantly.

"That junk," said Saul," is going to send a man to the gas chamber. If we can only find some of Old Garth's blood on those trunks! But we don't need it."

Saul turned his siren off prudently when he approached the Garth home. He rang the doorbell of the dark house. There was no answer. He rang again. He cracked a window and let himself in without ceremony. He ran through the house, his gun drawn. It was empty. Both Bartholomew and Heather were gone. Saul wondered why he felt such an uneasiness about their absence.

In the kitchen Saul found the small piece of paper. *Midnight in the park. It's after that now. Lord, let me be in time!*

Heather looked back over her shoulder often as she approached the park. The street behind her was deserted. She wanted to be sure that she was not followed—and she was certain she was not. Yet she had an absurd feeling of being watched. There was no one there. No one could be watching her. But she was sure someone was.

Of course, she thought, *Rick is watching me from inside the park in the darkness. But this isn't the sort of feeling Rick's watching would give me. I wish I were either brave or sensible. Brave enough not to be afraid, or sensible enough not to go. But I have to see Rick, no matter what. I've never felt this way about anyone before. He said I could help him. If I can, what difference does it make if I'm afraid?*

She ran, not back, but forward. She found the path to the woods in the park. She stumbled along it, gasping for breath.

Rick caught her as she nearly fell.

"Oh, Rick!" she said. "I was so frightened!"

"You're not frightened now?"

She smiled up at him in the darkness. She put up a hand to touch his cheek. "I could never be frightened with you."

He said roughly, "You should be frightened. You should have your head examined, coming here. To meet a man wanted for three murders." Soberly he told her about Antek.

She said softly, "I know how much you loved him, Rick."

"I'm going to get the man who killed him."

"But how do you know who it was?"

"It can only be one person. Someone who wanted to kill me. Not because he even knew me personally, but because I stood in his way, alive. With me dead, two murder cases would be closed."

Heather shivered. "Who?"

"Bartholomew Garth."

"His own father—he couldn't, Rick!"

"He must have. He was the only one with any reason. Felice Harris told me she was expecting him that night for dinner. She intimated she knew more about Old Garth's murder than she was telling. Bartholomew probably killed her to keep her from telling."

Heather said, "There has been something awfully strange about Bartholomew lately. A new—confidence, sort of. I thought it was just that he was going to get all that money. But how can we prove it, Rick?"

"I'm going to take you to a safe place, a hotel. I had to be sure you weren't at the Garth house, and that there are witnesses to where you are. I'll do the rest."

"Rick! You're going to kill him!"

"It will be a pleasure," said Rick. "Only first I'm going to tie him up and see that he talks. A written confession."

"Rick, you mustn't kill him."

"Antek was my friend. A gentle man who never did anything but good in his life. I couldn't do anything to the men who broke his hands, but I can get the man who killed him. I'll kill Bartholomew Garth and never look back."

"I'm afraid not," a voice said right behind him. "Don't move, Rick. I assume you are Rick? We meet at last. I have my gun pointed directly at Heather. At this range I couldn't miss."

Heather let her breath out. "Bartholomew! But you couldn't have followed me here."

"I anticipated you, my dear. Both of you. While your young man was gallantly watching you safely into the park, I was stationing myself strategically here. Don't move, Rick. Not an inch, or the girl dies."

Rick stood tense, without moving, as Bartholomew took the gun from his pocket.

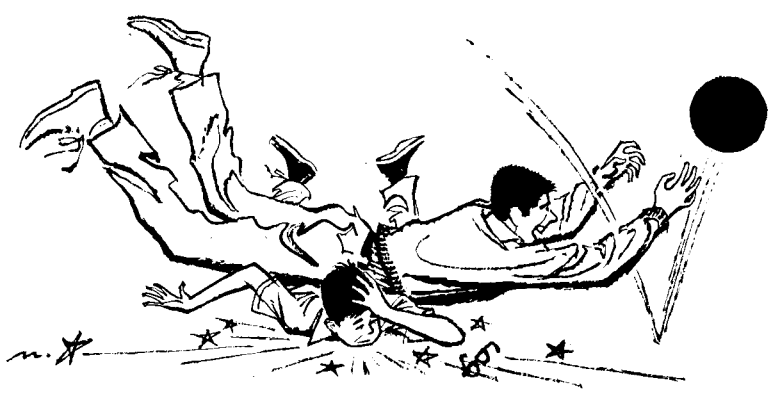
Bartholomew said, "Very convenient, really. So much more believable that you should both die with Rick's gun, the one he took from the police. It might be a bit difficult to explain, if I had had to kill you with my gun."

Rick said, "You'll never get away with it. Saul will know."

Bartholomew laughed. "Saul hasn't done very well so far, has he? It will be plain this is a lovers' tryst, and in despair you kill her and then yourself."

Heather said, "Bartholomew, you must be mad. Why, just this evening you asked me to ——"

"A mistake I shall not make again, my dear. A man should never step out of his class. As you said, I was lonely. I must have been to even consider a girl like you." (*Continued on Page 106*)



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

At recess the schoolboys played games against one another regardless of size and age. Eventually, a 145-pound eighth-grader bumped against a ninety-seven-pound seventh-grader and injured him. The hurt boy's mother sued the school for negligence.

"Why, every school in the United States permits athletic contests between grades, with no seeding as to sizes," counsel for the school replied. "Certainly the whole country can't be wrong, while only this mother is right."

"If you want to see how wrong it is to pit little boys against young men twice their size, look what happened to my ninety-seven-pound son when a 145-pounder ran into him," the mother retorted.

If you were the judge, would you make the school pay damages?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The school did not have to pay. The court said: "While smaller boys must not be permitted to compete unsafely, yet larger boys must not be denied the opportunity to participate. If classification is made too narrow—especially in the smaller schools—there won't be enough players to make up any teams."

Based upon a 1953 California decision.

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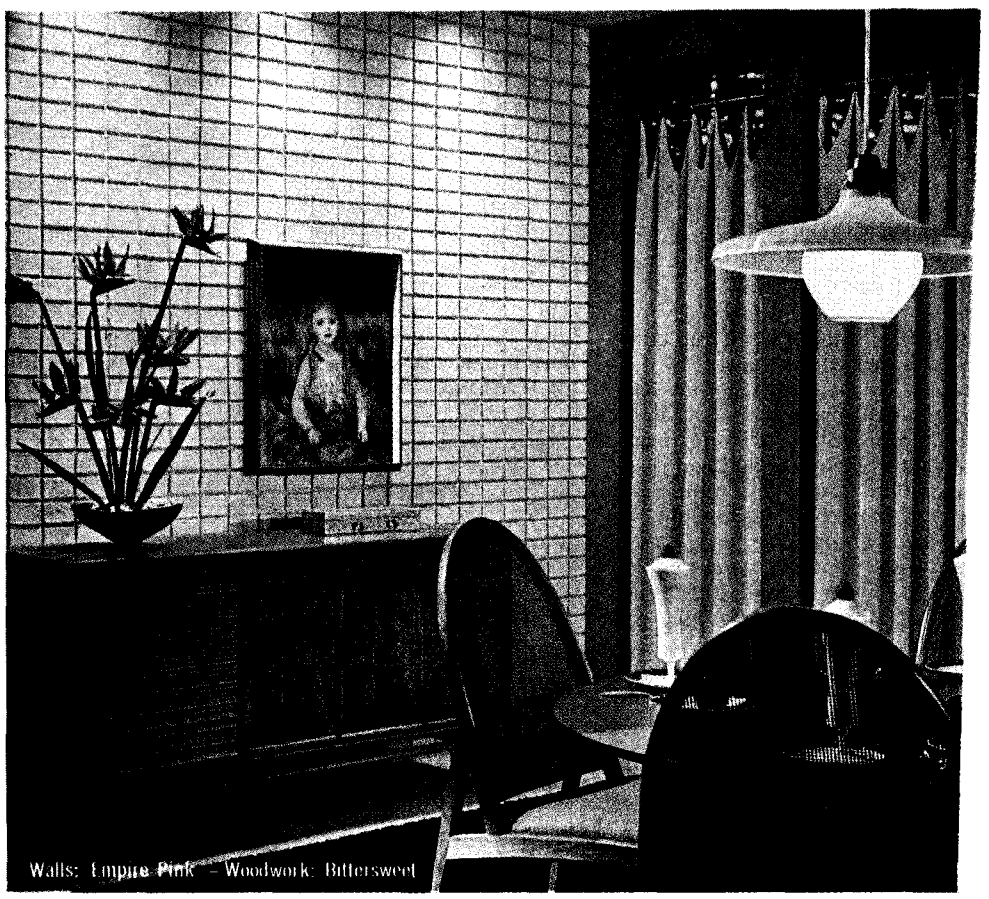

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(*Continued from Page 104*) Rick said something between his teeth. Heather whispered, "Delay him, Rick. Keep him talking. Someone might come."

Bartholomew overheard the whisper and laughed again. "To a dark and deserted park in the middle of the night? My dear, it sometimes seems to me that college has been wasted on you."

Rick said, "Why did you kill Antek? Why?"

"I thought it was you. The old fool, rolled up in a quilt on a hot day like this."

"And you killed your own father?"

"I certainly did. If I never commit any other worth-while deed, that alone should assure my benefit to posterity. Except that it will never be known that I did it."

Heather felt Rick move her, very slightly, an inch or so to his right. He said, "What did you have against Felice? What did she know?"

"I don't mind telling you about it. I'll never get a chance to tell anyone else. It's a pity. No one but me will ever know how clever I have been, when you two are dead. Felice had the misfortune to call me at the Mountain House in Pangulch at eleven-twenty that morning. She knew I wasn't in my room. Tracing that phone call could have cracked my unbreakable alibi. She was too greedy about the price of her knowledge."

Rick moved Heather another inch to the right. He said, "Nobody gets away with murder. You won't get away with it, either."

"This conversation is beginning to bore me. If you two have said your final prayers?"

Rick sent Heather sprawling into the bushes with a shove of his arm. He jumped, not toward the gun, but away from it. He heard a shot, two shots. He lay without moving, as he had been taught to do, until the enemy moved.

Bartholomew called, "I can see Heather, Rick. I'll shoot her if you don't come out before I count three."

If he could see her, he'd shoot her anyway. Rick pulled himself noiselessly along the ground. He knew these woods backward; he had walked here and had practiced his violin here many times. He thought with marveling detachment, *So all that silent kill stuff Lt. Ned Phillips taught us wasn't nonsense after all.* He found a tree. From behind it he said, "Don't move, Heather. He can't see you any more than you can see him."

A bullet thudded into the tree trunk above him. Rick reflected soberly that Bartholomew was a good shot. And he had the only gun. The only two guns.

Rick heard Bartholomew moving in the direction in which Rick had pushed Heather. He thought, *He heard me tell her not to move, and if she doesn't, he knows he can find her. And if he finds her, he has me. And this time there won't be any pausing to brag about his exploits. But I can't let her move. He would hear her and shoot for the sound. He nearly got me, by my voice.*

Rick knew he was taking a chance. The longest chance he had ever taken in his life. Because what he was risking was not only his own life, but Heather's.

He was on his feet, running lightly toward the place where he had heard Bartholomew's voice. Circling behind it ——

He heard Bartholomew moving ahead of him. He could see nothing but indistinct shapes in the darkness of the woods, but it had to be Bartholomew. If it had been Heather, Bartholomew would have fired at the sound. Rick nearly collided with a tall figure. He stopped, on his toes, wavering, nearly falling, but not making a sound. Then his arm was around the man's throat in a judo lock, cutting off the air.

He said, "Drop the gun before I break your neck. I only have to apply a little more pressure, and believe me, it would be a pleasure!"

He heard a heavy object dropped. He called, "Heather? I have him. Come and get his gun."

Bartholomew sagged heavily against him. Rick lowered him to the ground. He took the other gun from his pocket. He also took a cheap cigarette lighter and a ball-point pen.

"They'll do," Rick said. "It may not be the most legible writing in the world, but it will do. Just write what you just told us about killing Old Garth and Felice and Antek."

Bartholomew sat without moving, gasping for breath.

Rick said, "I have my knife. You're pretty good with knives yourself. I wouldn't mind trying a little persuading with mine."

"You—won't—kill me—if I don't write it. But—if I do ——"

"I'm going to kill you either way. You have your choice of how you want it. Hard or easy. Personally I hope you take a lot of convincing."

Heather said, "No, Rick. Leave him to the police now."

"The police! You don't think they'll believe us against him, do you?"

There was a sob in Heather's throat. "They'll have to. We have all our lives ahead of us, Rick. We've both just found a reason to live. We love each other. You can't spoil it all with a senseless killing."

"He killed Antek!"

"I won't let you do it, Rick. I can't."

"You can't stop me. Are you ready, Garth?" He drew his knife and moved toward Bartholomew.

Behind him Heather said, "Rick, please ——"

Rick saw Antek's body then, the small thin stain of blood, the knife that had killed him while he was sleeping. He saw Bartholomew hazily, as if through a red fog. He forgot about the knife. He used his hands, his fists, pitting his strength against Bartholomew's. They rolled over and over on the ground, kicking, gouging, punching. Rick's breath was knocked out of him once. Once his head hit a tree. But he came in again, punching hard and satisfyingly.

Behind him Rick heard shots, but he had no time to think about them. He thought only about killing Bartholomew.

Bartholomew lay on the ground, limp, in front of him. Rick's fingers were at his throat. And then the red mist cleared. Bartholomew's blood was on his hands; Rick thought he had broken his jaw and Bartholomew's patrician nose. It was enough. Rick sat back on his heels. He gasped, "All right, Heather. We'll leave him to the police. Because that's the way Antek would have wanted it."

Behind him Saul Milstein said quietly, "That's just about the wisest decision you ever made in your life. Get up. He's my prisoner."

"Then you heard?"

Saul was cross. "I only heard Heather firing off the revolver. Either teach your girl to handle a gun or keep her away from one. She nearly got me when I was trying to get here. And she wasn't even aiming."

"If you didn't hear Bartholomew confess, will it still be just our word against his?"

"Not quite." Saul told them about the tourists and the briefcase.

Rick said, "He told us Felice made a telephone call to him at the Mountain House at eleven-twenty. She was trying to blackmail him."

Saul nodded. "There will be a record of the call. And Mrs. Mulroney, next door to Antek, just reported that she saw Bartholomew running out of Antek's house just before you came back with the groceries. Apparently the old lady had been watching you for days. Some cooperation with the police!"

Bartholomew stirred groggily. He groaned, feeling his jaw, his nose, the blood on his face. He staggered to his feet with difficulty. He said thickly, "You can't touch me. You don't dare. I'm Bartholomew Garth!"

"A beautiful fight, son," said Saul cheerfully to Rick.

"You haven't any proof," said Bartholomew. "You couldn't have. It's all circumstantial. I'll have the best lawyers."

"Sure," said Saul. "And you'll be convicted of three murders. Come on. Let's go."

Bartholomew held his battered head high, proudly, as a Garth should. He thought incredulously, *This isn't really happening. It couldn't be. In a minute I'll wake up and Old Garth will be roaring at me. Old Garth will get me out of all this. Old Garth can fix anything. But Old Garth is dead. I killed him. . . .*

Chief Ahern's small, stocky figure bristled. He glared at Saul. "You know I can't have my men breaking windows and entering houses without warrants, throwing their weight around waking up tourists in the middle of the night, giving divers pneumonia. And it's my personal opinion you deliberately let Rick Donelli beat Bartholomew Garth to a pulp before you stopped the fight. Now his attorneys are claiming police brutality —— I'm relieving you of your duties as head of homicide, as of now."

"All right, chief. Jemima's got my patrolman's uniform all cleaned and pressed."

Chief Ahern said, "Dammit, Saul, thirty years should be long enough for even you to learn that regulations are regulations!"

"Sure, chief," Saul said amiably. "If you're through with me now?"

He went out into the hall where Rick and Heather were waiting. "Some shiner you've got," he told Rick. "Heard you two are getting married. And Jemima said, 'Why shouldn't we have a little party for them?' Only if you want to, of course," he added hastily.

Rick said, "I'd like to see Jemima again. She's swell." And Saul's heart warmed to him.

Heather asked, "What about Bartholomew?"

"The district attorney is dead sure he can convict him of first-degree murder. The evidence keeps piling up, and he can't possibly beat it. We've traced his practicing swimming in Denver. The tourist who saw him throw the briefcase away has identified him. We found the clothes with Antek's blood on them in a couple of ash cans. And the man who sold him the new ones he wore home has identified him too. The cab driver who took him to Antek's ——"

Saul looked at Rick. "There's something else. Antek made me executor of his will. He left you his little house, Rick. I think its sale might just about finance that trip to that Eastern music contest you won, and buy you a good violin. You'd better play good now. For Antek."

"I'll try," said Rick Donelli with a humility Saul had never expected to hear from him. He thought, *There's one boy we won't have to worry about again. He's found something to fight for.* Saul patted Heather's soft cheek.

The chief put his head out the door. He did not smile. "I forgot to tell you your new assignment, Lieutenant Milstein."

"Lieutenant?"

"Lieutenant," said Chief Ahern, straight-faced. "You're going back to the juvenile section. Some of the results you achieved there weren't too bad." He eyed both Saul and Rick sternly and went back into his office.

Rick said, "Cops!" But this time he said it smilingly, with his arm around Heather's shoulders. THE END

"Yes, she was expecting you—but she's home anyway."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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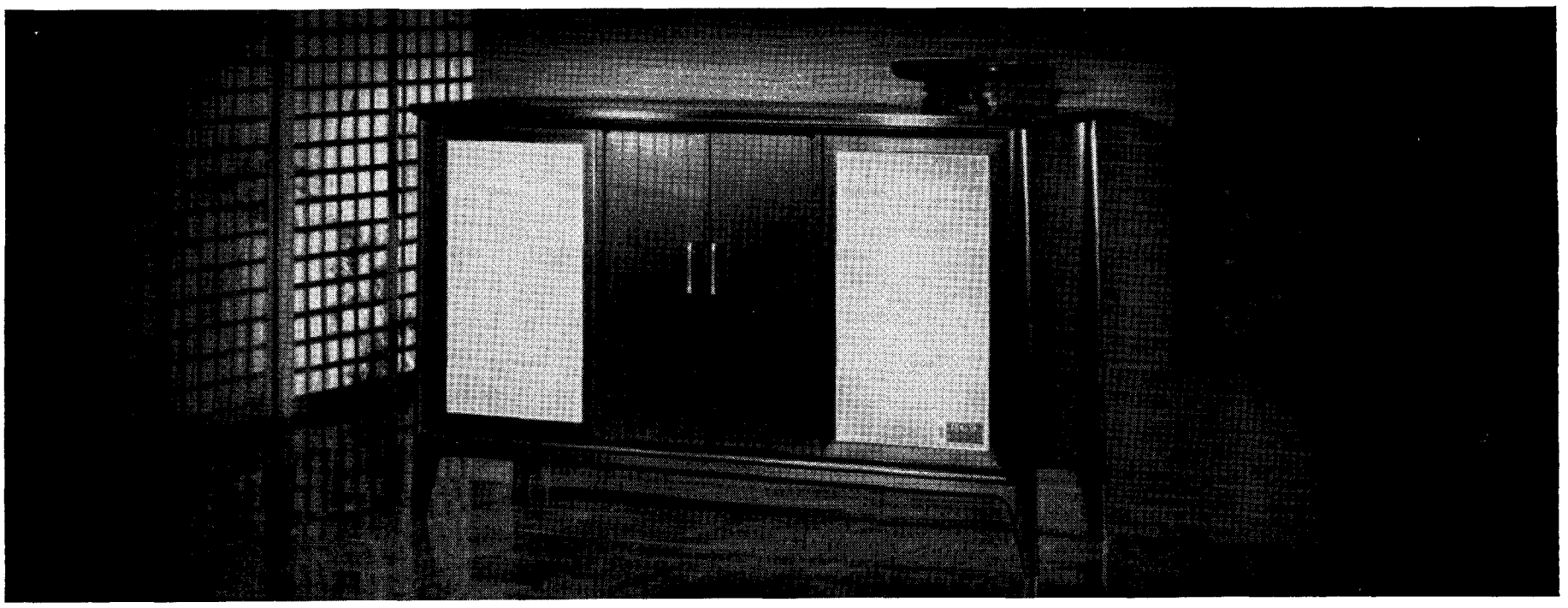

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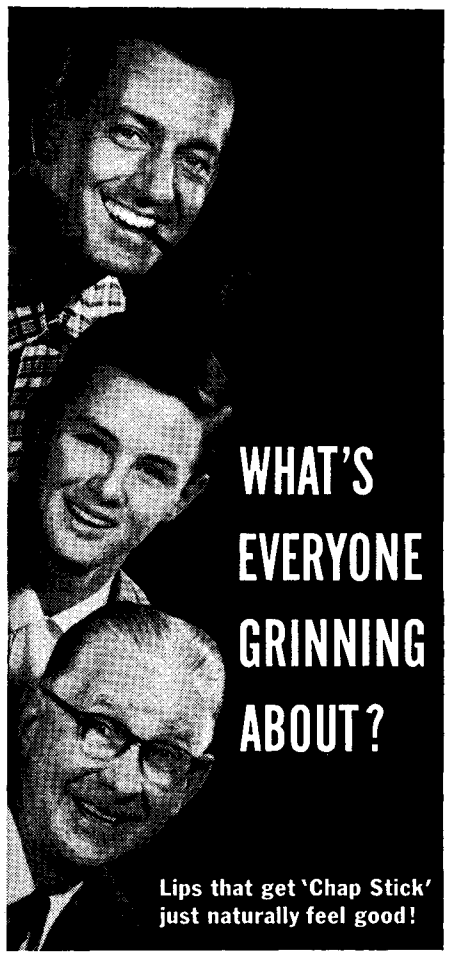

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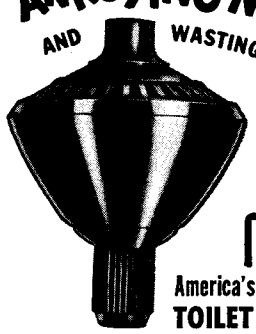

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Enchantment

(Continued from Page 23)

but she gathered that it took superhuman effort for the self, thus stripped, to breast the waves or surmount the barriers that intervened between vision and attainment.

Reluctantly she laid the book aside and resolutely she turned to work. But something tapped persistently at her mind for notice. She picked up the book and read on its cover, ULTIMA THULE BY THOMAS WENTWORTH WOODS.

Thomas Woods was the man whose library had brought her to this place of solitude. From that high tower his eyes, too, must have watched the river which might be time flowing on to eternity. *From that tower too* ——

She could not get her mind back to cataloguing books. She carried a chair up the four flights of stairs and placed it in front of one of the windows, deeply recessed in the thick walls of stone. She spent the morning there reading the book and thinking about it, feeling the presence of Thomas Woods, who had put such terribly beautiful visions on paper. While reading, she was tantalized by the feeling that its meaning escaped her even while it enthralled and frightened her. It represented no Faustlike deal with Satan; yet it recognized no deity beyond that of self. What self did, it did unaided, even to creating paradise. But when she laid the book aside and let her mind drift with the river, the meaning of the words became crystal clear—until something again called her back to reality.

The noon hour was nearly over. Like one stealing from a liaison, she made her way down softly, carefully preventing her shoes from clicking against stone. She shrank from the thought that anyone should guess that all the morning she had been neglecting work for an excursion into what was little more than poppyland.

That projected a thought — had Thomas Woods been an opium addict? It was disclaimed by the tart second question, *Am I?*

After luncheon she returned to the tower to test the experiment of trying to maintain consciousness of her own practical personality while crossing the borderland between reality and nonreality.

She found that the latter state was preceded by a slow transformation of the outward sense—in somewhat the same manner as the sky, with its drifting clouds and dying splendor of sunset, seems to become the sea with islands shaping and reshaping, and colors paling or deepening as they merge. Gradually the scene she looked upon became something fascinatingly terrifying, because its beauty was like nothing she had ever seen before. Then came complete submergence of mind until brought back to earth by some disturbance, probably a manifestation of physical discomfort. And there was left memory only of ecstasy and a craving to recapture it.

One day, while in the preliminary state so carefully observed, she heard steps. Was the caretaker spying on her? Her guilty conscience had suggested that he and his wife knew that she was not spending much time in the library. The steps ceased. Had she imagined them? Probably—but she ought to be fortified with material at hand to give the appearance of working, if necessary. Next morning she summoned the caretaker.

"The light is so much better in the tower; I think I will take up some books to work on. Can you bring a table there for me?"

The air in the tower was wonderful. Its peculiar ozone struck her for the first time as she surveyed her sanctuary. Here she would work. She sat down by the table which had been placed in front of a window more highly vaulted than the others and broader at the base. It had a platformlike step in front of it.

She resolutely set to work, but she found that whenever she looked up, there was something tantalizing about the view, cut off by the deep embrasures at just a point where the scenery seemed to verge with a lovelier blue. Irresistibly she was led to the broad step. Irresistibly she mounted it. The window ledge, unlike the others, was wide enough as well as broad enough to sit on comfortably. Turned up against each wall were thickly padded mats. She tipped them down and had a cushioned seat.

She closed her eyes and, with the shallow breathing that she was always a little conscious of in the tower, drank in the ozone that brought reward exceeding that of nepenthe. She did not sleep. Yet she seemed to return to reality as from a dream and with the feeling that she had been roused therefrom by a sound. She sat erect, listening. There were steps on the stairs again slow and halting. Her first impulse was to get quickly to the table so as to seem at work if anybody came in; but all sound had ceased. She could not tell how long she sat there, looking straight at the entrance to the tower, with the feeling that she was looking right through someone standing there, while that somebody looked her over. And then she heard the steps again. Going down.

It's the solitude, she thought. *I ought to pack up and leave, return the money I have not earned and live at ease again with conscience.*

But, instead of beginning straightway to transmute thought into decision, she turned her eyes toward the outside world—and almost swooned. It was like looking upon life on a different planet. Hills, vales, earth, sky and water were there. But they seemed to float in a thin transparent vapor, or to be mirrored in a lake that could be nothing but mirage. All her being tingled with ecstasy. Paradise could be no lovelier. Though there was no way by which she could reach the ethereal country, she felt as if she were the one human being to whom a glimpse of it had been vouchsafed.

But, disturbingly, a sentence from Thomas Woods's book intruded as distinctly as if somebody had spoken it aloud. *But he who sees paradise with earth-bound eyes sheds hope of future paradise, because it has been given him to know that there is no reality beyond what the mind mirrors.*

So, Thomas Woods had sat in this window enclosure. What sort of man had he been? What had he looked like? She wished she knew more about him. She recalled the portrait opposite the gallery and how it drew the eye down when there, and upward when in the living room. It had impressed her, because it was the only painting in the room. Vaguely she had thought of it as something of such value that the eccentric—for everything proclaimed him that—had considered it worthy of the enhancement of solitariness. Could he have assigned a portrait of himself to such distinction?

She went downstairs to the gallery and looked across to the full-length portrait. The face was not remarkable; but the total effect of the painting was one of indestructible vitality.

She questioned the caretaker when he brought her lunch.

"That's a portrait of Mr. Woods, I suppose," she said.

He turned about, his face transfixed with astonishment that then gave way to sullenness. "Are you trying a joke on me?" he asked.

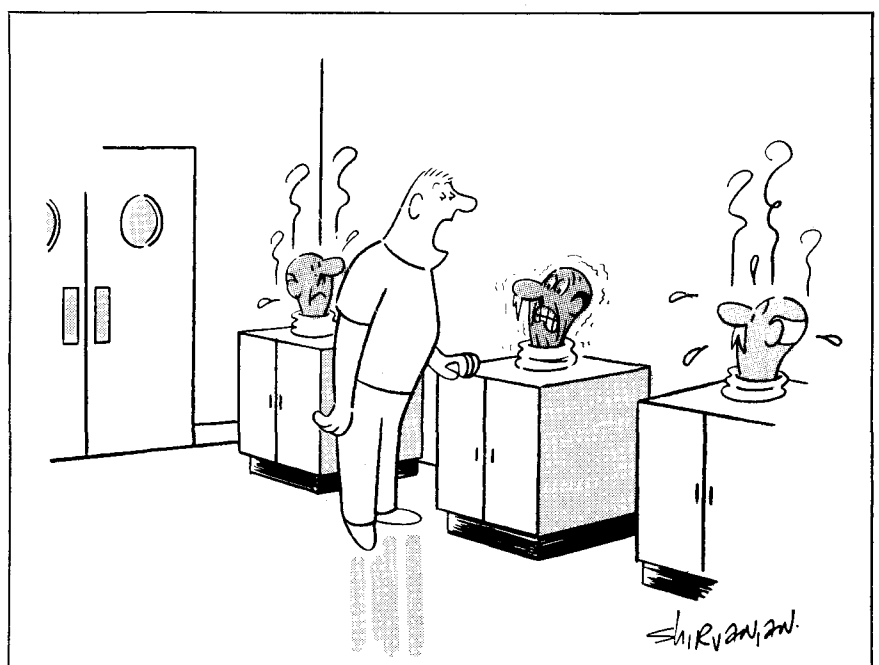
"A joke? Why should I?"

He gave her a long, curious look. "Do you mean to say you don't know?"

"Know what?"

He did not answer that. "No, it's not the master," he said and went out.

She worked in the library the rest of the day. *One of my few days of honest work*, she thought; for she extended her labors so far into the evening that the late beginning was made up for. She lingered on, even after she had reached a point of tiredness that made meticulous work impossible. She sought a book to read, but was conscious of eyestrain and dared not ignore it. Yet she still did not want to go to bed. Her first reaction to the bedroom had been recoil from the impression of a cell—as if one were supposed to atone in a room of austerity for the sensuous pleasure afforded by other rooms. The feeling had retreated in the succession of nights; but now it advanced again, and she thought of the thick stone walls as of a tomb. The smallness of the room, the pale light which the deeply recessed window admitted during day, the starkly bright electric light that seemed to strive to push back walls that pressed in upon



"What seems to be the trouble?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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the narrow bed and strictly necessary furniture, gave her a feeling that when she closed the door she was shutting herself forever away from life.

Nevertheless she went along the gallery to her room. She switched on the light and undressed; but in spite of mental fatigue, her mind was restless. She put on a dressing gown and turned back to the gallery. A pale radiance flowed over it, drifting upward from the big room below, which was so clearly, though softly, illuminated that every chair, table and everything at floor level stood out as distinctly as in daytime. And still the light poured in through the French windows that opened upon the terrace. With the light on, she had not noticed that the moon was rising; and now, with moonlight flooding the room below, she felt as if floating on a silvery sea from which she had just risen. Higher and brighter the light rose. Looking across the gallery, she saw the portrait, transfigured until the ordinarily good-looking face seemed of unearthly beauty.

Almost in the same breath came gladness that she was wearing the rose-colored gown—more becoming than any of her dresses—and a thud of pain that he could not see her and would not notice her if he could. She could not bear the ache of the ifs that pushed between them—if he could arise from the dead, if she could discard ten years and match youth with youth, if he could come down from the frame, if she could be transformed into an Isolde, in place of a person that no one looked at twice, provided the disfigured side of her face was turned away.

She was tired. The moonlight had grown too bright and too cold. She went back to her bedroom, turned off the light, threw the rose-colored gown across a chair and got into bed. Here the moonlight was reduced. It gave a sense of warmth where it stretched across the rose-colored gown. A lethargy settled over her, and she felt herself sinking into a great emptiness.

She awoke shaking, drenched with a strange, sweet terror. There was light still in the room, but of a faintly opalescent tinge that merged with shadows, so that everything was indistinct. Some sickly thought about a waning moon entered her mind, but a line of Turgenev washed it away, "*In the garden the nightingale was singing his last song before the dawn.*" Listen. . . .Yes, a bird was singing, but not a nightingale. Dawn had emerged, wan and weak, from the womb of night.

Would she ever dare to sleep again? For in her sleep she had been ravished, in all the various meanings of that word. All her ifs had been bowled over like tenpins by a bowl from the hand of a crack player. The dead had risen. The young man had descended from the frame. Like a strip-teaser, she had tossed off the years one by one until she lay clothed only in the soft flesh of a few years past twenty. He had looked at her in the moonlight and had found her desirable.

She could feel a flush spread over the whole surface of her body. For a moment or two she lay relaxed with memory; but another fit of shivering seized her. She roused to a sense that the room was icy.

I'm sick. Let's face it. I'm a sick woman. It's the solitude. I've never been alone like this before. But truth interrupted to say that there had always been a sense of somebody close at hand. Closer in every way than the caretaker and his wife—too close, maybe. And though once she would have smiled at the implication of that, she now shivered again and sighed.

Resolutely she got up. She would make some toast and coffee and get to work again. She would work without stint until she could conscientiously say that she had earned money already received and then she would resign from the job.

Braced by the coffee, she started for the gallery; but on impulse, wrapped in the cloak that the morning chill made necessary, she decided to take a stroll on the terrace, which would probably be warmer than the house.

The rising sun told that the day would be warm—one of those days when a haze hung over the river, one of those days when she loved to sit and dream, or feel, because it was a feeling of reality into which she slipped, shaking off a world of which she had no part.

Resolutely she squared her shoulders and went in. But when she came to her desk in the gallery, she decided that it was not yet light enough to work. She might as well go up to the tower until the day was full-born.

The tower was shadowy. But day breaking over the river would be all the more impressive with a twilight gloom at her back. And then she felt the blood chill. She reached a chair by the table, sat down and lowered her head to her knees, trying at the same time to raise her eyes sufficiently to keep the window in view.

If he made one move toward her, she would scream; and once started, she believed she never would stop. When the faintness had passed and slowly she straightened, there was nobody in the room. She thought the daylight advanced with unusual rapidity. Light streamed through the window, giving it a borrowed effect of stained glass. Though she could see that the window seat was unoccupied, she had but to close her eyes to see him clearly again. A gnomelike man with a slit lip, with face seamed and pitted, with nose awry, with eyes that —— Gradually she saw only the eyes and, seeing them, felt that she had seen all the sorrows of the world. Compassion streamed over her, agonizing regret that, by the look of horror, fear and abhorrence, she had added her bit to his weight of sorrow. Her own misfortune, her cheek stained with an ugly birthmark, told her something of what it must be like to be condemned to go through life like that, to know that women turned away in revulsion, that children probably hid from him in fright, that even men . . .

The caretaker must have seen him. How else could he have got in?

But when she spoke to him about it, he said no, of course not. No one had entered, unless he came through the French door she had left unlocked.

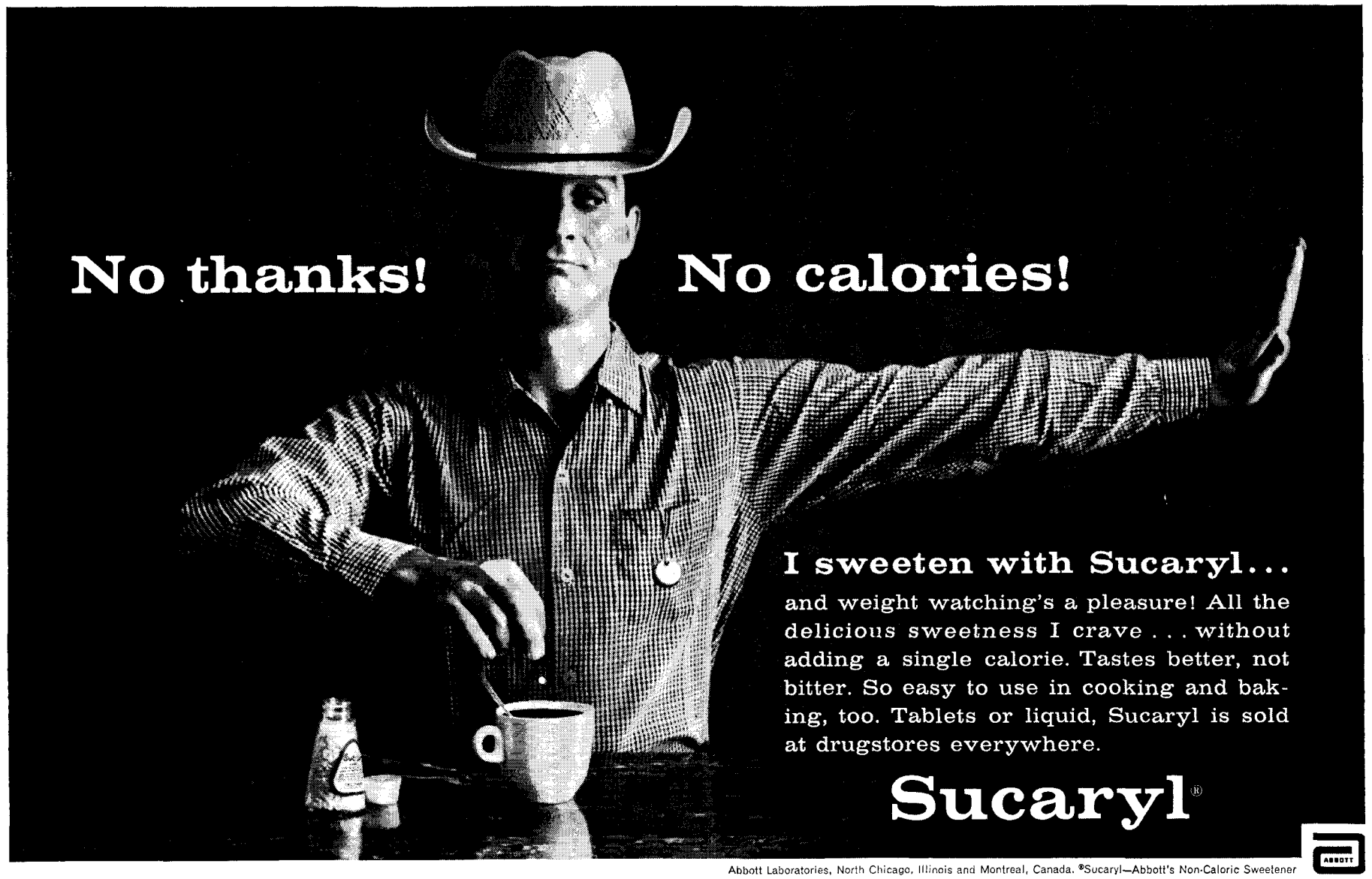
"Unless he slipped through the keyhole!" she said with nerve-racked asperity. "How could he have got through the door without my seeing him, and up to the tower ahead of me?"

But when he asked, with a skeptical look, what sort of man he was, she found herself tongue-tied. She could not bear to say, "The most repulsive-looking man in the world." When he said something about the tower's being dim at so early an hour, she agreed and turned away.

By noon she was wondering if she really had seen anyone. If not, she was definitely ill—not only because she was having hallucinations but because her mind could create such a fearful one. At that thought she felt the eyes reproach her and was torn with longing to assuage the wound.

She kept away from the tower all day, though desire to go there, to recapture the old trancelike rapture, rasped her nerves like the craving for dope.

As she surveyed the work she had done, she saw that through some intense driving power she had accomplished in half a day what would ordinarily have taken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a day and a half. Her love of the work took possession of her again. She stretched back in her chair and closed her eyes, conscious for the first time that she was tired. She could see, could feel the river flowing by.

Bits of imagery from half-forgotten poems drifted through her mind; bits that conveyed only feebly the sense of the marvelous transformation that took shape as she looked out, letting her gaze project itself farther and farther toward infinity.

She jerked out of an uncomfortable sleep; coming back to reality with the fretfulness of a child.

It was the caretaker's wife, with an embarrassed and worried look upon her face. "Do you mind if I speak a bit that's in my mind, Miss Reed?"

"Of course not. What's worrying you?"

"You, if you don't mind my saying so. I'll wager you weigh fifteen pounds less than the day you came. You haven't seen a human being to speak to except Sam and me. It's not good to stick to work as you do."

Mrs. Brown was worried about her—about anything more than her thinness? Had she been doing queer things?

"If I were you I'd change over to the inn for the nights. Lord, nothing would tempt me to sleep up here all by myself. I'd have bats in my belfry if I so much as tried it."

She took a deep breath. Fresh air seemed to flow over her. She had not faced the thought of night because she lacked the courage, but knew that when the time comes, a person can usually face what can't be avoided. But to be free of nights here while reveling in the days!

"I like the idea of the inn. I'll admit that the bedroom is somewhat damp and chilly." There, she had got by that nicely. Both of them relaxed. "Do you suppose I can get a room at such short notice?"

"At this time of the year, yes. Shall I telephone?"

"If you will be so kind."

She awoke from a night of dreamless sleep, with a sense of buoyancy that made her smile at thought of sickness. Thin, yes. Maybe if she had both breakfast and dinner at the inn she'd plump up a bit. Even though she had no desire to make acquaintances, yet eating in the company of others might give food a more savory taste.

Again she settled down to work, punishing her mind with mental arithmetic, which it hated, whenever it teased for just one look from the tower, just one glimpse of paradise. *Not until five o'clock*, she said firmly.

It was in the middle of the afternoon that she came across the gray notebook, in a large book on the bottom shelf—a dingy book with an unprepossessing title. Its leaves had been hollowed out. There were thin-papered letters under the notebook. She glanced at them first. Her instinctive disquiet at reading what the first line revealed to be love letters eased as she proceeded. They were so lyrical, so intense, so impassioned, they became at once associated with the loves that have become public property.

Her dream came vividly back to her and, putting a hand over the birthmark, she let the same sweet terror it had produced sweep over her again. But the letters puzzled her. Though clearly both sides of a correspondence, all were in the same handwriting—a script in which each letter was as perfect as if typewritten, and so small that, without that perfection, it would have been almost undecipherable.

The notebook was in the same handwriting; and that was so small and at times so cryptographic, through abbreviations, that reading it was as if one with a smattering of a foreign language were trying to translate it. It seemed to be a random jotting down of notes. She saw a familiar sentence, "He who has seen paradise with earth-bound eyes." That verified the book as Thomas Woods's—probably the notes from which he had put his book together.

But a few pages beyond she came upon, "Heaven but the vision of fulfilled desires. Heaven but the vision of fulfilled desires. Heaven but the vision of fulfilled desires." Over and over the phrase was repeated down the length of two pages, the final phrase sputtering out in a spatter of blots, as if the writer had reached the end of endurance.

A magnifying glass was needed for the fine writing. Instead of going up to the tower when her day's work was over, she would drive into town and buy a glass.

The glass showed that the book was a repository for flashing thoughts, a writer's net to catch each stirring fancy. She found other bits from *Ultima Thule*. She came across a description of her—of their—paradise that made her tremble. She recognized it even from the first line, "Across the river. . . ." His imagery produced that same sense of shallow breathing that a long stay in the tower produced—the same sense of expectancy of being about to take off from the earth.

A few pages beyond, she came across the first personal record, "I have engaged Vernon to paint my portrait."

So! It was his portrait. The caretaker had lied. But why?

I haven't quite decided what I want, except that everything about it must reflect strength, vitality, wholeness—like the god which man has created in his own image and which the inhuman mover of the universe must regard with sardonic glee.

What did he mean? A portrait without warts or blemishes? Evidently he had found a compliant painter. She had no scorn for such vanity when she remembered that if necessity called for her photograph, she turned the good side of her face toward the camera.

She could not bear to put the book down even when finished. It had enmeshed her in the same spell that the tower had cast upon her—even more, for with the book she had looked upon the land of fulfilled desires in company with one who had not merely looked, but had entered into a kingdom that stretched to whatever point of ravishing beauty the imagination could conceive. And his imagination had seemed to approach the infinite.

She was glad, a few days later, that will power had continued to prevail and keep her at work. Sticking to long hours, and with an almost superhuman energy, she had made up for considerable of her previous sloth when the executor of the estate appeared. But he had come, she learned, only to fulfill the obligation that a quarterly visit should be made to see that all the necessary things were being done for preservation of the place.

"What is to be done with it eventually?" she asked.

"Nothing."

"Nothing!"

"Nothing beyond keeping it in repairs and seeing that there are competent caretakers. He established a trust fund for that and to cover the taxes. Everything is to be kept exactly as he left it—except the library. The proceeds from the sale of that are to be added to the fund."

A swiftly born desire was expressed aloud, "I wonder—if there's no great urge for hurry—could I change the contract? Could we settle upon a price for the complete job and let me take my time doing it?"

"But wouldn't that mean prolonging your stay here?"

"Would that matter? To anyone but the caretakers? I don't think Mrs. Brown would mind. I am getting two meals at the inn and have only sandwiches for lunch, which I can get myself."

"That's all right. But aren't you dreadfully lonely here? I should think you would be glad to get away from it."

"I love it. There's no place where I'd rather be."

"Mr. Woods once said something like that—and added, 'Now and hereafter.' He occasionally said fanciful things like that, though he had a wonderfully acute mind."

"Did Mr. Woods spend much of his life here?"

"Most of it. All of the last half of his life."

"And his family?"

"He had none. His mother died when he was born, and his father a good many years ago. He was the only child."

"Didn't he ever marry?"

"Good grief! No!"

He stared at her with the same sort of astonishment that the caretaker had shown when she asked about the portrait. She asked about it again. "That's a portrait of him when young, isn't it?"

His mouth fell open. It seemed a long time before he spoke again. "Do you mean to say that you didn't know about him?"

"Why should I?" She sounded snappish. "I never heard of him until I was engaged to catalogue the library. What was there about him that I should have heard?"

"He was—well, frankly, in olden days he would have been thought a monster." He lowered his voice as if it were a subject not to be broached aloud. "He was frightful to look upon."

"With a slit lip?"

"Why, yes. I thought you said ——"

"Did he look like a little old gnome?"

"No. Well—er, yes, I suppose you might say he did in the final years. All of his hair came out, and he wasted away. But in his younger days his shoulders were massive—which made it all the worse in a way."

"In what way?"

"By way of emphasizing his deformity. His legs—they stopped at the knees. His feet were where his kneecaps should have been."

With a blanched face she almost shouted, "How can God do such cruel inhuman things?"

"I know. I always felt that way when I saw him." He turned toward the portrait. "He nearly drove the artist wild about that. I don't know just what he had in mind."

"But I do. He commissioned the making of a shell appropriate for his personality." The phrases came back to her, *Nobody will recognize it as me, but nobody ever sees the real me*. "What a hell on earth!" she said, choking on the words.

"It was, of course. And he had seventy-two years of it. And yet, although I never could bear to look directly at him—he had beautiful eyes, by the way, if you could forget the rest for a minute—yet, though I was uncomfortable in his presence, when I was out of it I felt a pygmy. Partly because I knew his mind was much better than mine. But also because his words carried over in memory; and he had the most moving voice I've ever heard. Well, stay on and do the work as you like. It might be some recompense to him if he could know that someone had the same feeling about the place that he had."

She did not stir until the sound of a moving car faded into nothingness. Then, breathless with eagerness, she climbed the four flights of steps to the tower. It made no difference who shared it with her—the youth of the portrait or the gnome of her hallucination. She even liked to think that the latter was beside her, that the sorrows of the world ceased to be reflected in his eyes as they led the way, while hers followed, to the land of fulfilled desires. THE END

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How to Become a Politician

(Continued from Page 30)

of the entire vote. Moreover, his slate won four of the seven seats on the city council, thus taking over undisputed control of the city's government.

"What was as inspiring as the election itself," Mayor Vavoulis told me, "was that my supporters did not stop work after the election. Instead, they formed committees that now call on me regularly for reports of what I'm doing and what I intend to do on every conceivable issue—taxes, budget, schools, appointments to office, everything. These people have become politicians in the best sense, interested in seeing that St. Paul has efficient government 365 days a year."

If the experience of St. Paul were unique, it would have little national significance. But it is not an isolated incident. It seems to represent a widespread trend, with similar surprises occurring this year in many parts of the country.

In Carlsbad, New Mexico, H. C. Harvey—another newcomer to politics—enthusiastically supported by graduates of The Action Course in Practical Politics, was elected mayor. Here the busy neophytes worked to such good purpose that they brought out three times as many voters as had been normal in city elections. Usually only 15 per cent of the eligible voters bothered to visit the polls. Harvey's backers brought out 46 per cent.

In Beaumont, Texas, strictly a one-party Democratic town, any candidate who won in the primaries was certain of election. Here a group of freshman politicians trained in the action course rebelled against the entrenched party leaders. They put up a primary candidate of their own.

The president of the American National Bank of Beaumont, I. Frank Betts, confided with mingled amusement and admiration, "My wife was one of those who took the course. Like the others, she worked according to the lessons she had learned. Supporting this new candidate, she went from door to door, first among friends, then among people she hardly knew. She made more than two hundred and fifty calls. Multiply that by her fifty or sixty fellow workers and you can see what happened. These political newcomers saw more than 10,000 people—and pushed their candidate to victory."

In short, no section of the country seems to have remained unaffected this year; scores of officials concede that they owe their election in some measure to graduates of The Action Course in Practical Politics.

What, then, is this course?

In some ways it may be called a study of how American elections are won. More significant, it is a blueprint of how the inexperienced individual can participate in winning elections. For the winning of elections, it holds, is the first and most essential step toward getting better government. Despite all the noble idealism in the world, you can't help run your town unless you first get your candidate elected.

With this goal established, the course gets down to fundamentals. Its lessons are practical, realistic, almost hard-boiled. For example, in the matter of raising campaign funds and going into debt, the manual says, "As a rule, donors do not get excited and loosen their purses until the campaign reaches its highest pitch. Therefore it is generally necessary to spend more than is available during the early—and often even the later—stages of the campaign.

"This may seem like poor business methods, but it is sound in politics. The winner of an election usually receives a number of checks from people who 'just forgot' to send them in before election day. It is not good political sense to cut down on last-minute expenditures, since this may result in losing the election. *The purpose of the campaign is to win, not to balance a set of books.*"

The italics are mine, intended to emphasize the fact that the course, like a county chairman, is concerned with the hard facts of winning votes. It analyzes the methods of political machines. Incidentally, it never talks of "machines" in a derogatory sense. It simply points out that it's always "the other side" that has the political machine. "Our side" has a sound political organization.

The origin of this political manual, if it can be pinpointed, lies in Larchmont, New York. There some four years ago the Republican Party was planning to run a certain man for Congress. Several outstanding residents felt he was not the best candidate available. In his place they suggested to local political leaders the name of a well-known attorney. But the leaders shook their heads. Their decision had already been made.

Two of the citizens thus brushed off were Arthur H. (Red) Motley, publisher of *Parade*, next in line to become president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, and Bernard Duffy, then head of the advertising firm of Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborn. These two, annoyed by the coolness their suggestion had encountered, called in a few friends for a conference. They felt that for the community's good they should challenge the party leadership.

"We were suggesting an excellent candidate, able and respected," Motley says. "And we had some of the county's leading citizens behind us. Undeniably we had a good cause and we drove ahead with confidence and a sense of justice."

Motley, Duffy and their associates contributed a respectable campaign fund for a fight in the primaries. They gave their candidate excellent publicity. Expert copywriters composed newspaper ads, wrote TV and radio exhortations, letters, circulars—everything designed to win votes. Motley and Duffy arranged for their candidate to make numerous speeches, all well covered by the local press. Indeed, they did everything they could think of, and they did it all in a big way. Yet their man was beaten.

"When it was all over," Motley says, "we sat down to analyze what had happened. Why, in spite of all the publicity we had generated, had we lost? The answer became quite clear: We had everything except political know-how. We couldn't beat the professional politicians at their own game. They, the politicians, knew that candidates aren't elected as a result of a sudden flash of publicity. What elects them is long-term, patient work down at the precinct level—winning the loyalty of the individual voter. They knew how to think small, not big. One small political favor to a constituent—say, getting a son out of minor trouble— is more effective as a vote getter than ten full-page ads. One personal contact is better than a dozen radio and TV spots."

Motley gave a good deal of thought to the lessons of the disastrous Larchmont campaign. He began to see a way of shaping the defeat to a useful purpose—and presented his idea to the board of the United States Chamber of Commerce.

He pointed out that everybody agrees, in a platitudinous way, that good government depends on the widest possible participation in politics of average citizens. Meade Alcorn, then chairman of the Republican National Committee, had said, "Politics is the business of everybody, including businessmen." Paul Butler, then chairman of the Democratic National Committee, had said, "I say, with the strongest possible conviction,

"Looks like I'll be a little bit late tonight, dear."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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that businessmen belong in politics." Even the President of the United States had maintained, "Politics ought to be the part-time profession of every citizen."

But how could a citizen participate unless he knew the rules of the game? How could he find a place among politicians unless he knew what to do and how to begin doing it? To leap blindly, as Motley and Duffy had leaped, could only lead to embarrassments, frustrations and defeat.

Motley maintained, "The citizen has to be given sufficient knowledge so that he can get into political activity without feeling he has made a fool of himself. I can't think of a more important project for the United States Chamber of Commerce to undertake than to prepare such an educational course in practical politics."

One of the strongest advocates of Motley's plan was H. Bruce Palmer, president of the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company and a fellow member of the chamber's board. He pointed out that there was a large, tested background of experience available to the chamber.

General Electric Company, for example, had long done a superb job of urging its employees to participate in politics and public affairs. So had other companies—Republic Steel, Alcoa, Ford Motors, Gulf Oil, Johnson and Johnson, American Can and many more. The National Association of Manufacturers had shaped a program of their own, as had various labor unions; and several colleges had been giving courses such as the University of Michigan's Institute In Practical Partisan Politics. In addition to all this, Palmer himself had served for five years as head of the Effective Citizens Organization—the E.C.O.

"The aims of E.C.O.," Palmer said, "had been to stimulate business leaders to give greater thought to politics. We dealt largely with the executives of big organizations—about a thousand firms. Generally we invited them to two-day workshops for political discussions. The Chamber of Commerce, we felt, should aim its campaign at the man in the street—at every American, not just at business leaders."

Some members of the chamber's board at first feared that the organization might be accused of unbecoming political activity. But the supporters of the plan pointed out that this educational course would be wholly nonpartisan, encouraging people to work in Democratic and Republican ranks.

The project won approval. First, the chamber utilized the experience gained by similar programs and added to that by consulting politicians, political writers, professors of political science, elected officials, local bosses, even precinct captains. Writers then turned out eight booklets, each dealing with a specific aspect of political participation. These booklets are the backbone of The Action Course in Practical Politics.

Originally the chamber planned to make the course available through its own 2800 local branches. But when Motley became president, he saw a better way. He went to the heads of some of the country's largest corporations.

"You have long been encouraging your employees to take an active part in community projects," he said. "Here's your chance to let them know how they can get into local politics. We've prepared a guide and we'll also undertake to train discussion leaders. What you've got to do is encourage your employees to take the course."

In city after city the plan won acceptance. As it was aimed at workshop groups of twelve to twenty people, some large firms gave it to dozens of groups.

The course was designed to occupy eight or more two-hour sessions, held once a week. Motley suggested these workshops be held either at the beginning of a business day, over breakfast and with the company and employees each contributing one hour of time; or at the end of the day, with similar contributions of one hour each.

In St. Paul various corporations—including Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing, Ford and other giants—have so far sponsored more than 100 workshops, "graduating" some 2000 new political workers. The same record of industrial co-operation is true in many other cities—twenty-two companies in Syracuse, New York; nine in Minneapolis, Minnesota; eleven in Springfield, Missouri; others in Bethlehem and Greensburg, Pennsylvania. In New York, a single firm, the Chase Manhattan Bank, has so far enrolled more than 6000 employees.

So many new suburban communities have been coming into existence, each needing its own local government, that a better time for such a project could hardly have been chosen. People moving into new communities all over the nation are concerned about local taxes, schools, roads, zoning and similar issues. In all, more than 100,000 Americans have taken the course in this first year of its existence.

"I'm really not surprised," Motley says. "After all, we're telling many people exactly what they've wanted to know—how they can effectively get into politics."

The course begins by recognizing the strength of American political organizations. When it quotes authorities, it selects such realistic, experienced exponents of the system as the late Ed Flynn, long-time leader of the Bronx Democrats.

"I know the facts of political life," Mr. Flynn says in the manual. "I know that political machines, far from being anachronisms, are as modern as the combustion engine—and as indispensable. . . . I know that fighting 'bad' machines with hastily slapped together fusion tickets is as futile as expecting civilian soldiers with only three months' training to win a long war. . . . As long as we have a two-party system of government, we will have machines."

Obviously the chamber's project is not attempting to reform anything. Every workshop session is devoted to a recognition of practical realities.

The individual is advised to begin his political life by working with the established powers. His first step should be to volunteer his services to the party of his preference. If he does so even by offering to stuff envelopes or make telephone calls, he is nevertheless stepping into work that will put him "on the inside." Until he learns how this "inside" functions, he is in a poor position either to co-operate with the leaders or to attempt reforming them. Any kind of work within a party, the chamber argues, is better than looking on from the outside.

"The great majority of people today are 'political consumers,'" the manual

Rue

By Don Wheeldin

How can you unring a bell,
Or order the ink to its well?
If a heart has been broken
By some word that's spoken,
How can you, then, untell?

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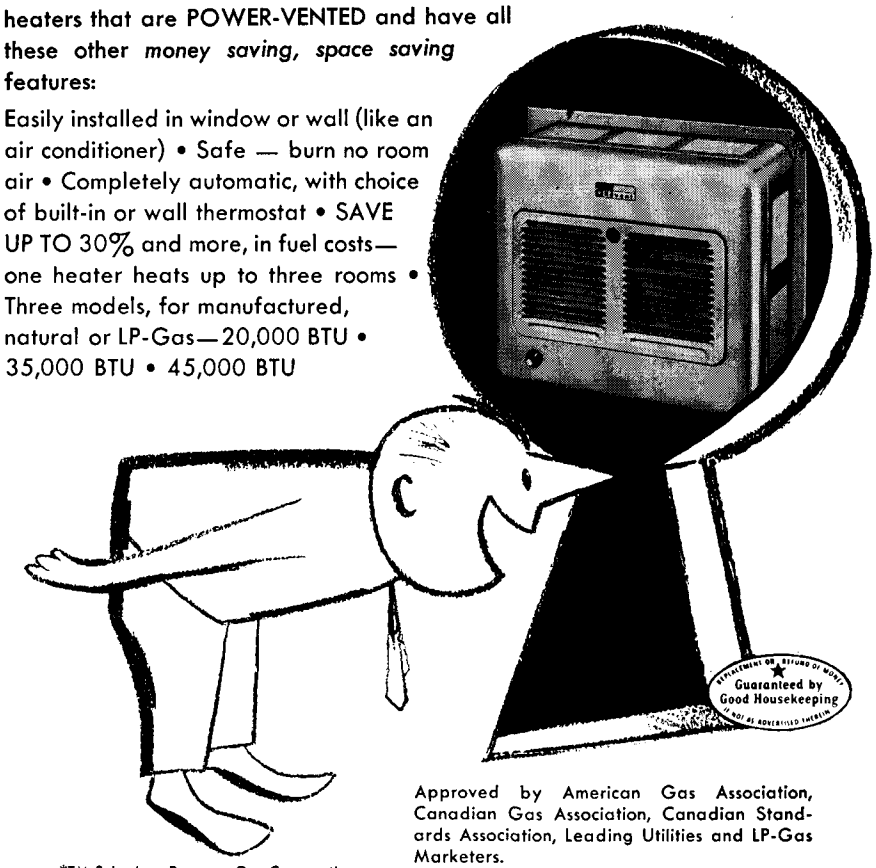

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says. "Their votes are the currency with which they buy packaged candidates and a platform of one party or the other. They do not help to determine to any appreciable extent what goes into those packages."

But the change in this apathy begins for the individual citizen the instant he becomes active even in the smallest political unit—the local precinct. "Elections are won and lost in the precincts," the manual insists. No one does more significant work, it says, than the block captain or precinct captain who personally urges his neighbors to vote for this or that candidate. It constantly stresses the fact that every single vote counts, and precinct workers get those single votes.

"In 1876 Rutherford B. Hayes was elected by one vote in the Electoral College, 185 to 184. That vote was supported by a one-vote margin in a special fifteen-man commission. The member of the commission who cast the decisive vote for Hayes was a congressman from Indiana who had been elected to Congress by a margin of one vote."

Psychologically, of course, this approach is inspiring to the student. It reassures him. Though he may start his political career at a humble level, just urging neighbors to register, it is an important level. Without the votes he personally swings to his party, the next election could be lost.

Moreover, every booklet of the manual urges beginners to join a political club. Membership not only supplies year-round activities and year-round experience; it also offers committee jobs in every area—from keeping files of voters to raising funds. But what if a district—say, a new suburb—does not have a political club of one's chosen party?

"Form one!" advises the Chamber of Commerce.

Being realistic, it urges the founders of such clubs to seek the approval and good will of local party leaders. "Occasionally one leader may view the organization of a new club with indifference, if not hostility," it warns. "Such opposition generally stems from a fear that a new party club may threaten present party leadership."

But such opposition, the manual argues, may merely indicate a real need of a new club. It counsels its students to go ahead and establish it, but adds, "Continuing efforts should be made to sell the club and its value to the party after it has been organized."

From local precinct work, up the political ladder to town elections, county elections, state campaigns, national campaigns—the course takes the student through the whole gamut of his potentialities in political participation. He is taught that politics requires something more elemental than cigar-smoking schemers. Its real day-to-day business, like any business, needs stenographers, typists, receptionists, researchers, speech writers, publicity people, travel managers, advertising and public-relations experts, poll watchers, legal counselors—there's room for everybody. He is also taught how to raise funds, everything from getting one dollar contributions to running $100-a-plate testimonial dinners.

Many communities have discovered that once a chamber workshop is established, it is not difficult to induce local political leaders, even county chairmen, to come and address it. These talks, by Democrats and Republicans, can be as revealing as anything in the manual.

"Last week we had both county chairmen here," one man told me in a workshop I attended. He grinned at the recollection. "First they both sounded off with Fourth-of-July-type oratory—full of phony platitudes, patting us on the back for the time we were giving our studies, celebrating the greatness of America.

"Finally a man in the back row, a shop foreman, got up and interrupted. He said, 'Look, Mr. So-and-so. My wife and I have two grown daughters and a grown son, all of voting age. That's five votes right in our own family. Each girl has a young man calling on her, and I'm fairly sure we can swing those two votes also. That's seven. Then I have close relatives—brothers, sisters, in-laws and so on—as well as a few close friends. They're all interested in the news I bring from this workshop. In fact, I think I could personally swing about twenty votes your way or away from you. I guess most people here could say the same. I'll bet there are three hundred votes represented right in this room. So will you please cut out the hogwash, Mr. Chairman, and tell us what we can do right now if we want to go to work for your party?'

"Both county chairmen looked surprised. But they stopped spouting platitudes. They got down to facts and told us their real problems, how each needed intelligent volunteers to call on the county's many new residents. Real-estate developments had been bringing them in by the hundreds. The chairmen needed basic information—how many voters in each family, what party they belonged to if any and so on. Also, they needed secretaries and file clerks to get the facts noted down, stored away. Before that meeting was over, everybody in the room saw a possible place for himself in the county's political requirements."

The people who attend workshops are encouraged—and often inspired—to run for public office. The United States Chamber of Commerce can this year point to scores of "graduates" who have become councilmen, school-board members, village mayors and similar elected officials.

"To us in the chamber," says President Motley, "the most pleasing part of all this is the knowledge that about seventy-five per cent to eighty per cent of the people who take the course—men and women, young and old—are actively participating in local political affairs. This may turn out to be the most useful program the chamber has ever undertaken."

One of my favorite sections of the eight-booklet manual concerns the delicate question of patronage as part of our so-called "spoils system." Is the administration of patronage a somewhat shady procedure? Is it really unethical to feel, in the distribution of jobs, that to the victor belong the spoils? The chamber faces the questions squarely.

"Patronage," says the manual, "is generally misunderstood by the average citizen as rewarding incompetent party hacks with political sinecures. There is, of course, some of this in politics, just as there is occasionally an incompetent son-in-law or an irresponsible uncle on the payroll of a family-owned business.

"Patronage is a political fact of life. It is important to understand its use in building and maintaining an effective party organization and in running a successful governmental administration. If that administration cannot fill policy positions . . . with people who are sympathetic to its views, the will of the electorate is thwarted. For example, some political scientists have suggested that President Eisenhower's administration was hampered because so few policy-making jobs on the second, third and fourth levels were available for political appointments. . . .

"The Hoover Commission recommended that at least five thousand top positions should be exempt from Civil Service . . . in order to give the President control of the executive branch."

Now that the chamber's course is being given in so many places, it has brought about a curious embarrassment.

"When we first published the eight booklets," Arthur Motley says, "we had no idea how successful this thing would be. We didn't want to lose money on the experiment, so we set a nominal fee of six dollars per set of books. We figured if we got rid of a few thousand sets our costs would be met. Nobody anticipated we'd sell over 100,000 in the first year. Profits rolled in like a tidal wave, and the board was dismayed. We didn't want to be accused of making a profit out of this fine public service. What were we to do?"

Some members counseled an immediate reduction in the price of the books. Others wanted to give them away free. But Motley objected. He pointed out that any reduction in price might give people the impression that the Chamber of Commerce had failed in this program, that it was trying to unload the books at any price. So the board did a bit of silent thinking. Finally Motley rose to make a suggestion.

"A good many people in a good many cities would like to try the Action Course," he said. "But they don't quite know how to get started. They need leaders and guidance. Why don't we use the revenue from these books to train such leaders and send them wherever they're needed at the chamber's expense?"

The idea was adopted. As a result, the chamber is no longer embarrassed by its profits. Today, wherever a prospective workshop may be located, it can get the help of a chamber representative free of charge.

"This project is bound to have a salutary effect on American political life," Red Motley says. "As time goes on, I'm confident it will help to insure better government at all levels. A government official—or a ward politician, for that matter—is bound to give better service when he knows that hundreds of interested, well-trained citizens are watching him. I'm looking forward to the time when every year hundreds of thousands of people—especially young people approaching their first vote—will enroll in The Action Course in Practical Politics. It's sure to give them a clearer concept of American government and to point the way to the part they personally can take in it." THE END

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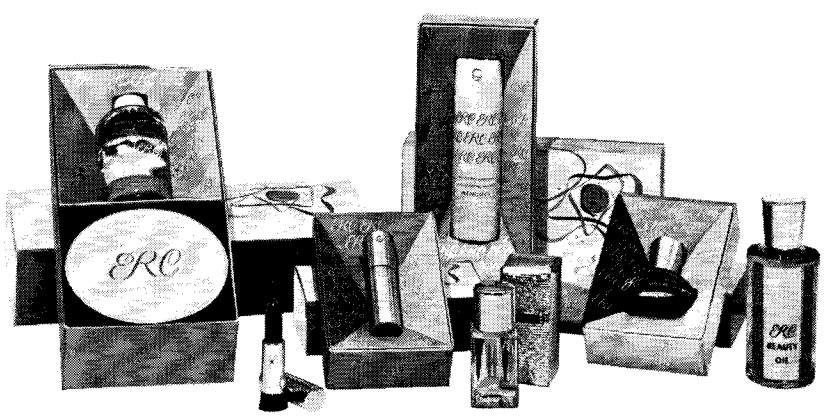

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Keeping Posted

Elizabeth

"Hope" is the motto of the state of Rhode Island and of a persevering Rhode Islander, **Elizabeth Emmett**, who is making her *Post* debut at the age of seventy-seven. (She says it's pointless to fib about her age "because mother had all our birth dates carved on the family tombstone some fifty years ago.") Miss Emmett has written a number of short stories and children's books, but ENCHANTMENT, her haunting tale on page 22, is her first *Post* story, and her only published work of fiction in recent years. She lives alone in the house in which she was born, in the village of Peace Dale, and finds her greatest joy in her books, her garden and her home. "I used to boast," she writes, "that everything in the garden I had planted myself. But God got busy, scattering seeds—usually where I didn't want them. Now it is all I can do, with my little hatchet, to prevent my waking up some morning and finding myself lost in a wilderness."

Shirley

Shirley Povich (right) is the only male who crashed the 1958–59 edition of *Who's Who of American Women*, a distinction which embarrasses him not at all. "I had been hearing for years that this was no longer a man's world and I was glad to be listed on the winning side." Our man Shirley became sports editor of the *Washington Post* in 1926, at the age of twenty. He switched to writing a daily sports column in 1933 and has been at it ever since, with time out as a war correspondent on Guam, Iwo Jima and Okinawa. He says his arrival overseas was a jolt to the Marines, because Marine Corps intelligence had announced that a girl reporter was en route. This week, in his fourth *Post* article, Povich reports on a jolt to the Army—DYNAMITE JOE OF NAVY, page 27.

Tom

The Congdons on a stroll.

A letter in *The New York Times*, written by the mother of a schizophrenic child, put **Tom Congdon** on the trail of his first *Post* article—THE "ATTIC CHILDREN" GO TO SCHOOL, page 38. Author Congdon is of necessity an avid letter reader: He edits *The Post*'s LETTERS section.

Congdon was born twenty-nine years ago in New London, Connecticut, was graduated from Yale in 1953, soon thereafter joined the Navy and saw the world as a radar officer aboard the battleships *Wisconsin* and *Iowa*. After earning a master's degree from the Columbia Graduate School of Journalism, he entered The Curtis Publishing Company's training program. He was the first graduate of that program to be assigned to the *Post* staff.

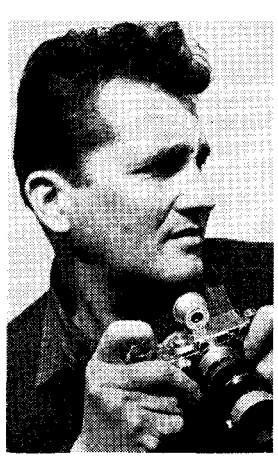
He and his wife, Constance, live in a four-story brick town house, a few blocks from Independence Hall and *The Post*. "In the year before the house was ready for occupancy, we burned 135 years of paint from the fine old woodwork and marble mantelpieces, then repainted and replastered." (Mrs. Congdon was renowned as the only pregnant blowtorch operator in the neighborhood.) Work in the main living spaces was completed in early October of last year; furniture was moved in on October seventh; and on October eighth Pamela Congdon was born.

"Timing," says this proud father.

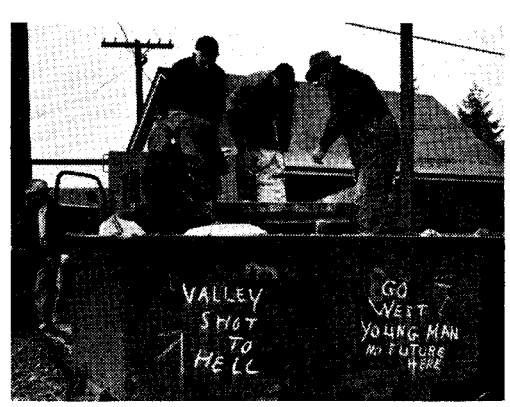
Bernie

Another contributor whose first article was published in *The Post* is **Bernard M. Baruch** (THE 1929 CRASH, page 19). That first article (DIGGING OUT, May 1, 1920) concerned postwar economic problems, and since then Mr. Baruch's by-line has appeared on our pages six times, making *The Post* his major forum. Mr. Baruch has the distinction of being the only contributor who talked us into using the same title twice: We published Baruch articles titled A FEW KIND WORDS FOR UNCLE SAM in 1930 and again in 1948.

George



NUNS' DAY OFF (page 34) was photographed by **George Harvan** (left) on a day off from his job as photographic technician for the Bethlehem Steel Company. Harvan and his family—wife Genevieve, son Christopher, ten, daughter Christine, seven—live in Lansford, Pennsylvania, a coal town in Panther Creek Valley. Harvan is a miner's son and he has assigned himself the project of making a photographic record of the miners' way of life, before deep-mining becomes extinct in the anthracite regions of eastern Pennsylvania. A sample from Harvan's record is at right.



The Coaldale (Pa.) Colliery was shut down last January, an event foreseen several years earlier (above).

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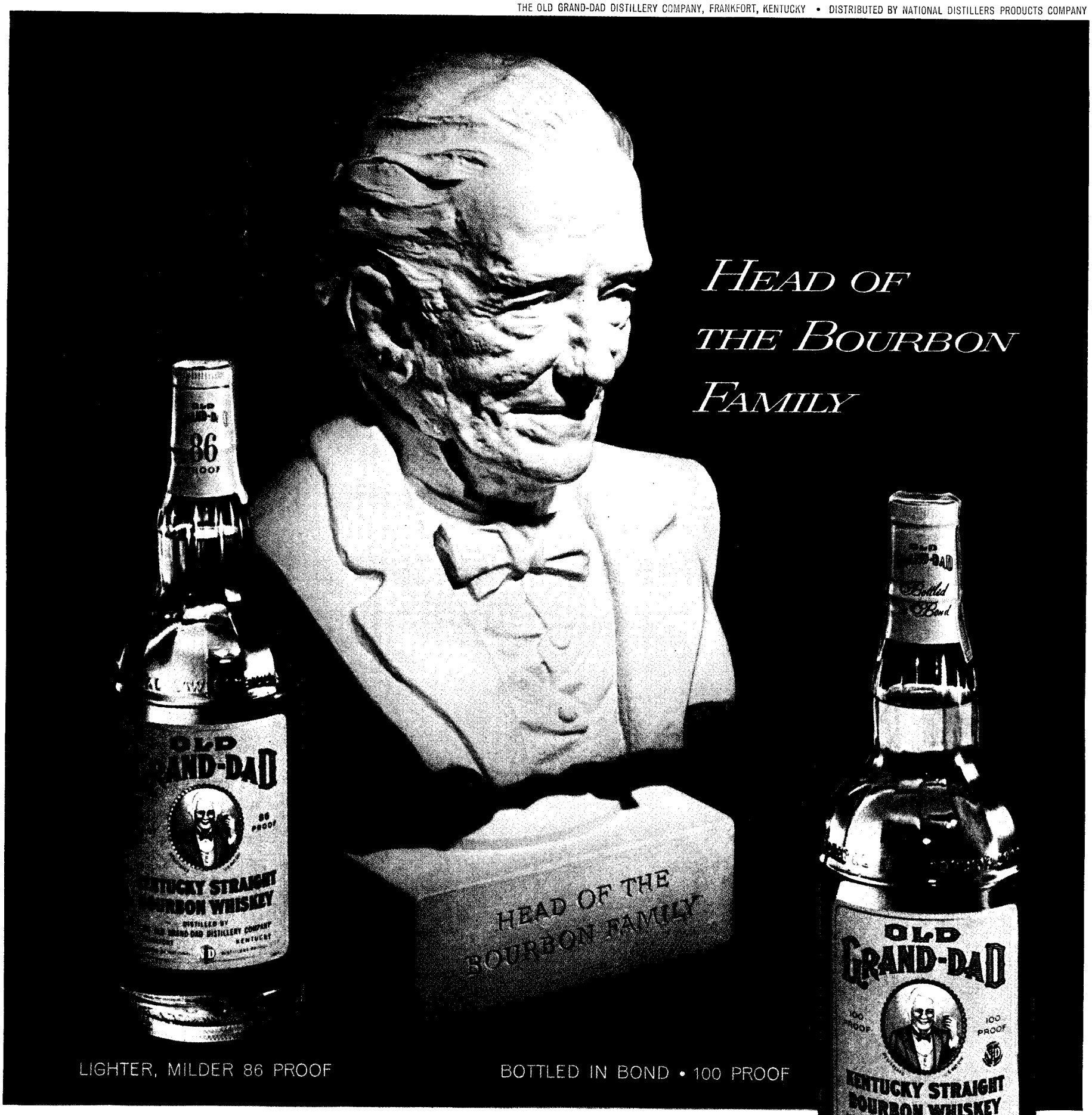

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